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THE BOOK OF A HUNDRED HOUSES

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The BOOK
of a
HUNDRED HOUSES

A COLLECTION OF PICTURES,
PLANS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR
HOUSEHOLDERS

NEW YORK
DUFFIELD & COMPANY
1906

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PRINCESSGATE

How to Make a Successful House

BY JOY WHEELER DOW

The title has suggested itself to me as the one I am looking for to christen these notes, because of a highly prized recipe there is in my scrap-book, once lovingly bequeathed to me by my mother, entitled:

"How to Make 4 Pompion Pies."

This recipe was not taken from any cookery book. It was one of those family formulæ of tradition handed down from generations before, and as mine stood in imminent danger of losing the "trick of it"—as Pinero says in "Trelawney of the Wells"—I one day thoughtfully wrote it out from my mother's dictation, so nearly at least as the proportions of the ingredients would express it. My mother was often consulted; sometimes she would be sent for by a relative or friend to assist at the

EASTOVER — GARDEN FRONT

Thanksgiving baking with her advice. I can see the manner of impatience now, when she returned, if there had been any disappointment; throwing down her muff, she would exclaim: "Oh, they began wrong—they had gotten in the ginger, and I could do nothing for them!"

The making of a successful house is a somewhat longer and more complicated operation than the making of a "pompion pie," to be sure; but as I am frequently called upon to help clients out after the work has progressed too far—after they have gotten in the "ginger," not to say "ginger-bread"—and the difficulties are incurable, a few general observations from my own experience at this time may not be wholly unavailing to a great number of perplexed and anxious house-builders in the future.

In a very excellent book upon Westminster Abbey, which is not now convenient to hand, Canon Farrar says something like this: "The outward impressions are as meaningless without the inward susceptibilities as are colors to the blind." No inconsiderable amount of the inward

GREYLINGHAM

susceptibility is presupposed to exist in the mind of the reader, for otherwise he cannot, truthfully speaking, be interested in this or kindred subjects. And more, the inward susceptibility must be reinforced by a conviction that it is necessary to our happiness, and second in importance only to actual bread and butter, fuel, and clothing; not a mere superfluity to be effected after most other demands of a useful existence are satisfied. It constitutes, too, that subtile line of demarcation that defines where barbarism ends and where refinement begins, becoming an unfailing touchstone whereby we may discern the truly charitable nature from the cruel and selfish one. If once sure of the requisite amount of this sort of capital at the start, the question of architecture is easily stated.

Out of the buildings erected during the last five centuries all over the globe, we can find no models so suitable to our purposes as those furnished by England, and nothing farther removed from them than that which is Egyptian or Moresque. No nation has studied home-

building so persistently and so long as the English, and consequently none has arrived at anything like such general excellence. The Egyptian style of architecture may be good for jails and sepulchres, and the Moresque or Oriental good for concert-halls, bar-rooms, and men's smoking quarters; but neither style embodies a single suggestion of the Anglo-Saxon home, and without that no architecture could be of the slightest use to us. Being largely descendants of English colonists, and speaking the English language, our traditions and associations cannot

THE WARNER HOUSE, PORTSMOUTH, N. H., BUILT BY CAPTAIN McPHÆDRIS IN 1723

get along half so well with any other architecture. From these models our sympathies may wander to Holland, to Switzerland, to France, and to Italy, even to such incompletely civilized places as Japan—indeed, anywhere we may discover a motive that will lend a new enchantment to this predominant idea of life in the Anglo-Saxon nature. But this idea must determine the utmost limit of our architectural commerce, for from it springs the incentive of successful house-building. No doubt the kind of houses that the inhabitants of the planet Mars are busily engaged in constructing, if there be inhabitants, is as appropriate and convenient to the Martians as must be their magnificent system of canals recently discovered; but the "inward susceptibility" again assures us that we could feel but little reconciled to regarding them as homes. And any strange, newly invented feature that we attempt in architecture, which

is another name for history expressed in blocks, means that much discord and failure.

If there be still a man who insists upon originality in his house, that kind of originality which expresses no part of his history, then that man deceives himself about the "inward susceptibility," and he will not understand what we are talking about. Yet he may wish to understand very much, although he knows he could enjoy his breakfast served upon an overturned soap-box improvised for a table, and in an

DINING-ROOM OF THE OLD WARNER HOUSE

ill-lighted, ill-furnished apartment quite as well as amid more fitting conditions and surroundings. If I had the exquisite tact of Chopin, I might know what to say to such a one. The reader perhaps remembers the inimitable reply of the master to the solicitude that was shown concerning the progress made by his opulent pupil, Gutman, who was trying to grasp the "inward susceptibility" with all his might. It was so gentle and characteristic of Chopin—"Oh, he is getting on prodigiously; he makes very good chocolate!"

The science of historical development should now be taken up. Never copy your neighbor's house, nor his stable, nor his grounds, nor anything architectural that is his. His house is supposed to be a complete architectural development up to and including this year of grace 1901, and cannot be further amplified at this time, no matter how faulty a devel-

opment it is conceded to be. Or it may be a very successful one, in which case it should inspire you with the ambition to acquit yourself as creditably upon other lines of thought. Remember that you are a chosen historian about to publish a little history in blocks. Consult modern work, as it may serve to suggest to you the course of study to be pursued, as it may establish a standard of merit you are to attain, as it illustrates the *modus operandi* of the house-builder's craft, and lastly, as it shows you the mistakes you are to avoid; but do not copy it—that is architectural plagiarism, as reprehensible in practice as copying whole paragraphs out of printed books. Find the historic materials from the works of the generations of builders who have preceded you. Examine the original documents and memoirs for yourself; that is the way to do. Then select the things that charity approves of—that the love for your fellow-beings compels you to admire in the work of an age that has completely gone by, and is, therefore, susceptible of reincarnation through modern expression.

We know that as the Lord has ordered the affairs of men, he cannot be merciful to everybody from the human standpoint; but we should be. We should rise superior to the obstacles he has placed in front of us, and build houses expressive of that ineffable destination of our species that every good man hopes will be one day realized. This is the spirit that actuates true architectural development. All the talent in the world—all academic formulæ, classic purity, and artistic cunning cannot entirely overcome the lack of charity. The architects of the Valois kings have never been surpassed in everything else that goes to make good architecture, yet an atmosphere of cruelty pervades all their work which even a lapse of three centuries cannot dispel.

If the idea appeals that the development should be American development, then the thirteen original states furnish numerous Meccas for devoted pilgrimage. Better than this, the camera and the periodicals will bring to your study-lamp all the authorities you need without your stepping out of doors. And pictures are oftener productive of inspiration than would be actual acquaintance with the subjects themselves. One may in this easy fashion obtain suggestions for a dozen successful houses in a month's time, so that it may become difficult to decide between them; but in the dominant motive we should be faithful to one. Should you fall in love with an enchanted ancient dwelling

HOUSE OF THE BURGOMASTER, MAPLEWOOD, NEW JERSEY

that is built of stone, you must, on no account, do what Theodore Roosevelt tells us in his history of Cromwell that the Stuart king did, namely, "flinch." It was fatal to Charles, and it will be fatal to any successful house scheme. Draw the stone and carry it up to the very peak. If the authority you have selected calls for bricks to be laid in the Flemish bond, as would be the case had you lost your heart to such a rare old charmer as the Warner house at Portsmouth, do not think you may throw in a couple of Palladian windows, and use weatherboards. That will not do. Never have two Palladian windows, anyway. It would be no worse form to order two courses of soup served for dinner. It is true that the great Italian architect strung these favorite openings along in charming sequence in the Basilica at Vicenza, but that masterpiece in monumental design pretends to nothing of the Anglo-Saxon home feeling. In the language of the stage, always procure what the play calls for; do not fake it. Build the house smaller, but use brick. If you

cannot afford brick—if it is quite out of the question—you will have to select some historical model that is built of wood, preferably of shingles, which have a most interesting history associated with nearly every one's American ancestors. There is, however, one still more inexpensive and legitimate treatment; and should it come to a ground hard case of so many dollars and cents, why, Danvers, Salem, and Ipswich can supply you "witch-colonial" models *ad lib.*, with plain or beaded weatherboards as preferred, idealized by silver tones and gray upon a texture which, alas, great age alone will impart for us—the texture impossible to imitate that artists rave about, caused by long exposure to the sea air and the adhesion of fine lichens. But these are the lowest priced studies to be found in the curriculum of the romantic school; and while the estimate may again exceed your resources, yet an unsuccessful house would never afford you the least satisfaction. In this ungrateful state of affairs, I would not wish to discourage by quoting the old advice once given in *Punch* to the young man contemplating matrimony, which was "Don't!" No, better sign another year's lease with your present landlord, and patiently await the fortuitous event which peradventure shall devise "a happy issue out of all your afflictions."

One of the first and gravest errors we are likely to commit when starting out to adapt a good, historical model is to furnish it with a piazza. The American piazza is a makeshift that will answer for makeshift cottages at the seaside; but architecturally it has no standing. It has an ephemeral kind of history, dating from a time when American taste was at its lowest ebb. It has no antecedents. There is no excuse for its use to-day, except in the most temporary contrivances of habitation. I read in "Richard Carvel," not long since, that the house-builders of the American colonies did not understand the character of the climate—after a residence in it, too, of a century or so—or they would have had piazzas; that they took their models mostly from England, where piazzas are unnecessary, presumably because it is usually too damp and cold there to sit out of doors. This is fiction, and a left-handed and unjust attack upon England. The sense agrees perfectly, however, with all the rest of the stilted observations that occur in the typical historical novels which unscrupulous advertisers commend as faithful pictures of society in the eighteenth century, and which a too credulous public unhesitatingly accepts.

HOUSE OF THE BURGOMASTER — REAR VIEW

Now, Wren and Inigo Jones were as fond of affecting Palladio and the Italian Renaissance as the colonial builders were fond of affecting *them*. So that through English architects we were supplied, indirectly, with Italian architecture. As the latitude of Italy is approximately the same as our own, here one might naturally expect to find a piazza; and so we do—a large open esplanade surrounded by imposing façades. This is the Italian piazza. And when it came to protection from the sun, the Italians had loggie, balconies, and terraces shielded by awnings, roofed peristyles, summer houses, and pavilions, all within the easy reach of the opulent proprietors of America, and still within the reach of every self-respecting American builder who has the advancement of his countrymen at heart.

Never begin with some favorite floor plan and try to rear elevations to accommodate it. I know that this is the usual method of procedure, but it is heresy of the worst kind, nevertheless, opposed to all true development. It is the single idea for the exterior composition that we

want first. The Japanese are quite right in considering the idea the art principle, and judging all work accordingly. So far as sentiment is concerned, the most erratic quantity with which we have to reckon, any excellent floor plan will do that will accommodate itself to the chosen exterior scheme. It matters not whether we turn to the right or to the left upon entering our dwelling, nor whether the drawing-room is directly in front of us or to the side. Neither is it of the slightest importance whether the kitchen is situated, as is usual, at the back of the house; or, which is unusual, in the front, so called. Nor does the shape of a room count for anything so long as the shape is one that is historically correct, with respectable antecedents for its proportions. But it does make all the difference in the world where the sun is, the best outlook, and upon which side we may expect to have our nearest neighbors; whether the house expresses the single good idea or whether it is a conglomeration of discordant elements so put together as to express nothing, unless it be profanity.

Beware of the room without features; a room without some legitimate features has no right to be, and we should not rest until we have gotten rid of it. Remember the edict of our faith in an analogous case: "It is better to enter the kingdom of heaven having one eye," etc. Measure to see that your window-sills, other than those belonging to casement-sashes opening quite or nearly to the floor, are at the rational height of two feet and, say, five inches, except for pantries, monumental windows, and other specially designed apertures in the walls. Avoid the lower sills of the transitional period, which were the outgrowth of cheaper glass, whose history is contemporary with that of the piazza, and avoid as you would the plague those transom windows that are "skied" to accommodate the backs of sideboards, bureaus, and hat-racks, quite beyond the reach of every one, which have no history at all, and whose associates are all vicious and evil. Never use a French Renaissance window with a transom, unless you are adapting one of the châteaus of the Loire. Here they are appropriate and truly beautiful, in strange contrast to the awful anachronism they produce in the American colonial design.

There is an art which writers of historical fiction study assiduously—"thinking in the vernacular," I call it. It is the most difficult of all in writing. There is no novelist who has attained more than mediocre excel-

TWO COTTAGES AT MAPLEWOOD, NEW JERSEY—TOPSFIELD ON THE RIGHT

lence, which is readily apparent by contrast with genuine memoirs, diaries, or the bundle of old letters that most families have secreted among their archives. For here the past speaks to us as no one seems to be able to make it speak in modern literature. It is not so difficult for the architect, because the *mise en scène* is all he has to do with, and his clients are at liberty to think their own thoughts, using their own diction, though they live in what he and they like to pretend is an inherited abode. Nevertheless, I do not see how any one can build successful houses unless he master this "thinking in the vernacular" to a material degree; as in order to master French it is necessary to think in French.

It must be acknowledged there is one substantial advantage that an indifferent house has over a "successful" one. You may alter and enlarge the former with impunity, as much as you please, and nobody will care; but it is almost certain to be disastrous to meddle with a

"successful" design. In a way, it implies the same vandalism that would not hesitate to alter the notation of a nocturne by Chopin or retouch the canvas of a Raphael. It is doubtful whether either of these geniuses would have dared to violate an inspiration of his own after it was once complete. Thackeray used to say that he never rewrote a chapter but he spoiled it. When it becomes necessary to enlarge one's accommodations, it is the best plan to build anew; or else enlarge upon the princely scale that succeeding generations enlarge castles in England, where an intricate scheme of assembled harmony and contrast furnishes absorbing interest for the architect in wholly or semi-detached wings and pavilions which must never interfere in the slightest degree with the work of an inspired predecessor. This kind of expansion is proportionately expensive with national expansion, and its desirability is quite as problematical in most cases. Even in such a tiny affair as is shown in the Harriot house extension, an entirely new cottage could have been erected at no greater expense.

Never submit to the false doctrine that your new house needs a back—an avowed and uncompromising back, to which all the sins that have been committed throughout the plan find their way at last, to be marshaled up in grand array, and summarily dealt with in one hideous makeshift. A house is not like an upright piano, intended to stand against a wall; and the tone of this instrument would be greatly improved if its manufacturers would only make it so presentable upon all sides that it could stand fairly out into the room space clear of reflecting surfaces. The rear of a house is sure to be seen sometime, and we have no right to shock the senses of our friends after making the pretension to refinement we do in the other elevations. It is discourteous deliberately to turn the back upon any one, and there is no excuse for it in architecture except selfishness and slovenliness. Therefore, discard any scheme that does not provide four well-considered elevations. It then matters not which of them faces the highway. It is generally most expedient that the main entrance should; but for reasons of privacy, sentiment, or the view, the plan may be so completely reversed that the actual rear of the house masquerades as its front. And in such cases as at Mount Vernon in Virginia, and "Eastover" in Wyoming, New Jersey, where the rear elevations are by far the most imposing, these become justly celebrated as fronts, to be distinguished from the real fronts by some such com-

HARRIOT HOUSE, SHORT HILLS, NEW JERSEY — BALL-ROOM EXTENSION

pound term as "garden-front" or by the points of the compass they approximate.

In the ancient houses to which we are looking for inspiration and technique there were some faults and shortcomings; but they are seldom perpetuated. Either they are too palpably faults to commend themselves to anybody, or we have no necessity which deals with those problems that were imperfectly solved in the old work, so that no fear need arise about receiving our chosen model unreservedly into our hearts and affections. Their doors and windows in general may not have been exactly of the best shapes and sizes; their ceilings may have been too high in some cases, too low in others. Our ancestors may have been too prodigal of space in plan to suit an age of economy and concentration like ours; but they rarely offended good taste. Their staircases have never been excelled, and rarely equaled; their wainscots and cornices are marvels of good workmanship and design; their chimney-pieces make pictures to frame, and their wood-carving by hand is utterly beyond the

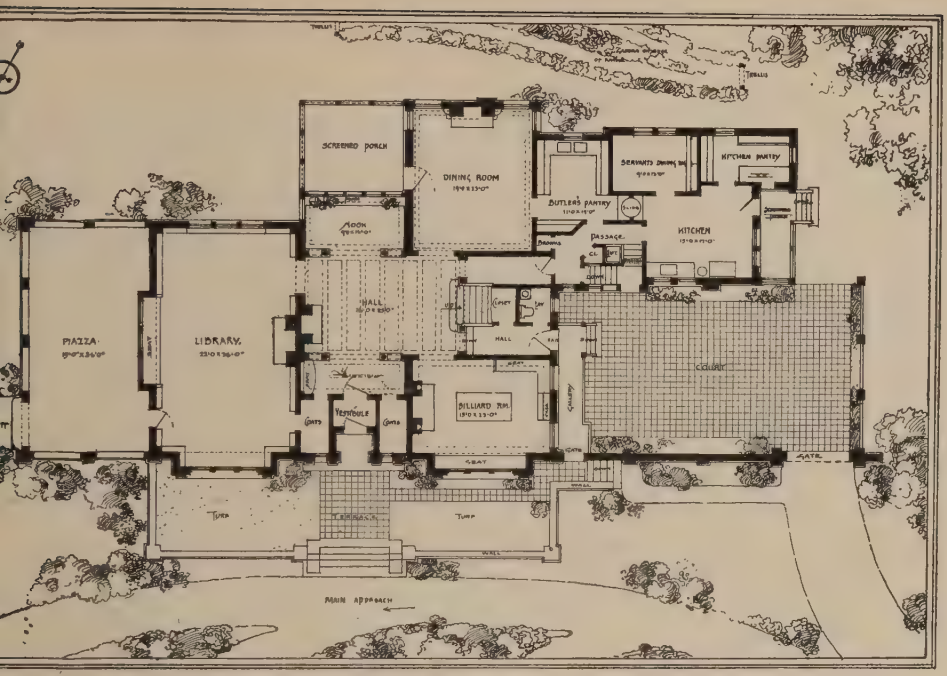
resources of most modern pocket-books in its wealth of exquisite detail. No one should dismiss the subject of his best stairs until he has learned something of those delightful creations where a landing is never cut diagonally in two; where rheumatic joints are never compelled to step higher than seven inches at a time—oftener less; where the first tread is made invitingly broad, and the handrail placed at exactly the right height for one's ease and security.

No, there is not very much of a chance of your learning one bad habit from too intimate an acquaintance with any respectable model of your choosing so well constructed as to have withstood the ravages of a century's vicissitudes; on the other hand, starting out with every architectural disease there is prevalent about you, and working backward in search of remedies for their cure, seems to me a benighted and hopeless undertaking, leading so far into the quagmire of that chaotic class of architecture which might be called the "school of American degeneracy" that no architect, however great a genius he might be, could then extricate you with credit.

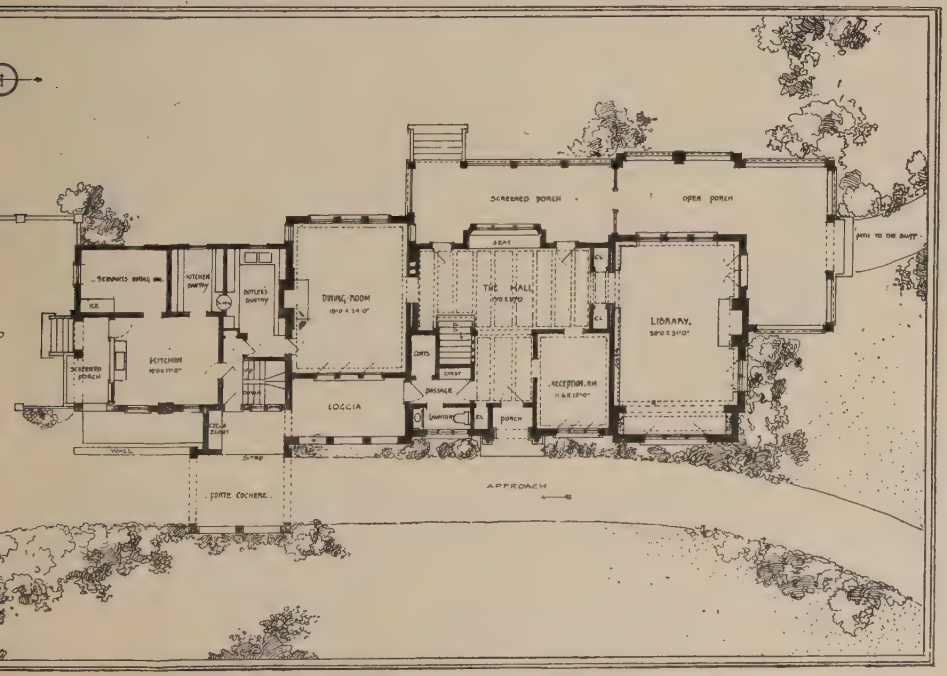
EDGEWOOD

Edgewood and Ardleigh, the homes of Mr. Francis C. Farwell and Mr. John V. Farwell, Jr., were designed by Mr. Arthur Heun. Situated on a high bluff at Lake Forest, the plans, though very unlike, are sufficiently in harmony for each to gain from the proximity of the other. Edgewood is early Tudor. In its strong, simple lines, its wide, dignified entrance, it suggests an old English manor-house, and this idea is further emphasized by the mellow tone of the bricks and by the vines that grow about it. Ardleigh is Elizabethan in its motives, and extremely picturesque. The first story is of brick, and the second of plaster between cross-beams of wood. Over the white

ARDLEIGH



RESIDENCE OF MR. FRANCIS C. FARWELL



RESIDENCE OF MR. JOHN V. FARWELL, JR

FIREPLACE IN THE HALL AT EDGEWOOD

doorway climbs a Japanese ivy, and above are deep window-boxes full of flowers.

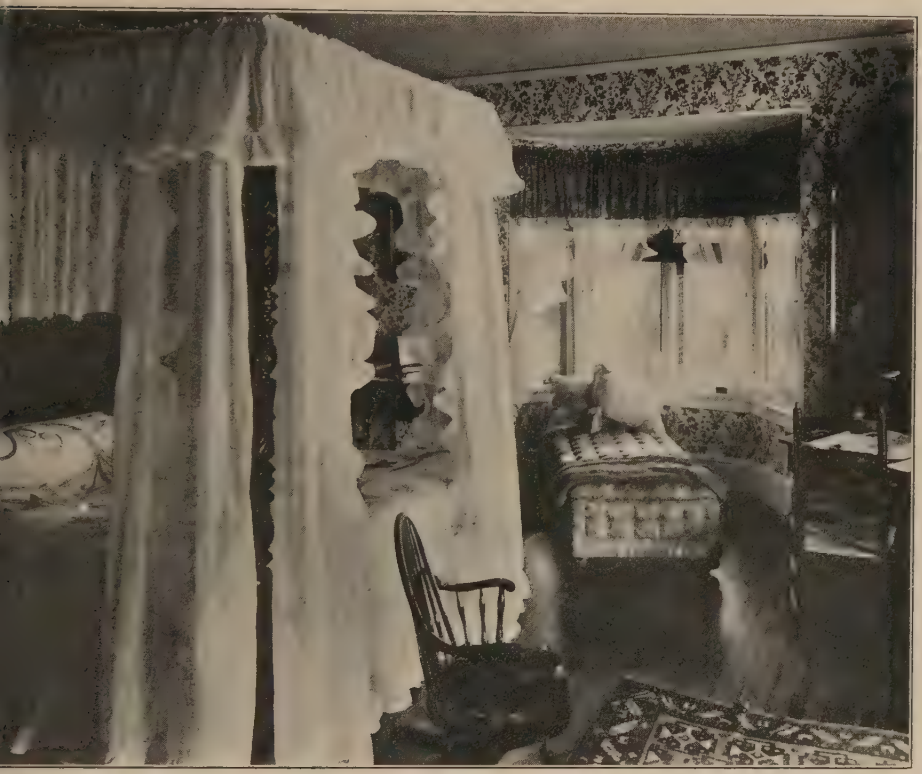
In entering these houses one realizes the individuality and scope of

THE HALL AT EDGEWOOD

Mr. Heun's work. Beginning with Edgewood, one is first impressed with the consistency of the interior with the façade. The hall is paneled in black oak to the height of the doors. At one end is a hooded fireplace, and at the other the staircase. The latter is unusual. A low arch is supported by columns, the bases of which rest on the first steps. The flight rises to a broad landing, lighted by windows with leaded panes, and then divides into two sections to the floor above. The fireplace has similar columns, and is exceptionally fine in detail. Above the black oak the walls are a deep red. The exposed beams of the ceiling are painted white, and between the beams is a soft green. White paint is used else-

where in the hall. The staircase has white panels with a narrow stenciled border of black; and a charming corner of the hall, separated from the main part by oak pillars, is finished in white woodwork. Etchings and old prints are hung here with quaint effect. They are let into the wall, the borders of the smaller panels forming narrow frames. This combination of dark wood and light paint in less skilful hands might prove a dangerous experiment, but here the result is harmonious. The white details do not obtrude themselves. The color scheme has been kept well in hand. The effect is a somber one—of deep, rich tones, red predominating, relieved here and there by fine pieces of brass. An English clock of carved black oak stands in the hall near the entrance to the dining-room, and there is an old carved table, on which rests an iron lamp with a red-and-gold shade. On the mantel, in the shadow of the big hood, are two candlesticks of coral-red faience, and a Jewish church stick of brass with places for seven candles. These are the sole ornaments, and they are most decorative against the dark oak background. The red of the candlesticks is repeated in several odd jars picked up in England. A good bit of brass is a Persian lamp hanging near the stairway, and another interesting thing is an old Italian bell with the Medici arms engraved upon it.

At the left of the hall is the dining-room, which has an eastern exposure. This is perhaps the most lovely of the many beautiful rooms in the house. The color scheme is blue and deep chrome. The wainscoting and doors are white, but the fireplace and all furniture are of heavily carved Flemish oak. The walls are covered to a high molding with a yellow paper, on which there is a strong design in blue. The fireplace is generous in dimensions and original in treatment. Curved corner cupboards are part of its construction, and there is a narrow shelf across the chimney-breast holding old blue china. A plate-rack on the other side of the room is filled with Staffordshire and Wedgwood, and on the wall are several rare plates of polychrome Delft. The sideboard, the big round table, the long serving-table, and the high-back chairs are all in accord with the mantel, which has evidently been the keynote for the furnishings of the room. The windows, with diamond panes, have sheer sash-curtains of white, with outer ones of solid blue bordered in a conventionalized design in yellow. Blue predominates in the rug. At the right is the billiard-room. The woodwork here is stained a dark green,



A BEDROOM AT EDGEWOOD

and the walls are rough plaster. This room has a big fireplace, with brick-red tiles and andirons of wrought iron. In one corner a settle, green like the woodwork, is built into the wall. This has two shelves, containing steins, pewter tankards, and jars of Russian copper. The top shelf is continued across one side of the room, and forms part of a unique cupboard, in which are smaller steins and Tobey pitchers. The casement windows have curtains of green and écru, the latter being a tone darker than the plaster.

The living-room is full of sunshine. The walls are hung with burlap of a gray-blue shade. The ceiling is a soft yellow, brought down to the molding, which is white. The wide fireplace has a fine white mantel,

A BEDROOM AT ARDLEIGH

above which is a long mirror in a gilt frame. The andirons are brass. Windows with leaded panes look out on the lake, and are curtained with Morris cretonne. Window-seats covered with cushions and bookcases lined with books make this a livable room.

On the second floor the red walls are continued. The rooms are large and airy, and each one is unusual in color. The illustration of one of the guest chambers cannot give its chief charm, which is in its coloring. Dull blue, an indescribable pink, and a soft green are combined in the quaint, old-time paper, and these are repeated in the blue shades at the windows, in the pink of the valance, and in touches of green here and there. The tiles in the fireplace are

THE HALL AT ARDLEIGH

Dutch, and set forth old-fashioned baskets full of flowers. The four-poster bed and the desk are mahogany. The latter has brass handles, which, perhaps by accident, have the same basket design as the tiles.

A description of Edgewood would be incomplete without some reference to its porches. One opens off from the dining-room, and is sometimes used as a breakfast-room. The table, high-back chairs, and settle were designed by Mr. Heun. Boxes of maiden-hair ferns and hanging-baskets of the same feathery green make this an attractive spot. The other is larger, and one end of it may be seen from the front of the house. This has hickory furniture, rattan couches with gay pillows, and a table covered with magazines. At every hand are charming glimpses of the water and of the beautifully kept grounds of this and its sister estate.

Much individuality is also shown in the arrangement and decoration of the interior of Ardleigh. Here the hall is full of brightness. The paper has a large flower design in two shades of yellow. The woodwork is painted white. Above the broad molding is a plain yellow, and this

THE BILLIARD-ROOM AT EDGEWOOD

color is repeated between the big beams of the ceiling, which are of cherry. The staircase is extremely interesting. On one side the wall is paneled in white, and on the other, part of the panels are open, with a tracery in cherry. It is difficult to convey the beauty of this hall by a mere description, or even by a photograph. The furniture is old mahogany. Near the staircase is a settle which looks like an old church-seat, and this is quite in harmony with the tracery of the staircase, which also has a touch of the ecclesiastical. There is a tall clock with a very old dial—so old that it has outlived several cases—and near it is a table of old English design.

At the south of the hall is the living-room and library, and at the west the reception-room. The latter is small, with a narrow-striped paper in pale green, and is also furnished in mahogany. The fireplace of the library is an additional example of Mr. Heun's originality. Above the mantel is a series of panels of the same material as the woodwork of the room. The walls are hung in Japanese grass-cloth of a peculiar shade of red, which is very effective with the gray tones of the wood.

THE DINING-ROOM AT ARDLEIGH

Both this room and the dining-room at the north of the house are higher than the hall. This gives a quaint, low-studded appearance to the hall. The dining-room at Ardleigh, like the one at Edgewood, is partly blue in color scheme. The paper has a large-figured design in poppies—blue poppies on an ivory ground. The woodwork is white, and the furniture, like most of that in the house, is old mahogany. The mantel has a fine colonial mirror in a gilt frame. The tiles are a strong green, and the curtains on one side of the room are of this color. Toward the west the windows are smaller, and across leaded panes are sash-curtains of a soft yellow. Upstairs the yellow of the wall is repeated, and from the corridor open many delightful rooms. One has a fine four-poster with elabo-

rately carved shell headboard and pineapple finials. The teaster and hangings of the bed are faithful reproductions of old French patch, so highly prized in colonial days. The curtains of the windows are of the same, and add a bright touch of color to the room. Above the mahogany dressing-table is an oval mirror that reflects the four-poster, and a high chest of drawers. The washbowl and pitcher are colonial in shape, and are decorated with the gay flowers of the patch. The wall-paper is a narrow stripe.

THE LIVING-ROOM

Waldfrieden

BY JEANNETTE FRANKLIN

Waldfrieden! What other name than this, given by Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Watson to their summer home on the north shore of Lake Michigan, would better express its character? Almost hidden by a luxuriant growth of natural northern forest trees which seem to protect and shelter it, the ever-recurring impression is one of quiet and peace. Mr. W. Carbys Zimmerman, the architect, has done full justice to the natural conditions of these surroundings by adopting a very quiet, dignified style for the house. A broad veranda of proportions to form veritable outdoor rooms allows a wide view of the blue waters of the lake just below, and is the entrance-way for the hall.

THE DINING-ROOM

THE BLUE BEDROOM

THE ROSE BEDROOM

END OF A BEDROOM

This hall is the feature of the house. Some twenty-five by thirty feet in size, it is given additional spaciousness by an open gallery which, besides being attractive for a summer house, brings the upper story rooms and halls into desirable communication with those below. As the center of the house is the living-room, so is the fireplace the principal feature of the room. Broad enough to be fed by logs like those used by our forefathers, its fires suggest that comfort, quiet, and peace so characteristic of this house. The furnishing is most unusual, as every piece of furni-

ONE END OF THE PORCH

ture is interesting and worth studying, either for its age, history, or the clever ingenuity displayed in putting to use ordinary things. Mrs. Watson has for years, with discriminating taste, collected furniture and fixtures from all parts of the world, and the house abounds in tables and chairs, pictures and vases, that are interesting for their historical associations, or for the adventures connected with their acquisition.

Most original and attractive effects have been worked out in the bedrooms. The fabrics which form the wall-covering are also cleverly draped over furniture, and give a beauty and harmony of color which are quite exceptional. There are *repoussé* fire-dogs and swinging crane with kettle from Holland, and clocks and lamps showing the artistic metal-work

f the old Germans; and mirrors from Venice reflect countless pieces of noice furniture made in our old colonial days.

The dining-room contains many specimens of pottery that are remarkble for oddity, rarity, or beauty. The furniture in this room is in lemish oak, the wainscoting being made of ordinary building-studs laid orizontally on plain boards. The candelabrum is ingeniously constructed ut of an ancient baptismal basin, and sheds its candlelight upon a rare d carved round table. A wire-inclosed porch, shaded by shrubs and rees and overlooking a beautifully wooded ravine, forms the outdoor ining-room so desirable on many summer days. The veranda is of nusual width, and being therefore free from the influence of bad weather, as been generously furnished with special rugs, hanging-seats, light icker chairs, and tables—all of interesting design. It becomes an openr room which is more livable than those that are closed in—a refreshing efuge for warm days and moonlit nights.

LONGFIELD, FROM THE EAST

Longfield

BY VIRGINIA H. ROBIE

Green meadows and a broad sweep of country make Longfield, the name chosen by Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Evans for their summer home at Lake Forest, particularly fitting. The situation is charming. Several miles inland from the lake, the house practically has the boundless acres to itself, as there are no other dwellings. Mr. H. G. M. Garden is the architect, and he has produced a design admirably adapted to the sur-

LONGFIELD, DESIGNED BY H. G. M. GARDEN

roundings. It is as unpretentious as the low, rolling country, but strong in its simplicity, and as restful as the stretches of green fields. The warm brown of the shingles, the repeated lines of the roof, the great brick chimney, all please the eye, and suggest much coziness and comfort within. The house is not large, but has been so skilfully planned that the interior seems spacious.

The hall, living-room, dining-room, and den comprise the lower floor. The first is small, and merely serves as an entrance to the living-room, which is of noble proportions. The woodwork on this floor is Flemish oak, showing a slight roughness. This is noticeable in the hall, where it is brought into pleasing contrast with the deep yellow of walls and ceilings.

THE DINING-ROOM FROM TWO POINTS OF VIEW

A BEDROOM

The dining-room is large, and like the living-room has a huge fireplace of brick. In the latter there are settles on either side of the jamb, built into the house, and above are quaint windows with diamond panes. On late fall days the cheer of these great hearths is something to linger long in the memory. The walls of the living-room are a strong blue-green, which is effective with the dark wood and with the hangings, which combine several soft tones. The dining-room is more unusual in treatment. Above the high paneling of oak the walls are covered with a Walter Crane paper in subdued colors—dull pink roses and green leaves, with butterflies, on a gray-brown background. The interest of the mantel is heightened by a row of silver cups won by Mr. Evans at polo, and by a unique bit of Japanese carving—lusterless brown, like the paper against

THE LIVING-ROOM

which it hangs. Old blue plates and pitchers and a few black-and-white prints add charm to a quaint corner of the room.

Opposite the fireplace, glass doors open upon an inclosed porch, gay with bright cushions. A scarlet geranium growing in a beautiful old "flowing blue" jar makes a flaming touch of color.

Beyond the fireplace is the den, which is essentially a red room—red walls, red fireplace, and red ceiling. Old English hunting prints, with pink-coated riders, and a quantity of modern hunting prints, equally decorative if not so interesting, closely cover the paper. The mantel shelf holds a collection of steins and polo trophies, one cup of deep red enamel, won at the Onwentsia Club, fitting most agreeably into the color scheme.

On the second floor the woodwork is painted white. Mrs. Evans's room is colonial in its furnishings, and is very attractive.

Throughout the house there is an absence of useless bric-à-brac and meaningless ornamentation, which is as rare as it is delightful. Such homes as Longfield are not without a mission. They teach a powerful lesson in the beauty which is founded on simplicity and restraint.

ENTRANCE TO COURTYARD

Auldwood

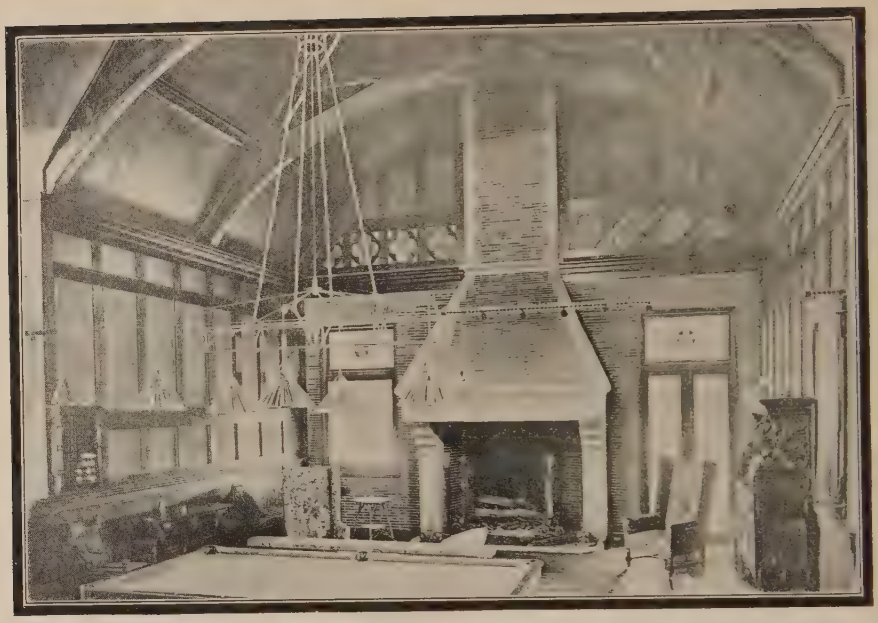
It is a very sumptuous summer-cottage that is illustrated upon this and following pages—the residence of Mr. Joseph C. Hoagland. Situated near Seabright, New Jersey, it forms the fitting center of a large and well-kept domain. The house was designed by Messrs. Shepley, Rutan & Coolidge, of Boston and Chicago, and the grounds by Messrs. Olmsted, Olmsted & Eliot, who are responsible for the finest achievements in landscape architecture in this country. These designers have worked together harmoniously, and the estate has been treated as a whole to form a complete and satisfactory picture. Of this composition, the house, with its terraces and garden walls, is the focus; and the shrubbery and gardens, the lawns and wide stretches of meadowland lead up to it with singular felicity. The place has the character of an English estate rather than an American, the more so as the square, feudal tower has the air of belonging to an earlier period than the rest of the house.

VIEW FROM THE NORTH

THE TERRACE

FROM THE NORTHEAST

GARDEN FRONT



THE BILLIARD-ROOM

THE PARLOR

THE DINING-ROOM

THE STAIRCASE HALL

The entrance to the courtyard gives the note at once for the place, and it is noticeable that the impression of hospitality and luxury is enhanced rather than diminished by the high surrounding walls. Indeed, here, as always when it is skilfully treated, there is an element of beauty in the wall itself. And as a part of the composition it is invaluable. There is a breadth in the whole conception which gives one the same expansive sense of repose that is refreshing in the sight of a great meadow or the wide and quiet sea. The arrangement of the formal garden and the terrace is particularly happy, and its very stiffness lends a special witchery to the lower garden, with its touch of wildness and its tangled, luxuriant growth.

The interior of Auldwood was decorated by Mr. Richard Codman, who has adapted himself sympathetically to the stately proportions. No meaningless frivolities mar the dignity of these great rooms, and the admirable paneling of the walls greatly increases the effect of spaciousness. The treatment of the ceilings in the drawing-room and dining-room may be questioned, but the rafters of the hall and the arches of the billiard-room are superb. In these rooms, and throughout the house, there is no sacrifice of simplicity and livableness to luxury.

The Wayside Inn

BY CHARLOTTE WHITCOMB

As ancient is this hostelry
As any in the land may be;
Built in the old colonial day
When men lived in a grander way,
With ampler hospitality.

LONGFELLOW.

In a sequestered nook among the hills of Middlesex County, Massachusetts, stands the Red Horse, or Howe's Tavern, immortalized by Longfellow under the name of "The Wayside Inn" in his idyllic "Tales."

It is one and one-half miles from Wayside Inn Station and two and one-half miles from South Sudbury, or you may reach it by a twenty-

THE PARLOR

two-mile spin on your wheel from Boston. You will be expected and made welcome, for the old tavern, true to its traditions, stands to-day, as it has stood for the greater part of its existence, with its latchstring hospitably out to visitors.

The house is a good specimen of early colonial architecture. It is not disguised by modern alterations in any essential feature, but bears its credentials on its face. Built upon honor, the storms of two hundred and odd New England winters have searched every cranny of the old hostelry, whistled down the big chimneystacks, raved around the gables of the gambrel roof, and departed, always valiantly withstood by the integrity of the handiwork of the colonial craftsmen. It is hoary with age, and should be an interesting ruin; instead of which it is a strong and comfortable habitation.

Every lover of Longfellow may read its eulogy in "Tales of a Way-

THE BAR-ROOM

side Inn," but its actual history is that it was built in 1683 by David Howe, on land granted his father, John Howe, by the government, in 1651. It was opened as a tavern in 1700, and conducted as such by four generations of Howes, until 1860, when the death of the last landlord of the name allowed it to pass by inheritance to a cousin, Mrs. Newton. It was kept as a tavern by the Howes, father and son, one hundred and sixty consecutive years; and the deed given by Mrs. Newton in 1893 was the first one passed in connection with the property for nearly two centuries.

The inn was closed as a public-house from 1860 until 1897, when it was bought by the present proprietor, Edward R. Lemon. He restored the furnishings to what they originally were as nearly as possible, and opened it to the public.

The illustration shows the house as it looks to-day, and as it looked

in 1823 when Longfellow visited it, even to the pinkish white paint which covers its exterior. Across the broad space allotted to the road stand the capacious barns and outbuildings; also the old signpost.

"And half effaced by rain and shine,
The red horse prances on the sign."

A hall runs through the house from front to back. Its walls are hung with old portraits and engravings, and a wool-wheel and a flax-wheel find standing-room. Half-way down the hall the stairs ascend.

The first door after you enter opens into the bar-room, which is large enough to hold half a dozen modern rooms of the same character. Everything here remains as of old. There is the bar in one corner, with its wooden portcullis, made to be hoisted or let down at will; and near it the desk where the tippler's score was set down, and the quaint little escritoire. In the illustration will be seen the entrance to the taproom. Here is a cupboard, with two doors opening to right and left. In one of these oak doors a hole as large as the palm of your hand is worn by having the tapster's awl (which was used in lieu of a corkscrew) stuck into it after the bottle was uncorked or the cask was tapped.

In the fireplace stand the iron firedogs, wrought in the form of Hessian regulars in uniform, which, during Revolutionary days, the patriots enjoyed seeing in a hot place and making targets for tobacco-juice. Over the mantel are suspended the queen's arms and sword which, in the hands of some doughty Howe, did valiant service at Concord or at Lexington. The bare oak floor is somewhat worn and uneven about the fireplace, in front of the bar, and near the thresholds, but otherwise stands true and firm almost as when it used to have its daily sprinkling of white sea sand. The chairs and tables are hand-made, some of them imported, but all are veritable antiques, and the same which were used in old times when governors, magistrates, generals, and squires gathered here to quaff a health or indulge in a drinking-bout.

Back of the bar-room is the original dining-room, furnished with heavy black oak furniture. Here Washington and Lafayette dined in Revolutionary days, and here Burgoyne was refreshed when a prisoner, his guards having halted with him on their way to Boston. Howe's Tavern, or the Red Horse, had a reputation second to none in the colony for good cheer. This dining-room, the bar-room, and several other

THE BALL-ROOM

rooms are kept open now less for occupancy than for the inspection of visitors, a large, modern dining-room having been built on for the accommodation of guests.

In the old guests' room, opposite the bar-room, a window-pane bears the following lines:

"What do you think
Here is good drink
Perhaps you may not know it;
If not in haste
Do stop and taste
Yon merry folks will show it.
"Wm. Molineux Jr. Esq.
"24th June 1774 Boston."

Here is an omnium gatherum of heirlooms sufficient to stock a bazar. Braided rugs lie upon the floors, and upon them are placed quaint old chairs and tables. Here is an old-time safe, covered with iron half-balls, one of which is movable back and forth over the keyhole; and here are warming-pans, treasures of cups and plates in pewter, and utensils in copper and in brass; unique old lanterns, snuffers and tray, candlesticks,

bellows finely carved, standishes, decanters, samplers, hornbooks, punch-bowls, each article being of interest to the curious and of value to the antiquarian.

Our illustration of the back parlor gives a very good idea of the room. This was always the sitting-room of the ladies of the Howe family, and this was the room chosen by Longfellow as the *mise en scène* of the "Tales." Here may be seen the Howe coat-of-arms, the portrait of the Princess Mary, a bust of one of the military heroes of the name, miniatures of Squire Howe's grandparents, with the motto, "We are one," all of which are described in "Tales of a Wayside Inn." The finish of the room is white, and the woven rugs and upholstered chairs are in strong contrast with the furnishings of the other rooms.

Ascending the stairs, the steps of which are unmistakably worn, you may ramble through the bedrooms. This one is where Washington rested, that where Lafayette passed a night, and another where, a century later, Longfellow dreamed out the tales which have made the historic landmark a literary shrine.

The rooms are all large and well lighted, with braided rugs of motley hues on the oak floors, "picture" paper on the walls, old-fashioned high-post bedsteads, with linen sheets and hand-woven coverlets. Candles in quaint candlesticks are on the "light-stands," and a fireplace with brass andirons is in each room.

In the ball-room the floor is worn to satin smoothness by friction with many generations of flying feet. A large-patterned paper covers the walls. It was put on in squares, as was the mode before rolls came in. Lanthorns are suspended as a means of illumination; a railed dais at one end accommodates the fiddlers, and benches with hinged lids are fastened to the walls; the box-seats under the lids were thus made to give place to the fair one's wraps.

Many a romance, doubtless, had its beginning in this room in the old, old days, and it now has more attractions for youth and beauty than all the historic associations of the place combined.

If you have the good fortune to visit the inn, you may be allowed to climb the creaking stairs to the attic, or garret, as our grandparents called the space under the ridgepole. Its windows are blurred, as are the eyes of old age, but they will afford you glimpses of the pastoral beauty of a Sudbury landscape. Within, the attic is interesting as having

been, in the first decade of its existence, the quarters of the score or more slaves belonging to the Howes.

Later, "crooknecks" were fitted to the beams, and from these were suspended strings of red peppers, bunches of herbs, traces of seed-corn, gourd-shells, and all the homely tenantry of the regulation garret.

The Wayside Inn does not afford color schemes to decorators, nor is it an example to furnishers, but it shows the value of building solidly, and pleads eloquently in behalf of spacious rooms and open fires.

Every winter house-parties from Boston and other cities gather here. During one of these the old house wakes up. Every window is alight, big fires roar up the wide chimneys, the landlord's portcullis is triced up in memory of auld lang syne, and in the ball-room steps turn naturally to contra-dance, cotillion, and minuet.

But in the summer days it is a place to lounge in. Tourists wander in and out, bicycle parties come and go, summer boarders swing in the hammocks or lie in the orchard grass, hearing the distant shriek of the locomotive or the near-by trill of the cicada; and the old house drowses, too.

"Like a mother bird,
It broods o'er all its walls have heard
In days that with the past abide."

THE HOUSE FROM THE REAR

A House at Watch Hill, Rhode Island

BY CLAUDE FAYETTE BRAGDON

"This is a house by the sea, upon a hill."

Some such thought must have been always present in the mind of Mr. Henry Wilhelm Wilkinson while engaged in designing it. The sturdy base of lichen-clad bowlders, the gray-shingled sides, the simple pyramidal roof, its every line and angle curved and softened like the wings of a sea-bird folded above its nest—all these contribute to make the house appear to have grown there, part of the hill on which it stands.

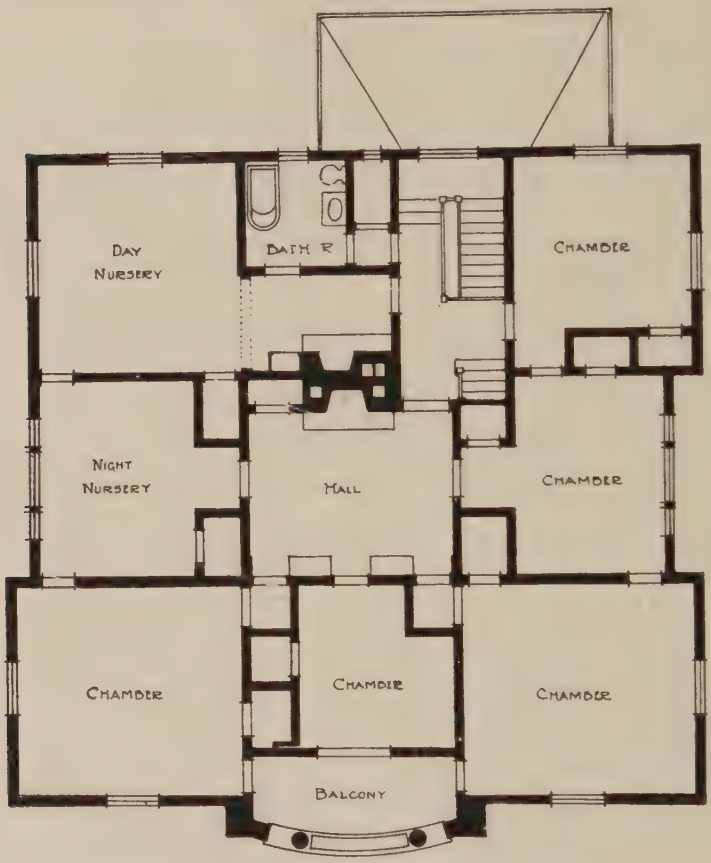
THE DINING-ROOM

First Floor

The interior, though cozy and attractive, is distinguished by the same breadth and simplicity of treatment. Here again one is reminded that it is a house by the sea, upon a hill. The great, low living-room, with its broad windows, its beamed ceiling, and pendant lanterns, suggests the cabin of a ship. The fireplace is formed of granite bowlders from the nearby hills. The woodwork is stained a restful brown, that color being echoed and repeated in a few good photographic prints. The walls are covered with dull orange burlap, and below, in the dado, green, with an

THE HOUSE BY THE SEA UPON A HILL

THE HALL



SECOND FLOOR

orange thread. The furniture is of green wicker, with blue cushions, and of heavy dark oak. The window-curtains suggest all the colors in the room, and blue appears again, mingled with red in the few Turkish rugs which relieve the bareness of the hardwood floor.

In the dining-room a more daring scheme of color has been successfully attempted. Here the woodwork is stained a yellow-gray. A high wainscot of gray burlap, hardly different in shade from the gray bowlders

of the fireplace, is finished with a plate-shelf and surmounted by a deep frieze of gay-colored paper—the reds, blues, greens, and yellows of an Oriental rug. The window-curtains are plain red denim, the furniture blackest oak covered with red leather, the effect of the entire room being most odd and charming.

The architect's idea in the second story was to make a bouquet of bedrooms, as it were, with the hall binding them all together. To this end the walls of the hall have been covered with a paper whose vertical lines of green suggest the stems of flowers, while the various bedrooms have flowered papers, similar though not identical in scale and pattern, but all of different colors.

The woodwork is white, but the furniture of each room is painted a shade to correspond with the wall-paper. This idea of a nosegay of bedrooms may strike the practical-minded as far-fetched and fanciful, but in its application in the present instance it is more than justified by the result. When one comes to consider the matter, very few houses exhibit in their furnishing and decoration any controlling idea, fanciful or otherwise.

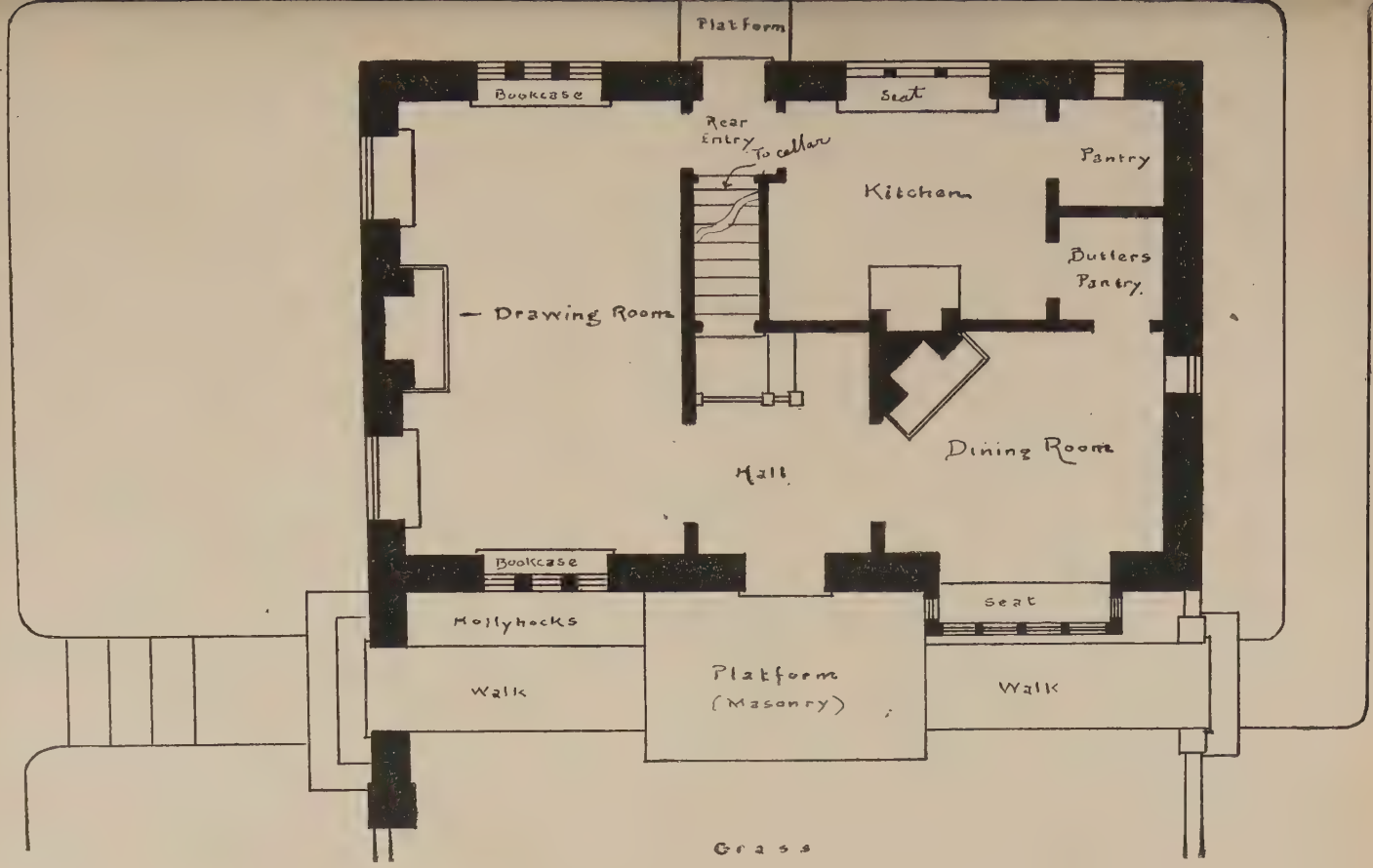
There are not many houses that illustrate better than this one of Dr. John Champlin's the good results which can be obtained by a strict but sympathetic adherence to the practical conditions imposed, which were in this case the necessity for comparative cheapness, the needs of a physician and his family, and the peculiar contour of an elevated site. Such are not the Seven Lamps of Architecture, but in this twilight of the art they are the candles which architects too often suffer to go out.

TERRACE AT PRINCESSGATE

Princessgate

BY JOY WHEELER DOW

Princessgate is a modern dwelling-house, the architecture of which belongs to the "romantic school," pure and simple. It is made up of Dutch and English farm-house motives. The projecting eaves, the dormers in the roof, and the roof itself are derived from no less an authority than the autocratic burghers of New Amsterdam, whose very severity now, after a lapse of two centuries, becomes picturesque in our eyes. All their hardships and meagerness being long since obliterated and forgotten, there remains to be discovered only a delicious sense of home and peace about the steep Dutch gables and frowning eaves that have no apparent support, assisted as we are by such undeniable advantages as modern appliances for comfort—our furnaces, for instance, and parquet


Platform
Bookcase
Seat
Rear Entry
To cellar
Pantry
Kitchen
Butlers Pantry
Drawing Room
Dining Room
Hall
Bookcase
Seat
Hollyhocks
Walk
Platform (Masonry)
Walk
Grass

floors, which are smooth, level, and rigid. Lest we live too much in evidence—too much "in the street," as some exaggerators put it—we find a court, terrace, an English garden, or whatever else it happens to resemble, a growing necessity in suburban localities, and sometimes in the open country. The agencies of an English garden were therefore called upon to secure this privacy at "Princessgate." Placing the front door so that it opens directly upon this inclosure at the side necessitated, of course, a house that does not face the street upon which its lot is supposed to be situated. But the arrangement affords the better privacy, a more generous space about the entrance, and heightens the illusion of great age and romance, as it was a favorite method with both our Dutch and English ancestors. To please some unreasonable client, the architect might have spoiled the whole by attempting to compromise the English garden with some sort of an American piazza; but luckily the architect was not compelled to do anything so foolish, as he was building Princessgate for himself, from time to time, as he could; and though it is still unfinished, he has contrived to maintain his workshop in what will be upon completion of the house its dining-room. The bay window in this room has received so much attention and flattery from visitors that it is quite a wonder its head is not turned. The English and Dutch home feelings are again fused into one. In olden times, that immaculately clean, white effect observed about their windows, both in England and New Amsterdam, was obtained by frequent applications of whitewash. Of course, white lead is in every way better, but the art and charm of "patch-painting" are so little understood—so little "heard of," I might say—by modern house-builders as to need a whole treatise alone. This dining-room window faces about southeast, nearer east than south, and such lights and shadows as would find their way past the dimity curtains to the breakfast-table on bright winter mornings, I feel warranted to declare, would be productive of a most salutary state of mind within one at the beginning of the day, and would go a great way toward smoothing out any threatening difficulty that might appear in the work ahead.

There is actually more importance in the way sunlight enters into our dwellings than there is in physic. The mind's effect upon the health of individuals is well known. I have heard artists discuss this point intelligently enough, but rarely architects. The artist will tell you that the moment the T square comes into use, in walks cold mathematics, and

PRINCESSGATE—REAR VIEW

sentiment is relegated to chance combinations of more or less gracious figures. There is a common idea with most people that architecture and mathematics are closely associated. A very advanced mathematician who was extremely pleased with Princessgate imagined that there had been nice computations made in the preparation of its plans. If the reader will believe it, there were no more mathematics used in drawing the plans for Princessgate than a clerk behind the counter in an ordinary dry-goods store uses in selling muslin by the yard and in making change. The keynote of its art—yes, and of all art—is charity—that great, broad charity, which, we are told, is greater than all other virtues. Now, the idea is to induce God's sunshine to be as charitable to us mentally as it is physically. We should stop it down when it is too glaring, reflect it through well-considered shapes of glass in lead and wood framing; soften it again by curtains, cushions, and pillows, if you please, and we have the "deepened glories" of sunshine that act as a psychical

PRINCESSGATE—GABLE AND DORMERS

panacea to mankind. Byron speaks of them, as they fall through the fret-work of a mighty window in his home at Newstead Abbey—

"Streaming from off the sun like seraphs' wings."

The south gable, barring the grille gateway, which is a very English motive, belongs again to the colonial style under the Dutch governors. It was more convenient to put the cellar door and steps leading down to it on this side on account of the grade of the land, the whole region being one tremendous watershed southeastward. And it strengthens the Dutch sentiment materially, aided by that mysticism which is closely allied to romance, the grim loopholes for ventilating the attic also contributing. Princessgate, although in existence but two years, has many personal associations. In the recessed windows of the drawing-room—the finished walls are about twenty-one inches thick—various young and impression-

able maidens have planned the air-castles that the possibilities of the room suggested to their minds. And older people than they, who have appeared to derive as much satisfaction from the same lines and proportions, prove that daily contact with the all-absorbing problems of American expediency and riches does not entirely extinguish a far worthier ideal that merits much more thought and solicitude than is commonly bestowed upon it, because it can do more for us in the end, because it is the next best place to heaven—and that is an ideal home. I have seen what I have taken to be men of unimpeachable, hard business training and cold practicality relax their habitual severity enough to sit down upon a long settle that stands before the chimney piece at Princessgate for hours together, just to watch the wood burn—of course, this is an exceptionally diverting occupation—and they gradually became so romantic, so sentimental, as would positively alarm any one except their nearest acquaintances.

In this house was written "Miss Polly Fairfax," the weird glow of an October sunset filling the interior with such fantastic tone effects as to suggest the vision of the Château of Chenonceau, and the interview with the Duke of Anjou. Again, the scene in the library of the Fairfax house: It is twilight; before the blazing logs on the hearth stands the slight but magnetic figure of Serena, without a thought or an idea in the inconsequent head that several millions of dollars are waiting to know what she will do with them. But all of this is unwarrantable digression from the subject. To return to architecture—Princessgate, the house plan; it is the simplest arrangement imaginable. The stairway is inclosed, permitting the two principal stories to be completely separated at pleasure, and this without sacrificing the stair landings or dwarfing the importance of the staircase, except that the stair well-hole is eliminated to utilize that usually lost space in the rooms. The space admits of four good bedrooms and bath, etc., on the second floor, with a servants' room and open attic on the third. Here is a dwelling, then, where you may "play at keeping house." And although I believe that all the girls who liked housework are dead, a younger generation may again take to it kindly when it is discovered to be possible to convert what used to be a drudgery into a huge game of dolls, only in a grown-up people's doll's house.

ROAD'S END, DESIGNED BY MESSRS. SHEPLEY, RUTAN, AND COOLIDGE

Road's End

BY JOHN W. RIDGWAY

In Road's End, the summer residence of Mrs. John S. Hannah, Messrs. Shepley, Rutan, and Coolidge have designed a very successful house. And it is one that gives pleasure to the casual passer-by as well as to the more fortunate visitor to whom its doors are open. Lake Forest, like many American villages, has been generous to the passer-by. She has permitted him to see her for what she is, made him a part of her festivities, and revealed to him all the loveliness of her lawns and residences. Only of late has his importance diminished, and the village is beginning to protect itself from his curiosity by planting shrubs in such a way that they gradually grow into close, irregular hedges.

Even yet no resident has ventured to build a wall and teach his neighbors that there is a greater charm in mystery than in revelation. But the

ANOTHER VIEW OF ROAD'S END

time is approaching when some man, with courage enough to have animated a knight of old, will hide his garden behind masonry and defy the inquisitive world. And in the beginning he will be calumniated, then tolerated, and finally imitated. The day of the garden wall may still be distant, yet much the same result is being achieved by the rapid growth of the beautiful hedges of shrubbery which Mr. Simonds has introduced along the north shore. Many of the Lake Forest homes are hidden by their density, and are only the more precious to the owner for this seclusion.

But Road's End secures privacy through its distance from the street and the natural construction of the place rather than through more artificial means. The designer has wisely retained the character of the wide,

level meadow upon which the house was built, so that the structure itself is not heavily shaded and presents a charming façade to the passer-by. And this is at no expense of privacy, for the driveway is long, the life of the place faces the lake, and the iron gate at the entrance is sufficiently massive to discourage trespassers. Beyond the house the lawn extends to the bluff, a fine piece of turf that is utilized at one side for a tennis-court. The rear of the house is toward the street, with the porches and living-rooms looking out upon the water. The exterior design is dignified, with a fine, sturdy strength in the round tower at the south, and it has a suggestion of autumnal forests in its coloring. Vines drape the pillars of the porch and shrubs protect it at the base, thus uniting the house with the greens of the lawns.

The interior was decorated by Miss Alice E. Neale, who has treated it with originality and spirit. The hall extends through the length of the house, with rooms opening on either side. The plan is on a large scale, indicative of a generous mode of living. In this spacious and hospitable hall, expressive of cordiality in every line, the walls are hung in yellow and the woodwork is painted white. Against this background the mahogany furniture is rich and somber. A most unusual feature of the hall is the absence of a staircase, an effect of Hamlet without Hamlet. But an open door soon reveals the fact that the staircase has a room to itself. This arrangement is adapted from an old house near Philadelphia, and is delightfully novel. The staircase, like the other woodwork, is painted white, except the hand-rail and treads, which are of mahogany. It is a winding stairway of very exquisite curves, and the loveliness of its lines, together with the delicacy of the carving, suggests the work of that prince of colonial architects, Samuel Macintire. The walls are covered with an old-fashioned figured paper, gay with big flowers and green leaves. The windows carry two sets of transparent curtains to soften the light, one of white and one of the leaf-like green in quaint material. A tall English clock, made long ago by Grant in Fleet Street—one of the most famous of the eighteenth-century clock-makers—ticks away with pleasant insistence.

It is a natural step from this old-time hallway to the dining-room, rich in colonial furnishings. Here again the woodwork is painted white. The arched recesses are a good feature of the design; but the proportions of the room are faulty, the length being too great for the width, and the

THE CURVING STAIRCASE

lighting from end to end a bit trying. Yet there is a spaciousness in it which is rare and refreshing. And it is not crowded with incongruous objects. The furniture of mahogany is exceptionally fine, the tables being massive and very strong and graceful in their supports; and the chairs have that delicate heaviness to which the colonial cabinet-maker could impart such vitality. A particularly good bit is an old china cupboard on high, curved legs. Its traceried doors half reveal some pieces of fine china and crystal. In this room, too, the paper is flowered in a conventionalized design, with red as the predominating color. The big rug is red with garland borders, and this color is repeated in the draperies which outline the great bay-window. Beyond it the white muslin curtains

THE LIVING-ROOM

give a misty, sunny charm to the sifted light. The mantel, white like the woodwork, is paneled to the height of the doors with admirable effect. It is odd that in the search for colonial effects architects do not oftener use this kind of paneling. Quite in touch with the colonial atmosphere are some rare pieces of old china on the mantel-shelf, and over the window an old portrait of a fair dame in an oval frame.

Across the hall from this room, and extending the length of the house, is the living-room and library. It is a superb great room, but its size does not deprive it of the quality of livableness which is the great essen-

THE DINING-ROOM

tial. The woodwork is white again, but it is more elaborate here than in the other rooms and more beautiful. The beams of the ceiling rest upon Ionic columns, which define the chimney-piece with admirable stateliness. The carving is delicate and decorative, and the whole design shows discrimination and reserve. Here, again, the mantel is paneled to the cornice. The hearth has a high screen fender of brass, guarded by two quaint Dutch figures in painted wood—picturesque little people who look as though they had stepped down from some old canvas.

The walls of this room are of soft gray-green, which is a harmonious background for pictures. The rugs are fine in color, and the curtains

have a peculiar daintiness. A discreet use is made in this room of rattan furniture. The designs selected are of the simplest, and in a summer home of this kind they are in their rightful place. Innumerable pillows contribute to the beauty of these chairs as well as to their comfort. The use of the pillow as adornment is an art quite by itself, and it reveals the mistress of the house as an artist more quickly, perhaps, than any other one thing. Many of us have discovered to our discomfiture that it is much easier to handle the problem clumsily than to make it answer dexterously to our manipulation. In this room it is given its proper sphere. It does not start out at you staring and unsolved—it subdues itself to the general harmony; but it gives color and animation to many a corner that would otherwise be dull.

But the greatest charm of this summer home, so attractive and spacious within, lies in the view of the wonderful changing lake commanded by its low windows and its roomy vine-covered porches.

THE HALLWAY

Shorewood

BY JOHN W. RIDGWAY

Mr. Henry Ives Cobb has designed many colonial houses, but in none has he reproduced more faithfully the spirit of the period than in Shorewood, the home of Mr. James A. Miller, at Lake Forest.

It is a consistent example of eighteenth-century architecture adapted to nineteenth-century life. It has the dignity of style and the breadth of treatment characteristic of an age when men builded better than they

knew, and it has the comforts and conveniences made necessary by a modern civilization.

To be architecturally consistent, the house should have had a different setting than the dense foliage which envelops it. The colonial type is a formal one, and demands formality. Level lawns, prim gardens, and precise hedges would have surrounded such a mansion a hundred years ago.

SHOREWOOD

Yet the wonderful tangle of green that makes Shorewood a veritable summer bower constitutes one of its greatest charms, and is doubtless dearer to the owners than miles of orderly hedges. In its way it is a triumph of landscape gardening. The barren lake bluff is restored to the conditions of an earlier period; wild flowers and shrubs and low underbrush extend to the edge of the embankment and cover its descent in a luxuriant growth that is almost primeval. It is consummate art, inasmuch as no art is apparent.

The outlines of the house are partially hidden, but against the leafy background the red-brown façade is extremely picturesque. The beauti-

THE LIVING-ROOM

ful porch is executed with a fine feeling for detail. Above the balcony are leaded windows supported by graceful pilasters. And the lines and proportions of window-frames, pillars and porches could hardly be better. The broad threshold, the generous dimensions of hall and living-room, speak of a hospitality in keeping with the character of the exterior.

Shorewood is furnished in a manner in keeping with the colonial idea, yet more sumptuously than most of the colonists found possible. The hall is a harmony of color in golden yellows, the rich tones of old mahogany, and the sheen of Oriental rugs. The russet of many volumes in long bookcases is part of the decorative scheme, and makes an agreeable connecting-link between the color of walls and furniture. The

THE DINING-ROOM, WITH SPANISH TILES

woodwork is ivory-white, with a pleasing introduction of mahogany in the stairway. The bookcases are white, surmounted with a broad shelf of mahogany, upon which are placed several good bits of pottery. Across windows of leaded glass, pale yellow curtains are hung, which heighten the feeling of sunshine, and even on a dull day make this attractive hall seem full of brightness.

The living-room extends the length of the house, and has a delightful atmosphere of books, flowers, and rare prints. Against walls of green burlap the pictures and the deep colors of Spanish pottery are very effective. The broad mahogany shelf of the mantel is continued in the bookcases, and prevents the cold white of the paint from coming into sharp con-

A BEDROOM

trast with the dark walls. This is a clever touch, and could bear repeating in many houses where the white mantel is a problem. Simplicity is the key-note in this big, sunny room. Books in gay bindings and the flowers are the bright touches in an otherwise subdued color scheme. The flowers are very decorative, and are arranged in a manner truly Japanese—Japanese in that they are not massed and that each leaf and stem is given its proper value. Against the dull yellow bricks of the hearth a great green jar of dogwood-blossoms has the character of an old Japanese print. Above the mantel a branch of bitter-sweet is equally effective, and there are other flower studies in the room that show a pleasant individuality. Mr. Cobb has designed a mantel simple and beautiful in its lines. It is not marred by any trace of modern ornament, and in its severe lines is

worthy of John Haywood. The andirons of wrought iron are less true to the colonial period, but the great fireplace adds much to the charm of the room, and suggests long evenings with a book before blazing logs.

There are many rare and valuable books in this room, for fine editions are a hobby with Mr. Miller, but to the casual visitor the prints are even more interesting. There are several engravings from the best days of this neglected art, among them the beautiful old print of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse and the famous portrait of Bossuet. There are a few prints from the rarer states of Seymour Haden's plates; and an exquisite bit of Venice and another of Amsterdam could display nothing less than the sign of the Butterfly. Here, too, is Van Dyck's beautiful etched portrait of Snyders, which, though unfinished, has never been equaled; and in one group in the hall are four etchings by Rembrandt, Whistler, Van Dyck, and Meryon, which represent the heights in this delicate art.

The furniture of the living-room is mahogany, upholstered in flowered material in dull colors. A tea-table of rattan and a low book-table heaped with magazines are modern, but not unattractive features. On the polished floor are rugs of unusual beauty, and scattered here and there are several quaint bits of pottery picked up in foreign lands. The arrangement of the room is admirable and very restful.

The dining-room is a departure from colonial lines, but the result is unique and in this instance justifiable. The walls are hung in burlap of a deep blue, and this color is repeated in the rug. Spanish tiles are used in this room in a highly decorative manner. They are wonderful in color—deep blues and greens against ivory-white—and they form a complete wainscoting around the room, blending effectively into the quiet background. In the fireplace they are grouped to great advantage—the brass of the andirons and hearth appointments bringing out all the depth and richness of the design. They were unearthed in Seville several years ago, and are so hard to find that one is a treasure. With the color harmony of the walls, the ivory paint and mahogany furniture are both striking and picturesque. Several good bits of Moorish faience, an old Japanese print reflecting the tones of the tiles, and a beautiful still landscape by Alexander Schilling are the sole ornaments in this unusual dining-room.

A Washington House

BY HELEN M. CHAMBERLIN

The English are very fond of saying that Americans go mad over one thing and run it into the ground. This is not the language they would use, but it is what they mean, and really they are right.

Take, for instance, the present enthusiasm for everything that pertains to colonial times. We have always had ancestors and traditions to be proud of, but apparently we have only just discovered them. Looking backward to the founders of our republic, we find that in building homes adapted to the new environment they evolved a style, simple and direct as their own natures, which now appeals to us most forcibly. With our usual impetuosity, we run headlong into the colonial. Societies to perpetuate the memories of the first Americans are springing up every day. Novels are written about them, as well as learned treatises. The air is full of reminiscences, and there is a tremendous revival of the colonial style of architecture and furniture that threatens to overwhelm us before long with bad and spurious imitations. It is safe to say that every tenth house erected recently is either entirely colonial or has windows, doors, or mantels in that style. In a few cases the architect knows his business and the house is worthy of the model from which it is taken, but in nine cases out of ten, so feeble or garbled is the imitation that it would make angels weep. Good taste is like genius, and all the study in the world will not make an architect and an artist if the man has not himself the inner grace.

To an architect who was an artist, a poet, an inventor, "a scholar and a gentleman," are we indebted for one of the best examples of a colonial house adapted to the limits of a triangular city lot. Besides giving us the capitol, and laying plans for the city of Washington upon broad and beautiful lines, Dr. William Thornton planned a house for his friend Colonel Tayloe that has distinction.

The Tayloe house, known as the Octagon, was built in 1800, on the corner of Eighteenth Street and New York Avenue, not far from the White House. Instead of facing the street in the usual manner, the Octagon opened its hospitable door upon the corner and spread to the north

AN OLD STOVE

and east. The windows in the drawing-room look south toward the Potomac River and the Mall, which, it was expected, would be the fashionable drive of Washington. In winter the sun streams in these windows, warming and cheering all within, and in spring and the long summer there is no lack of cool breezes, which almost invariably blow from the south. It seems impossible to plan a house that is better adapted to the

A DRAWING-ROOM CHAIR

climate of this half-southern city, where the warm weather extends from April nearly to Christmas, and the houses need broad doors and windows, and if possible verandas or porches. There is an air of inhospitality about a narrow entrance. The hall at the Octagon is a hall, and there is another behind it, the stairs winding up at the rear, with large windows that let in the blessed light. Light and air—the house revels in them.

Both the halls are circular, the front hall having a window on either side of the door. Originally the floor was of black and white tiles, but vandals carried some of them off, appropriating also the brass knocker, which was unique. It was a large oval plate, with the knocker falling over the name.

In the course of time the neighborhood deteriorated, as, alas! neighborhoods will do, and after the death of Mrs. John Tayloe, in 1855, the house was given up to caretakers (who took no care) and the raids of

THE TAYLOE MANSION

mischievous boys, so that it fell into a sad condition. The passing of fashion from localities it has honored is always pathetic, but unusually so in Washington, where the great public buildings turn their beautiful fronts to the unseeing river, and stately old houses, once the abodes of famous personages, are fortunate if they are tenanted. But the former glories of the Octagon could not depart from it entirely—the scent of the roses clung to it still; and when its days seemed darkest, rescue was at hand. In 1899 the American Institute of Architects chose it for its headquarters, and at once began the work of restoration. The cornices, mantels, and stair-rails were carefully patched, and the walls scraped down to the original colors, which have been reproduced. The handsome mahogany doors were scraped and polished, and the whole house put in

complete order. A curious thing about the doors is that they slowly close by themselves, the hinges being cut spirally. This is a point that might be used to advantage in public buildings.

Gas, water, and furnace heat have also been introduced, and chandeliers of fine old shapes, so closely imitating the candelabra of colonial days that they are supposed by many to have been in the house when it was built. But Mrs. Tayloe abhorred furnace heat and gas, declared

THE DINING-ROOM TABLE, SHOWING CARVING

them to be unhealthful, and always used candles or lamps and grate fires. The mantels in the old house are all beautiful, and have been very perfectly restored.

The windows are numerous and generous in size. They are recessed and cut down to the floor. All the woodwork is white, excepting the doors and hand-rail of the balusters.

The interior of the house, as it was originally furnished, gives a model of elegant simplicity that it would be well to follow at the present time. Although a man of the most hospitable instincts and high social and political standing, Colonel Tayloe's entertainments were characterized by the quality of his guests rather than by the quantity. A few friends,

well chosen, were asked to grace his board at one time, and Mrs. Tayloe's receptions were quite unlike the painful crushes which are now in vogue. Consequently, there was no superfluous furniture, and upon entering the rooms one received an impression of breadth and stateliness.

The drawing-room walls were tinted a delicate buff, and I am told that the principal furniture was a set of ash of sixteen pieces, comprising a

THE DINING-ROOM MANTEL

dozen chairs and a settee, with flowered chintz cushions in the seats, and two card-tables. This furniture had small panels painted with music and roses, and two large mirrors which hung between the windows over the tables had the same design at the tops of their frames, painted on paper under glass. There was also in this room a center-table and an upholstered couch, but not one lounging-chair—think of it, ye sybarites of to-day!

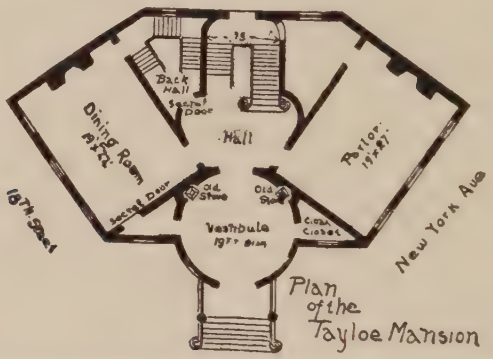
The dining-room walls were tinted a soft gray-green. This room is on the west side and its windows look out upon the setting sun. The

AN ARCHWAY

THE FRONT HALL

dining-room table is a beautiful piece of furniture still in the possession of the family. The top is on hinges and tips up like a card-table.

Its mate always stood in the back hall, ready to be placed beside the other whenever a large number of guests was entertained. A large recess in the inner wall held the sideboard, and opposite, between the windows, were two high buffets with curious old circular concave mirrors, and candles on either side hanging over them. Besides the dining-room



From the *Architectural Record*, through the courtesy of Mr. Glenn Brown, author of an article on Dr. William Thornton

chairs, there was no other furniture, except a large easy-chair that always stood by the fire.

Above the front hall is a circular room which was called the round parlor, where the family usually sat. This room had divans fitted into the spaces between the windows, and a curious old table upon which the Treaty of Ghent was signed.

The chambers are of moderate dimensions, but have large closets and dressing-rooms attached. Mrs. Tayloe's chamber was above the drawing-room, and each article of furniture had its appointed place that never was changed. Her daughters' rooms were furnished according to the changing fashions, but to the end of her life the mistress of the house preserved the elegant simplicity that characterized the colonial style. In her room there was the usual high four-poster bed. The washstand was a quaint little three-cornered affair, with two shelves having holes to fit the basin and pitcher.

As may be seen from the plan, there is no lack of closet-room, and in the hall and dining-room are "secret" doors, so mysterious, and so dear to the hearts of our ancestors. The whole house is fascinating. There are still in the front hall the original stoves, curious ones that could not have raised the temperature very much.

A great deal of the old furniture is still in the possession of the family, but most of the pictures and bric-à-brac was willed to the Corcoran Art Gallery by Mrs. Benjamin Ogle Tayloe. It is a pity that the house is no longer occupied by the family, but in its semi-public character it is open to visitors, and is thus helping to form the public taste.

A SUCCESSFUL HOUSE

By HARRIET MONROE

He who would build a house that all may see
  In Truth should dig the deep foundation ways,
  Should lay the corner-stone of Love, and raise
The walls of Steadfastness, then tenderly
Bedeck the halls with Song and Poesy,
  And keep Contentment on the hearth ablaze,
  The windows Hope, the ascending gables Praise,
And over all the roof of Charity.
Then let the tempests rage, the flames consume—
Time's self were impotent to seal the doom
  Of such a house, where wanderers may find,
Blazoned in gold above the welcoming portal:
  Who enters here leaves hopelessness behind—
The true home is the heart, and hence immortal.

—*Richard Nixon.*

This fine sonnet, entitled "The House Immortal," and written by the brother of the hostess of Minnewoc for the laying of its corner-stone, is now carved in the wood above the chimney of its library, a high invocation of the gods of the hearth. In the spirit of it the house was built—

THE PORTER'S LODGE

a spirit which refuses the common and commonplace, demanding of the arts of landscape and architecture, and of all the happy sister arts, their noble ministration unto life. And the arts, which gladly respond to a large demand, have brought their tributes to Minnewoc, and made the place beautiful, each in its own way. "A stone house or a log cabin—there is nothing between"—in response to this plea the owner, Mr. George Bullen, opened the quarries and expressed his will in stone. And to-day it dominates one corner of Lake Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, from the heights of its sloping lawns and terraces, like an old English manor-house richly set in green.

The estate lies four or five miles from the village of Oconomowoc, along a road which winds among fertile fields and passes a little lake—for the region, as every one knows, is jeweled with lakes. A stone wall is the first intimation of arrival, a wall built of the yellowish limestone of the neighborhood, rough-hewn in small blocks, and finished with a coping. Soon this wall curves toward an entrance, half-protecting with one of its arms the vine-clad little lodge, built of the same stone, which nestles at

MINNEWOC — MAIN FAÇADE

one side under the trees. Just beyond are large farm buildings among fields of corn and hay, and beyond them the road winds through woods of tall oaks, in which nature still follows her own wild will. For half a mile these woods go on, relieved by open spaces of sunshine, the road following a natural ridge from which the ground slopes deftly downward at either side. We pass some high wire fences, with which Mr. Bullen is staking off a future deer-park, and long for next season's fawns among the trees. We cross a little stone bridge in a hollow, and soon after reach another stone wall and another gate-way, guarded this time by the gardener's cottage among bright beds of flowers. Behind in the thick green of trees and vines is the power-house, and from the abrupt little hill just beyond rises high over all the solid octagonal tower, under whose crenelated top is stored water from the lake which keeps the garden in bloom and the lawns green.

THE QUADRANGLE AND NORTH TERRACE

Far beyond this second wall all the large inclosure of sloping lands down to the rounded shore is as smooth and green as water and labor can make it—broad lawns shaded by noble trees and curving graciously down to the lake—all, that is, except the low oblong strip of land which the owner reclaimed from a marsh and surrounded with a high wall, and planted with cornflowers and marigolds and hydrangeas and crowds of garden flowers, with grapes and peaches and nectarines. Trained against these sunny stone walls grow fruits which elsewhere disdain the climate, and protected by them from winds, big chrysanthemum-hearted asters rush up to the sun in great gay masses of purple and pink and white. The tower overlooks this garden from its hill at one corner, and a little latticed summer-house at another, wherein he who is lazy-minded may swing in a hammock and inhale perfumes.

From the *American Architect and Building News*

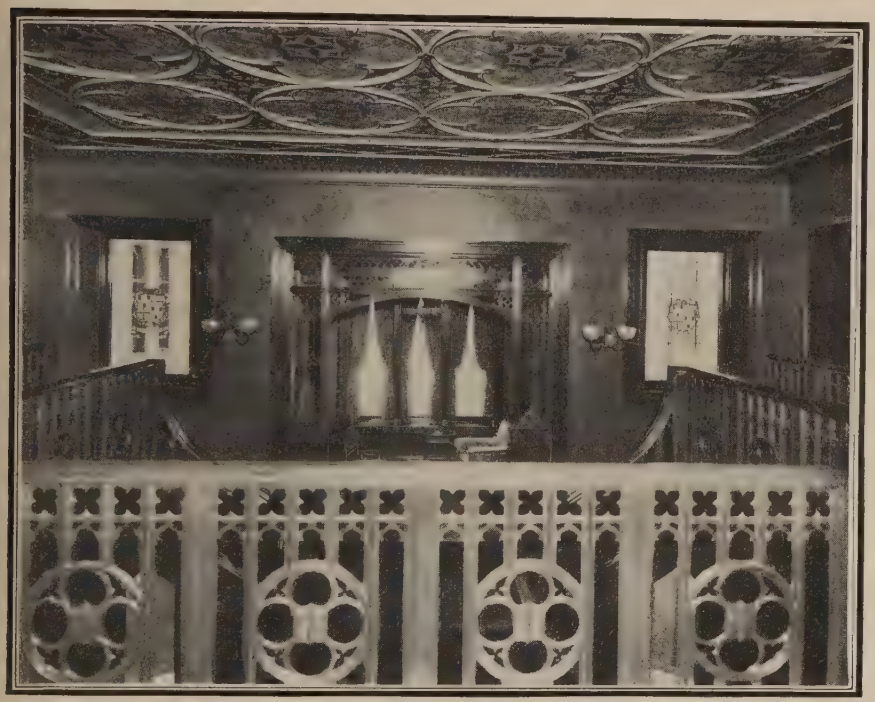
THE PRIMROSE ROOM

It is difficult to leave the garden and climb the slope again to the road, even though the house waits in full view beyond in its rich greenery of trees and vines, its rough yellowish stone warming almost to gold in the sun. The house stands high on its broad hill accepting the spacious levels at the crest. The style is simple even to austerity, an early Tudor design by Mr. Whitehouse, whose little sketch reveals better than photographs the spirit of the original, though it does not show the downward slope of the land around the mansion. The simple masses at the corners of the main architectural group protect vigorously the more open central portion, with its Gothic portal and crenelated cornice; and the broad wing to the left, with its rounded and vine-clad tourette, is kept in proper subjection by its remoter perspective.

The severity of this main façade—its broad, unbroken masses of

A GUEST-ROOM

stone—is happily relieved by an oval terrace with beds of bright flowers and a massive balustrade. The design of this terrace and balustrade is from an old villa near Nice, where Mrs. Bullen found in plaster what she has reproduced in stone. Though French in origin, it is in harmony with the style of the façade, and its broad curve emphasizes the entrance and offers a fitting welcome. But before we accept the proffered hospitality and enter the house, let us wander around to the other side, past the severe east façade, whose fine, broad spaces of stone the vines embrace tenderly, even to the north terrace which overhangs the lake. Here we have the more intimate life of the house; the front is for the world, this is for the family, the friends, and a more charming expression of stately sweetness could scarcely be conceived. Here the house is built around a quadrangle in the good old way, sheltering little loggie in the shadow



THE UPPER HALLWAY

of Gothic arches. The lawn in the quadrangle is adorned with a well-head, bright with flowers, and beyond the wings it is extended forty or fifty feet and bounded by an open balustrade, over which one may lean and look far down to the narrow strip of grass with its cedar and oaks, to the curving shore with its flower-crowned sea-wall, to the lake beyond with its blue little waves and white sails. Here where there is always shade one may live out-of-doors all summer and never weary of sunlight or moonlight, of mist or tempest or shifting colors.

We may return to the front, if we like, around the servants' wing at the west where the lower level of the ground makes an extra story, putting the tradesmen's entrance quite out of sight, and their wagons out of hearing. Up the slope again and further westward half hidden by many trees, is the pretty stone stable, whose big clock in the corner tower

strikes musical hours for the neighborhood. And beyond the stable are orchards and vegetable-gardens and a chicken yard, and other details worth pausing for, with vistas of little lagoons and a bridge in the distance, and a boys' camping-ground under the trees near the lake, so that perhaps it is some time before we return to the front of the house and pass the Gothic arch of its entrance.

Having yielded at last, we find ourselves in a large hall, with the dining-room at the left and the library at the right, all of them holding to the Gothic key in the forms of paneling and balustrade and decoration. At the first landing of the broad central stair is a little open morning-room, with leaded windows toward the lake; from this the stair divides to right and left, and its balustrade continues around a gallery on the second story which leaves the central square space open, producing a charming effect of spaciousness and light. The dining-room is paneled and furnished in oak, and on the high shelves of its chimney-piece is a collection of big German mugs and tankards. Little closets for Bohemian glass are part of the decorative scheme, their leaded glass fronts being continuous with the paneling, and on the buffets are some fine pieces of old silver. The frieze is painted with boughs of oak putting forth their young pinkish leaves in the spring; for the woods of Minnewoc are chiefly oak, and their color is never lovelier than during this April tenderness. Beyond the dining-room toward the servants' wing are pantries, kitchen, and servants' hall, and in the other direction along the terrace are a breakfast-room and certain masculine apartments leading at last to the den of the master of the house.

Returning to the hall, we enter the library and lounge in its leather-covered easy-chairs. A serviceable room this, paneled in cherry of the natural color, with a large solid writing-table in the center, loaded with stationery and magazines and holding a treasury of drawers. The chimney is broad and high, and above it, in letters of black and red, is carved the sonnet which opens this article. The summer sunlight is softened by awnings and filtered through leaded casements, and the quiet tone of the room receives just the necessary touch of color from two old silver vases of nasturtiums on the table.

Beyond the library in the right wing are the drawing-room and music-room. Here Mrs. Bullen has yielded to the temptation of the Renaissance—for it is difficult to be Gothic in a drawing-room—and accepted

THE HALLWAY, LOOKING TOWARD THE DINING-ROOM

THE DINING-ROOM

the spirit of the eighteenth century. The tone of these rooms is pearly in its delicacy—a possible attribute when one is remote from dusty towns and high-roads. The woodwork of both is painted a creamy white, and the two are divided at the sides by a light open screen and by the three steps which descend to the lower level of the music-room and give it the height necessary for resonance. The walls of the drawing-room are hung with a silvery gray French brocade, and the graceful old French chairs are upholstered in old brocades, one piece of Genoese velvet being especially beautiful. The portières are of delicate mauve satin, appliquéd with lace. A circular window has a divan with many cushions, and in a corner stands an old cabinet. The vista through these two rooms ends

THE STABLE

only with the trees and the lake, for from the music-room three glazed doors give to the loggia and terrace, their thin lace curtains scarcely veiling the view. Piano and violins, racks and cases testify to the uses of this room; also the beautiful parchment pages of mediæval music which hang on the walls. There are four or five Neapolitan bronzes here—the Narcissus, the satyr, the seated athlete, the Farnese bull, two of them flanking the little stair. The house boasts some very fine old textiles, Oriental rugs, Rhodian and Persian embroideries, Italian and French brocades and laces.

The chambers upstairs are fresh and simple and charming. The right wing contains the family apartments and nurseries; the left wing rooms for guests. One guest-room is furnished from the New Orleans curio-shops—with a big four-poster and quaint old dresser and wardrobe and chairs. Another, the primrose room, takes its name from the pale tint of the woodwork. Blue-and-white cretonne covers the walls and couch and chairs, and the covers of beds and dresser are of blue Venetian brocade, with centers and borders of heavy lace. This is a beautiful room, giving to the south but protected by awnings and curtains from the glare. The beauty of small casement windows and leaded panes adds so much to the charm, the intimacy of a room, that I wonder daily at our modern

mania for windows two or three times too large, whose light we have to reduce by shades and other barbarous devices.

But if it is summer even so charming a house as this cannot keep us long indoors. The broad, shady lawns, sloping so generously down to the lake, invite us with a succession of beautiful views. Under their trees one may lounge for hours, watching the lake change from blue to purple under the shadows of clouds, following the little white sails as they skim back and forth over the sparkling water. Or we may go down to the boat-house and row out on the rippling waves, and lean shoreward to drink of the cool spring of "bubbling water" whose Indian name was Minnewoc, and look back over the bright geraniums of the sea-wall to the stately mansion in its protecting masses of green. Surely few houses are so nobly set against the fine integrity of nature; few crown fair heights so fitly, completing with such grace the story they were meant to tell. For here is no violence, but always harmony and peace. Nature is not cut up and contradicted and forced, but persuaded, fulfilled. House and tower and stable—each feature of the architectural group—seem to grow out of the needs of nature as happily, as inevitably, as the trees. And men and women in such an environment become a part of larger harmonies, yield to that spirit of repose which is one of the manifold blessings of beauty.

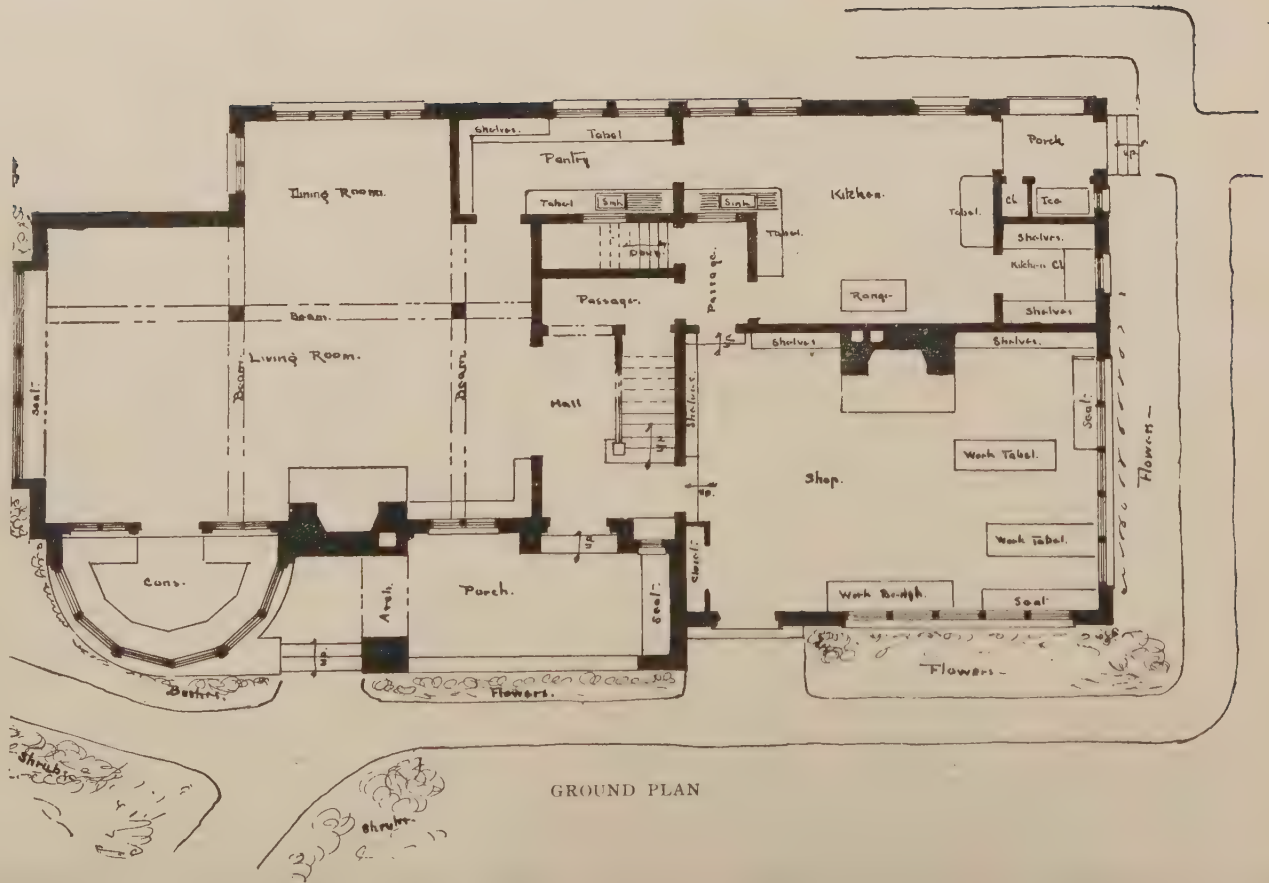
SUCCESSFUL HOUSES

A House for an Architect

BY GEORGE M. R. TWOSE

It is an unhappy fact that criticism in America is not on par with photography. The public mind, which is to be trusted on most points, has, as usual, a clear appreciation of this condition, and prefers the pictures, having learned to expect in the text of an illustrated article very little beyond a weak cementing verbiage mainly useful for holding the illustrations together.

The usages of the matrimonial bureaus to the contrary, there is perhaps no one thing in the universe so closely calculated to give to a stranger a wrong impression of a person or an object as is a photograph; and since the usual articles in the usual magazines are never written with the idea of being a corrective for this impression, they always seem to be of dubious interpretative value. The general rule is to look at the halftones of the illustrated articles and to skip the text; or if any "idea" in the views is attractive, the article is read in a kangaroo fashion to see if the "idea" is mentioned. Having done this much for art or craftsmanship, we settle down steadily to the fiction.


Shelves.
Table
Pantry
Dining Room.
Table
Sink
Sink
Kitchen.
Table.
Porch
Cl.
Tea
Shelves.
Kitchen Cl.
Table.
Dresser
Passage.
Passage.
Range.
Shelves
Shelves.
Shelves.
Beam.
Beam.
Living Room.
Beam.
Hall
Shelves.
Seat.
Work Table.
Shop.
Seat.
Flowers.
Work Table.
Cons.
Arch.
Porch.
Seat.
Closet.
Work Bench.
Seat
Flowers.
Border.
Flowers.
Shrub
shrubs.

GROUND PLAN

A HOUSE FOR AN ARCHITECT

For the benefit, however, of those who take their books seriously, I shall at once say that the house which this aims to describe is not at all like the photographs hereto appended. The photographs are, to begin with, reproductions in whites and blacks of a many-tinted picture, and consequently introduce an entirely different scale of values; they always do. The readers who, armed with this description, repair to Winnetka, and observe the house in connection with the photographs, may truly, through the preciseness of the camera, find themselves regarding the interiors and exteriors with a clearer consciousness of them. But the eye depending upon the photograph alone is of necessity receiving an ill-balanced impression. The house inside, for instance, is one of the most "protective" houses it is possible to imagine. Seated in the living-

ANOTHER VIEW, SHOWING THE ROOF-GARDEN

room, summer or winter, one has an indescribable feeling of being shielded, enfolded, surrounded—a sense, in fact, of being properly indoors, which soothes to the inmost soul and permits the concentration of the entire attention on the book, the conversation, or the cigar. To this sort of thing, however, the camera is entirely indifferent; it avoids it, in fact, to throw into undue prominence a piece of carving to whose lights and shadows it is sympathetic, or to insist pedantically on the truth of a distorted perspective. And yet the elemental protection of which the living-room gives such soothing assurance is, of course, the fundamental idea of a house. Any house, therefore, which not only performs its function with a certain amount of brute efficiency, but does so

CORNER OF LIVING-ROOM, WITH DINING-TABLE BEYOND

with an ample margin of indescribably grateful conviction, is a house of which to speak highly. It is such redundancy which makes all the difference between a sordid struggle for existence and a choice of luxuries, and yet this pleasing thing, this "indoors" quality, so subtly present here and so conspicuously absent in many "interiors," is an aspect which, though an important one, evades the Cyclopean eye entirely. Having now restored the balance of interest in favor of the text by discrediting the photographs, which are, however, good photographs, it will be only fair to endeavor to show how the desirable result referred to has been achieved, and to do this some consideration of its color is necessary.

All natural colors are indigenous—that is, they are *in* the tree, *in* the rock, *in* the flower. Applied colors or decorative colors are usually flat

tints—that is, they are on the wall, and not *in* the plaster, on the wood and not of it. If you will mentally contrast a brick wall in which the color is the result of the pigment in the clay, with a brick wall which has been painted, you have a sharp contrast between indigenous and applied color. The mean between the two is achieved by stain, which in the case of wood soaks in and becomes to some degree intrinsic, being on that account akin to an indigenous or nature quality. In stained work, therefore, a sense of the material is always one of the factors, while in purely decorative or applied color, which usually hides the material, this is not so.

Given walls finished for the most part in wood, very simply disposed, and supposing all this woodwork to be stained a soft brown, the result is a room with large surfaces of natural material and semi-natural color, the depth and softness of which recede from attention more than they challenge it. These large spaces of wood surface and intrinsic color dominate the room in question and determine its character. Those who have read "Jude the Obscure" will remember Mr. Hardy's description of a very old room paneled with wood, whose historic age seemed to crush and oppress the life of the young girl who lived in it. A glance at the illustrations of the woodwork of this room will show how absolutely fresh and spontaneous it is; it is not Gothic nor Renaissance nor classic, as these things are understood of architects to-day; it is not even colonial; nor does it call for that weary smile with which we recognize the pseudo-Empire and the moderately rococo. It is a mere room. A room with wood-covered walls and a wooden ceiling, with a brick chimney-breast and a brick fireplace, which will burn five-foot logs—it is all of simple materials, used simply and looking, *mirabile dictu*, as if they could not help being just what and where they are; by which I mean that the room gives an impression of sure, inevitable growth, rather than one of manufacture or selection. Moreover, in such use of such material the sense of the material is not lost, and there is consequently a feeling—almost too subtle, perhaps, except as a whole impression—of a certain relatedness to nature. In some suggestion of the material is a sense of woods and forests, of clay and earth and nature colors, which, however faintly, however far off, is surely the background for the simple forms of the wood, the natural quality of the color, the straightforward use of the bricks. The man with the background of a well-known family and a

THE LIVING-ROOM

college career is always more quickly received than the man without, because such things facilitate the process of "placing" him. So in this case, the well-known merits of the ultimate persuade the mind into an easy familiarity with the immediate, whence a suavity and ease of intercourse which no "combine" of yellow varnish, calcimined plaster, and the strange tiles of the commercial mantel could inaugurate. Now, of course, in applying to any word of art the term "inevitable," one is using one of the highest of all possible forms of praise. I know that, and am not unmindful of my Matthew Arnold, but then we have been off with our old loves such a dreary time that some enthusiasm may be pardoned in welcoming our new. The truth is, we have had no loves in architecture, and have, perforce, coquetted for so long with our great-grandmother that the mere appearance of a contemporary with no suggestion of antiquity would be welcome, even on the negative count. But on the positive side (though for the sake of Matthew Arnold we will consider this analysis as a personal and limited one) I think that it is first of all from the sense of a familiar and sympathetic material recognized without effort, then from the entire absence of "pose" in its treatment, so that no definite demand is made on the attention, from an *ensemble* that seems to have grown, so natural and seemingly inevitable its sequence, and above all, from what I would call the contemporary aspect of its charm — from all these things, recognized faintly, indefinitely, but culminating in a whole impression, it is that the ministered-to, protected feeling of those environed by them proceeds. If you carry the analysis back of the visible and material, then from the transparent shadows and the warm brown tones, and from the kinship of the color and material to nature, you receive a suggestion that lands the mind solidly in that most restful of foundations, the earth. On a sea the gray of the Baltic or the blue of the Ægean, you can place a flotilla of boats of as many colors as you please decked with every hue of bunting, and the sea will combine and merge and fuse the myriad tints into harmony, and still dominate the picture with its gray or blue. A good broad color on the walls of a room will do the same thing, receiving the bright splashes of one's lares and penates and making of them a harmonious relief to its own dominating tone. There are many such color variations in the living-room; the colors of books and Japanese prints and rugs, of mirrors and sconces and apple blossoms, of colored casts and Mexican pottery and lamps, all receive

THE WORKSHOP

and merged in the quiet effect of the cone-colored woodwork, which acts as a flux to the whole amalgam. In the morning the sunlight pours through the south windows, filters through the greenery of the little conservatory, and forms a pool on the floor, whence a thousand refracted lights in every corner of the big, brown room; at night the lamps and candles or the firelight create oases of bright light against the subdued tone of the walls, from which flash casual brightnesses of color and metal. Outside are trees and birds, and farther away the lake, and as you hitch your chair up to the logs or sprawl in the sunshine, there is that sense of being truly "indoors," in a place where nothing prods the attention, and where all transitions are accomplished smoothly and easily.

The houses of most of us present, consciously or unconsciously, all the inconveniences of snobbishness, since they are planned exclusively

in an imitation of the rich and the great. The rich and the great naturally can cut a fine figure, for their stages are whole blocks square. But imitative *minauderies* on the platform of a twenty-five-foot front are apt to be a trifle ridiculous. And yet this is what the reception-room, entrance-hall, stair-hall, parlor, library, and dining-room jammed into a space not large enough for half as many cells amounts to. The usual plan which includes these "accommodations" is a compression within the compass of a twenty-five-foot front of the accommodation which is proper and possible only to a large mansion. The rooms the prevailing plan pretends to provide cannot be considered as necessary to our standard of living, nor are they, as built, anything but examples of the law of conspicuous waste, due to the pecuniary canon of taste. None of the compartments on the ground floor of the average house possesses any of the characteristics of the thing with whose name they are labeled. "Libraries" without either books or wall-space for cases are frequently found; the room next the "butler's" pantry is always the room in which meals are served, not because it ever has the character of a dining-room, but merely on account of its geographical position; the stair-hall is frequently merged into the "library," and then insulted with the name of sitting-room, because it is a place through which everybody has to walk; and all these bad adjustments of houses to the lives to be lived in them are nothing but a servile imitation of superior opulence. The prime necessities in a house are a direct communication between the front door and the stairs and one room at least, more by all means if possible, in which a few people can really live and move and have their being at the same time.

In the house which is being described the partitions have been swept away and the "reception-room," the "library," the "parlor," the "dining-room," have been merged together, forming that space on the plan marked "living-room." There is, of course, an obvious and immediate objection that will arise in the minds of most to the combination of dining-room and parlor. This is natural, but it is, I should like to point out, due to the absurd little compartments to which we are accustomed. It is based on the bad habits of small rooms and has no application to large ones, whose cubic capacity renders any great percentage of tainting impossible. This combination of dining and sitting-room has long since passed out of the experimental stage in eastern country-houses,

FIREPLACE OF LIVING-ROOM

THE ROOF-GARDEN

and ten minutes after dinner has been removed a visitor can enter the room and not be conscious of the dual character of the place. In connection with this, the placing of the pantry door is a thoroughly studied and successful point. A little attention to its position will show how all consciousness of it has been removed from those sitting at table, who are practically unaware whence the service proceeds. The kitchen is a pleasant room, consideration of which has not been unfairly shirked, as it so often is. The walls are green, the woodwork brown, as in the rest of the house, and it is, barring the range, a pretty interior. It is, however, difficult to bar the range. As a compensation for the lack of a reception-room the owners of the house have a workshop, wherein articles

such as the chests, settles, carved tables, and benches, illustrated in the photographs, are designed and made, and this shop is, apart from its special function, a most livable room. The top of the shop has been covered with an awning, prior to the advent of sufficient vines, and is a large, sequestered space, admirably placed for loafing and "sleeping out" in summer.

The consideration of a house containing such innovations as a large living-room, a workshop, a roof-garden, and a dining-room must be made from the view-point of its perfect adaptation to the lives of the people for whom it was designed. It would not suit every one, but then it was never intended to, and it is by no means necessary that it should. Others, of course, must be allowed their own ideas in connection with reception-rooms and dining-rooms, and in so far as these ideas are part of a worthy idea of life they are entitled to consideration. For the rest I must allow the photographs to do their worst; but to sum up, the house is that rare object, a house. It is no colonial shell, nor neo-Gothic coop, arbitrarily dropped over unfortunates whose architect happened to be suffering from some such form of Americanitis. It is, and one writes it gratefully, a house, built of simple materials, used simply by a well-trained mind.

HALLWAY

A Cambridge House

Cambridge, Massachusetts, is, at the end of the century, a strange and interesting combination of the old and the new. Especially is this true of the architecture and interior decorations of the more modern homes. One of the most attractive spots in this picturesque city is Hubbard Park, originally a private estate, but within the past dozen years divided into ten or more building sites, upon which have been erected as many comparatively inexpensive houses beneath its noble primeval trees. Notable among them is a spacious and homelike structure, situated at the west end of the park. The central feature of the house is a large hall, twelve by seventeen feet. The walls are faced with

LIVING-ROOM IN RED

a soft green paper in two tones, the woodwork is ivory, and the highly polished floor is almost completely covered with Oriental rugs in low, rich tones. The stairway is approached through an archway supported by columns, which stand out effectively from moss-green draperies. Old English oak furniture adds a sturdy note to this sunny, soft, but richly colored, entrance-hall, giving the happiest impression of the life and livableness of the rooms beyond.

Opening off this hall to the right is a living-room, twenty by fifteen feet. At one end a broad, leaded window, screened by filmy muslin curtains, lets in a flood of filtered light, giving the right tone to the beautiful coloring of the room. The spacious window-seat is upholstered in old red velvet; the hangings throughout the room are of raw silk in the same red Chippendale furniture of exceptional design harmonizes well with the general scheme, and gives out all its grace from the sympathetic

LEADED WINDOW IN LIVING-ROOM

background—a French paper, rhythmical in design and charming in color—which again does not detract from the fine examples of Jacque, Michel, Daubigny, Dupré, and Fortuny—all of which sink graciously into the general coloring, holding their own well, as they must by right. The great charm of this room, as of all the others, lies in the singular and unusual harmony of color prevailing over all—wonderful brightness without gaudiness, and great delicacy without weakness, a sort of jeweled box or flowery mead, pleasing at the first glimpse, and without a trace of studied effort. Next to this graceful apartment is the "den," a little place of nine by thirteen feet, very unlike the living-room, but with attractions all its own. Here we find accessories reminiscent of college days, with various trophies pertaining to the colonial and civil wars. The furniture is appropriately heavy and substantial, covered with leather; and there are excellent rugs upon the floor. This little room is

OCTAGONAL DINING-ROOM IN DULL RED

well lighted by two windows at the end and a series of small openings above a bookcase which occupies the major portion of the wall space.

The dining-room, on the left of the main hall, is octagonal, the woodwork mahogany throughout, and the walls are treated with a dull red paper in two tones, the ceiling of the same color, from which is suspended, with excellent effect, a curious brass lantern. The fireplace of red brick and its brasses are in harmony with this environment. Warm, dull red velour, bordered with a band of tapestry, constitutes the window hangings, and tapestry portières hang at the wide door. Family portraits embellish the walls, and rare examples of old porcelain the mantel-shelf and plate-rails. The furniture is old mahogany with brass trimmings. During the day the sunlight pours in by a south window through a greenery of delicate ferns, but at night the room takes on a particularly beautiful effect, lighted as it is entirely by candles and side lights. On this

DEN

main floor, indeed everywhere, air and sunlight dominate by day, and spaciousness and brilliant color by night.

The bed-chambers are large and well lighted. The southwest one is a veritable rose room; two sets of muslin curtains screen each of the three windows; the dressing and writing tables stand in excellent lights; the bedstead is of brass covered with a snowy coverlet. Fine views of the park complete an almost ideal sleeping apartment. Another bedroom is hung with a paper of bouquets of spicy pink carnations on an ivory wall surface, the paint white, draperies in old-rose of an empire design, and the furniture good specimens of Dutch marquetry. All in all, this new old house is a charming example of the grace and cheer of the modern, with the repose and restraint of the old colonial type. It of course shows wealth and culture, but not unpleasantly; and one feels so entirely *en rapport* with its livableness that all money sense is lost, and

OCTAGONAL FLOWERED BEDROOM

a dim, far-away feeling arises that one's own home might be patterned on these lines. Indeed, brightness and real beauty are not to be had for money; love and labor secure far better results, if only harmony is sought with singleness of purpose.

House-Planning in the Country

BY ALFRED H. GRANGER

To one about to build no question is of more importance than the proper arrangement of rooms with reference to light and air, and in the country this problem is complicated by the necessity of securing the largest number of fine views. It is the business of the architect to study his house in relation to its environment, and the design under consideration has the advantage of having received this kind of attention. It is situated on a gentle slope, which, in the rear of the property, rises quite abruptly to a level plain. The front is to the north, which necessitates some careful study of the plan in order that the main living-rooms may have plenty of sunshine.

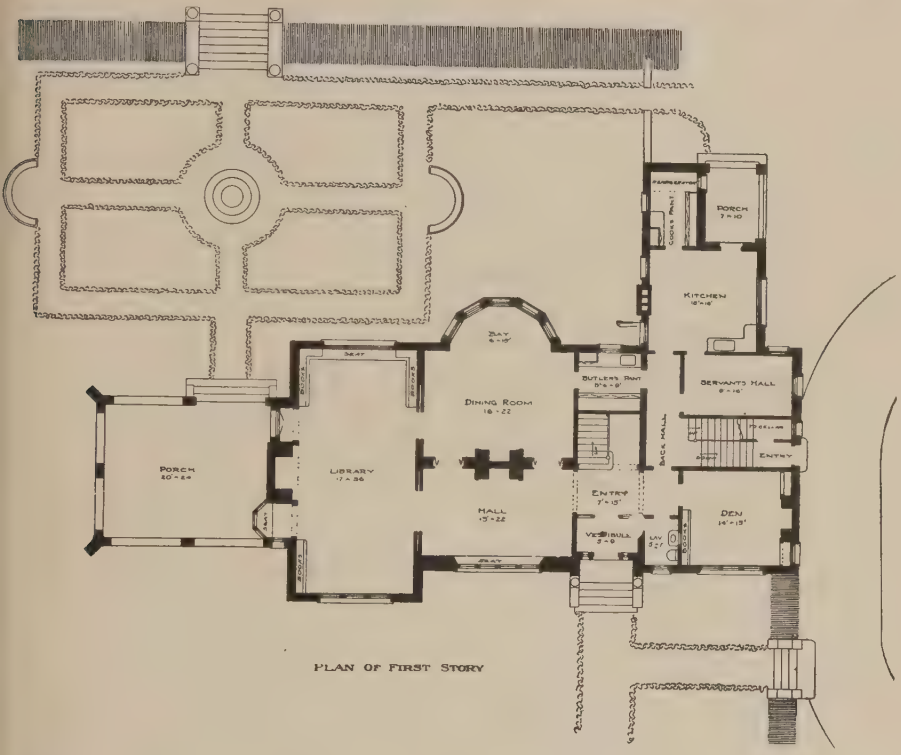
In the country a small reception-room is apt to be little more than a "white elephant" upon the mistress's hands; so in this case it has been abolished, and in its place we have a roomy hall separated by an open archway from the entry, where are the stairs.

This hall has a broad grouping of windows to the north, directly opposite the fireplace. The floor of both hall and entry is of large, square red tiles, the woodwork is painted white, while the doors, window-sills and tops of seats are of rich brown oak.

The wainscoting is six feet high, and is capped with a simple molding of the same brown oak as the doors. The space between the wainscot and the wooden cornice is covered with burlap, painted a sunny brown, while the ceiling between the white beams is of lacquered gold-leaf.

One pair of stiff silk curtains of a strong olive-green, pushed far back from the group of windows, gives a finishing touch of color harmony. The pictures upon the walls are etchings or Braun photographs, simply framed in dark oak.

The library, which extends clear across the east end of the house, is a delightful living-room, in the best sense of that oft-abused term. It has windows on the north, south, and east, giving it quantities of sunlight, while the south windows give upon a quaint formal garden, full of color. The woodwork in the library is of oak, of the same rich brown tone as parts of the hall. The walls are rough, and painted a soft sage-



PLAN OF FIRST STORY

green. The principal architectural feature of this room is, of course, the fireplace—literally the family hearthstone. The mantel-facing is of brick, very plain, with no moldings, but a rich yellow-brown in color. On one side of the mantel is a cozy little oriel seat, while upon the other side is a French window, giving out upon the porch and the formal garden. The porch in this house is so placed that it darkens none of the rooms, is amply large, and open to the summer breezes. This plan of placing the porch in a wing by itself, which was first used, I believe, by Mr. Wilson Eyre, of Philadelphia, is a most happy one, and is to be strongly commended. Most of our porches look very like excrescences, added to the design to gratify the owner in spite of the architect's wishes. By frankly making this very necessary feature of a house's comfort an architectural feature as well, much breadth and dignity are gained. Of

PLAN OF SECOND STORY

course such a porch requires more land, but here we are building in the country, where land is bought by the acre and not by the foot. It is quite another matter to solve the problem of house and porch on a fifty-foot lot. But to return to our muttons. The library under discussion is to be loved because it is large and simple and not over-full of furniture. A couple of comfortable couches, plenty of easy-chairs, some of them of wicker and all good in design, and two round tables covered with books and papers, and each with its student lamp, to make reading easy during winter evenings, with the piano, make up the furniture of the room. Every piece is useful as well as beautiful, and is intended to add to the comfort of living. The ornaments are few—some plaster casts, brass candlesticks, and two pieces of Favrile glass being all the room needs. The same conservatism of taste limits the pictures upon the walls to an engraving or two by Bartolozzi, some copies of the world's great paintings by Braun, and enough personal photographs to show that here is where the family life centers.

The dining-room, which also opens from the library, as well as from the larger hall, is a more formal room. It is wainscoted to the ceiling in gumwood of a rich mahogany color. The furniture is of mahogany, simple, strong, and modern. Tapestry curtains, rich in design, give

color to this dignified room. The only pictures are three portraits in heavy gilt frames. The windows, which are to the south, admit plenty of sunshine, and in summer the fragrance of hundreds of roses from the garden. At the opposite end of the hall from the library is the man's room of the house, situated to the west, where it gets the sunsets. This room is simple almost to bareness, dark oak woodwork, brick mantel, burlap walls, and crimson linen curtains. The burlap in this room is left its natural color, and forms a good background for numerous sporting prints and bright-colored pictures. A heavy writing-table, some stout chairs, and a broad, low couch make the furniture of the room, which has the same air of freshness and space to breathe that is one of the predominant features of this house.

The bedrooms are as fresh and dainty as country bedrooms ought to be. None of them is large, and there is a bath-room to every two. The woodwork is white throughout, and dainty flowered papers are used, while fresh muslins drawn back from the windows admit both sunlight and views. Instead of deep, dark closets, most of the rooms have wardrobes built into the walls, with proper compartments for different articles of clothing These wardrobes are a great comfort to the housekeeper, because of their convenience and the ease with which they are cleaned, and they are made an attractive feature, with their white panels and imbedded mirrors in the doors.

The service department in this house, upon which the comfort of the household depends, is very carefully studied with a view to economy of space and convenience. The pantries, kitchen, and bath-rooms are wainscoted five feet high with Portland cement, which in the bath-rooms is enameled white, and joined to the tile floors by a curved tile base which gives no sharp angles to retain dust. So much for a general idea of the interior.

The exterior is of hard-burned red paving brick; the woodwork is painted white, with a green-tile roof. The whole effect is quiet and domestic, with a distinctively American flavor, although the garden, situated in the southeast angle, is quite English, with its graveled walks, sun-dial in the center, and gay flower-beds. A broad flight of stairs leads up to the top of the little plateau in the rear, and makes a charming terrace-walk.

Enough cannot be said in favor of a pleasant garden near every coun-

try-house. Its formality fitly joins the house to the wilderness, while there is no more delightful spot in which to spend a summer afternoon and evening than such a garden, among the old-fashioned flowers and velvety lawns. What pictures of the past flit before one's mind at the sight of a formal garden! Among such scenes the men and maidens of the past lived and loved. Here they sought rest and pleasant converse, and cultivated those graces of life which are to-day so needed to sweeten the mad rush and turmoil of our lives. Let us welcome the formal garden, with the pleasures that it brings, and plan our homes in such a way that we may have some sheltered place to walk and rest ourselves. Our living-rooms should look upon it, that its fragrance and joy may enter our homes and hearts in the moments when we cannot be out among the flowers.

An Ideal Country-House

BY W. HENRY WINSLOW

Who has not had a dream of the country-house which might be his "one of these days," yet the more he has tried to see it with the mind's eye the harder he has found it to do so to his satisfaction? The difficulty increases when one attempts to picture the comfort of a substantial home combined with the charm of a beautiful one, not forgetting the economy which is reasonably compatible with both qualities.

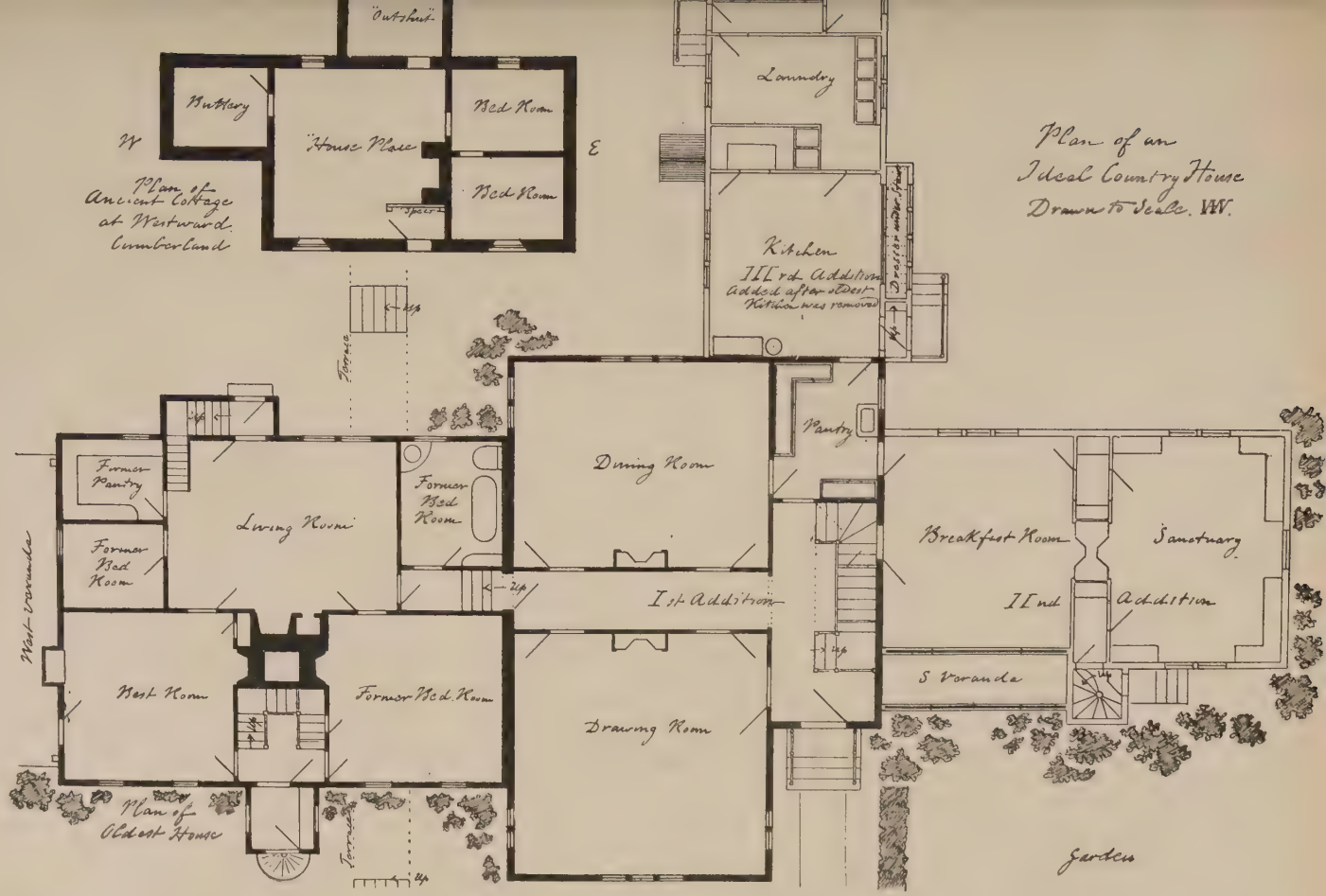
As the word "ideal" is used to mean that which has not been realized as well as that which, being realized, approaches an ideal, it may be said that the house here written of may be called ideal in a degree in both senses. The reader shall judge, if he pleases, how far it is realizable and how far it has been realized.

Our country-house is "beautiful for situation," being upon the slope of a not too high elevation, which protects it from the inclement quarter and facing the prevailing summer wind, which comes, as is best, over a body of water,—a healthy as well as a beautiful site. A dry cellar is needed, and falling ground lends itself to good drainage, such as even the great feudal chief, whose castle moat was too often the castle cesspool, never dreamed of.

The surroundings of a building go far to make or mar any beauty it may have, and if they are discordant or ugly, they must be screened or removed. A group of unusually agreeable school buildings, for instance, may be referred to, in a charming country town, and isolated, which are half spoiled by the proximity of a new stone edifice, which is incongruous and the smoky chimney of their own engine-house, which is unseemly.

Mr. Ruskin once classified the world's scenery as "green, blue, gray and brown country," trying to show with his ingenious rhetoric what houses are proper for each; but it is enough to say that there should be a very obvious fitness in form and material to the landscape, and if possible, to neighboring buildings; also experience shows that nature-colored and near-at-hand materials are to be preferred.

The ideal country-house should hardly be more than two stories high though it may stretch abroad indefinitely. We feel at home close to


Outshut
Buttery
House Place
Bed Room
Bed Room
W
E
Plan of Ancient Cottage at Westward Cumberland
Laundry
Plan of an Ideal Country House Drawn to Scale. WW.
Kitchen
III rd. Addition added after East Kitchen was removed
Dresser with Shelves
Pantry
Dining Room
Former Pantry
Former Bed Room
Living Room
Former Bed Room
West Verandah
I st Addition
Breakfast Room
Sanctuary
II nd Addition
S Veranda
West Room
Former Bed Room
Drawing Room
Plan of Oldest House
Garden

Mother Earth, and are less at ease in proportion as we get above and away from her. To formulate the relation between dimensions of height and corresponding mental impressions would not be difficult. A height of ten feet would express snugness, for example, and each additional ten feet might represent, successively, comfort, dignity, stateliness, and so on, ending with shuddering dismay in the case of the frightful piles of commercial cities. So it will be seen why our two-storied house has the livable, friendly look without which any dwelling must be a failure.

Those who have tried making one which is never quite finished, where there is always something to plan for and look forward to, will guess that ours is rambling, and they know they would have no other sort of house. A man often struggles into a house, as into a coat which has not been made for him, where, though he contrives to live, his needs are never satisfied nor his personality expressed.

On the other hand, one may possess the simplest domicile, shaped through immemorial domesticities into indescribable fascination, filled with a gentle and benignant ghostliness, its creaking floors and detonating woodwork being the natural accompaniment, the inevitable grumblings of a nevertheless sturdy frame. The windows may be small and jerky, the ceilings low, and the stairs steep, but let not the fortunate owner in any evil hour think to improve by modernizing it; rather let him antiquate it, restoring every missing or damaged feature, and remembering that one incongruous touch may be disastrous. If one asks in this connection whether looks should be considered before comfort or convenience, it may be answered that for very many persons looks constitute some sort of essential comfort.

After the good old fashion, our house has gained convenience through addition rather than alteration. Washington Irving describes Bracebridge Hall as an "old, castellated manor-house, gray with age, and of a most venerable though weather-beaten appearance, built upon no regular plan, a vast accumulation of parts, erected in various tastes and ages" and our house is like it, so far as it can be without being castellated or vast or most venerable—its oldest part, a century and a half old, cutting a comparatively youthful figure. It was to begin with a plain country farmstead, of the better sort, the frame hewn from native oak and pinned together, with floor, rafters, and corner-posts showing in the rooms; and it is good for another hundred years.

To this oldest building three additions have been made, the sum total representing so much of thought and fancy that it has something to say to the imagination. The accompanying sketch shows the first building and its supplements, numbered in the order of their erection. If other additions should follow at right angles, as they naturally might, making partial or whole quadrangles, this would be just the way in which the English manor-houses were built. There was, however, a rule in their apparent irregularity, as they were evolved from the primitive cottage as a rule, and so were our earliest Anglo-American farm-houses.

At Westward, Cumberland, there is an ancient cottage, whose plan is given here, framed with "forks" (whence gable, from the German *gabel*)—that is, forked tree-branches, squared, and supporting the roof. By comparing the position of rooms with that of our own in the first building, the similarity will be seen.

Stone is a material which in many cases does not justify its cost, and brick unites durability and æsthetic requirements like no other material; but wood offers the advantages of both in a great degree, combined with economy, and on this ground I would urge the use of shingles, unstained, or "half-timber" construction, and of unpainted wood, within and without, following in the line of Norwegian, Swiss, German, French, English, and Japanese wooden architecture, specimens of which are not uncommon that have outlasted many generations. Half-timber construction, as originally understood, is simply that which allows the frame of a building to show itself externally, being sometimes made more elaborate for the purpose. The interspaces are lathed with wood or metal and covered with a thin coat of hydraulic cement and mortar (rough-cast), with which small pebbles or stones should be mixed. If the coating contains sufficient good cement, fills the rebates of the frame, and takes firm hold of the lathing, it becomes, at small cost, artificial stone, being much more weather-proof than many kinds of building-stone.

This construction has made its way slowly with us, while for many purposes, and for every purpose of a country-house, it is most fit, its neutral color, which can be modified if need be, offering relief from the atrocious coloring which now devastates whole neighborhoods.

Like most houses of its time, our original farm-house has been shingled with split shingles, many of them being sound even yet. They are stained by Time's hand, whose incomparable tints, which for want of a

better word we call "gray," grow ever more beautiful, while our poo colors he turns piebald, and then brushes away The walls of the firs addition are also shingled, so as not to contrast too strongly with th older building; but its gables show heavy framing, the timbers bein deeply penetrated with a creosote preservative. On one of the ties i incised the first line of the One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Psalm The upper overhangs the lower story at front and back, and in th second addition on three sides. This part is entirely half-timbered, it base of deep red, criss-crossed with gray brick, making a diamond pat tern. The four chimneys, of good size and height, are of red brick an dark mortar, the oldest bearing its date in wrought-iron numerals. The capstones are such as masons like, who would as soon let their women folk go bareheaded to the storm as their chimney-stacks. The roofing the vital point of a house, is of gray-black pan tiles, set in cement. Si stunted red cedars, solemn old trees, caress one corner of the old build ing with sweeping finger-tips, and farther away is a group of gnarle beeches.

A country-house without vines being like a woman without hair, it wi be seen that in the case of unpainted walls, whether of stone, brick shingles, or rough-cast and timber, there can be no alternative of spoi ing the vines through painting, or allowing them to interfere with th paint.

But I have lingered too long outside our house, which reminds me, a those who build might well be reminded, that outside folk, to whom th exterior of a neighbor's house is of more importance than it usually is t the owner, deserve friendly consideration, and seldom get it.

The oldest farm-houses of this country and England have rooms s low that it would seem as if the average height of men had increase within five, and again within two centuries. Such cottages as th referred to at Westward have only six feet of standing-room, to the seve and a half feet of the main story of our old building; yet some of ou own doors are barely six feet high. Such dimensions could not hav served had they implied the inconvenience they imply now. The fir story of the first addition needing, therefore, to be about two feet high than that of the old building, the floor of the addition was dropped s much lower than the old floor, the ground outside being terraced and few steps placed outside and inside. Such irregularities, not due

eccentricity, give interest to houses which are grown rather than manufactured.

The inside of the old house-walls, where not covered with time-yellowed white wainscot, show pale hues of peach-blossom, onyx-gray, or grass-green; and the eye, undisturbed by quarreling forms and colors, sees without distraction the large, clear prints of Morghen or Toschi, the tiled fireplace, with its slender brass firedogs, and the old walnut furnishing, dark and glossy, mortised and pinned together like the house.

A glass door gives upon the modern west veranda, as constructively framed as the newer parts of the house, of unpainted hardwood. The "best room," now used for tea-drinking, renews its youth amid the laughing chatter of girls and the soft booming of humming-birds in the bignonia, whose swaying branches further enliven it with shimmering lights. If, as the Japanese believe, ancestral spirits with kindred emotions surround their offspring, the tender preservation of an old home should stir them to such benediction as must be felt within it. And what is the subtle influence we are sometimes conscious of? Do inaudible echoes of earlier footfalls than ours never cease? Can it be that the impress of the forms of our predecessors lurks within their former haunts, darkly painted by the sun, as in shadowy daguerreotypes?

In the attic, redolent of sun-baked wood, so still that a buzzing fly startles one, among the round-backed hair trunks, decrepit chairs, flint-lock guns, and spinning-wheels, we seem to come nearest the home-builders of four generations ago, whose every ax-stroke upon purlins and rafters may be counted.

These same rustic builders made, among other things, primitive staircases, almost ladders. One of ours, in a confined space, shows "risers" eleven inches high, and "treads" seven and a half inches wide, reversing the ordinary proportion. Yet there is little to choose as regards comfort between this and one I remember, planned for ease, whose risers were three inches high, the treads being fifteen inches wide. Plainly the builder was ignorant of the fact that it is in the relation between height and width that comfort exists.

We are not unused to the pretentious stairs which, with the hall, usurp a good part of the house, and the alternative of more numerous stairways for use and none for show is worth thinking of. Successive additions imply added staircases, unless reaching one chamber through another is

allowed, as it was by the easy-going chatelaines of mediæval days. Perhaps the most inviting of all stairs are certain outer ones connecting balconies with the ground. The casement of a north bedchamber opens upon such a one, and upon a panorama of upward-climbing oak woods, a mist of tender blossoming in spring, and glorious in scarlet, orange, and amber in the time of soft autumnal fogs. Outside stairs always promise closer contact with the dear earth, whose open arms and dewy kisses await all her children who do not scorn them. As for balconies, they are sacred to poets, lovers, and star-gazers generally, as all the world knows.

On the lower floor of our first addition are the dining-room and a large drawing-room where the household gathers. The dining-room, fresh as a flower, and free from any taint of heavy hospitality, is finished with delicately grained cypress and bamboo and fine wall-matting. Gray and ocher tiles make the floor. Tables, chairs, and sideboard are of Chinese bamboo and rattan, and the mantel is cypress, carved with a grape-vine, birds, and twin foxes reaching for the grapes.

At first sight of the drawing-room the grandmother, who did not take kindly to "new-fangled things," said, "I suppose young birds must have their own nests."

Afterward she took pleasure in passing back and forth between old and new, and naturally, as the drawing-room, and indeed the whole addition, were planned to be a translation of the old builders' ideas into larger forms. The redwood paneling of the former reaches nearly from floor to ceiling, and otherwise repeats that of the neighboring "best room," the floor being oak, while those of the 1750 house are of pine covered with iron-hard paint.

The mantelpiece, of cherry-wood, is ornamented with a carving of conventional foliage, intertwined with a ribbon bearing a hospitable motto, and overhangs andirons modeled after the fabled salamander. Above the paneling a dull bronze Japan paper makes a background for portraits. Before the hearth is something part sofa, part divan, and part settle—soft and spacious, having a high back midway, with a broad, low seat all about it—a bay of coziness in the twilight hours of early autumn, when the fire leaps up and sets the shadows dancing. The other furniture may recall Sir Charles Eastlake's theory, though it is far from being what passed for Eastlake furniture thirty years since. A sound theory,

but not originating with him, it may be summed up as the proposition that in the practical arts use and beauty, construction and decoration should be rationally joined together, and never separated. The good house and its furnishing, consequently, will show sound and beautiful construction and ornament in every particular, no matter what its period, and the good artist has the sure eye for the consummate combination.

A question of interest to those who want the best art is the rather complex one of style, style being the way peculiar to themselves in which peoples and individuals embody the old principles of art. All styles are proper for a museum, but how are they to be harmonized in a house? Let me, in lieu of answer, say what has been done with our tripartite building, remembering that the oldest part contained eighteenth and the old-style part should apparently contain sixteenth century furniture, all parts having, of course, to be lived in by nineteenth century people.

"The problem," as the young men say, was to hit upon furniture for the first addition which, while in harmony with that of the old house, should be in keeping with the building and furnishing to follow. The best furniture of one period must be made on the same general plan as that of another. By following this plan, rather than by copying individual beds, chairs, and tables, and giving a sixteenth-century emphasis to details of the furniture of the "half-timber" wing, when it came, it was found that by holding to a rigid simplicity the old, older, and oldest style pieces fitted their respective places and plainly showed their cousinship. The same sort of harmony having been reached in the combined buildings, and principles rather than fugitive fashions put into shape, the incongruity between the house and its occupants is consequently lessened. It may be added that oriental bamboo-work, by reason of its permanent observance of universal rules of construction, is beyond fashion, a piece of Elizabeth's day not differing from one of our own.

In some south-facing English country-houses, between two front wings is to be found a flower-garden; but wanting these, our garden finds shelter in the angle between the first and the second addition, being open to the south and east. The last contains a morning or breakfast room, and "the sanctuary," with its small library of the great and little masters of English, branded alpen-stocks, the Pompeiian lamp brought long ago from Naples by the supercargo grandfather, an old Peruvian water-bottle transmitted through countless owners, and a clutter of per-

sonal mementos. The walls above the low shelves are colored to imitate the "gray hoss-ches'nut's leetle hands," and hung with great photographs of mountains and cathedrals. There are an easel and high drawing-table, and it may be, on the table the first sketch for one more addition.

Here sit the committee of two on ways and means, the two directors of associated charities, the home improvement society, and other select bodies. A late American historian is responsible for my little winding stair leading from "the sanctuary" to the chamber above. He had one, by way of short cut, between study and library, which was so little and wound itself so far out of the common course that I determined to have its double when I should be a man, though in place of the mysterious "posterns" and "concealed doors" of my young fancy there are three doors of the every-day sort, one at the head and two at the foot of the stairs, of which the smaller leads to the garden, being masked by rhododendrons. Thence I confess to playing truant sometimes, to the confusion of the inquisitive robin, or his admirer, the house-cat.

The morning, often the breakfast room in summer, has a wide-cushioned bay window overlooking the garden. My comparison of the dining-room to a flower may seem hyperbolical, but as regards the morning-room extravagance is pardonable, when turning the bay into a veranda by sliding its windows out of the way, it becomes a part of out-doors, and the jay's blue flashes dull the hanging wistaria-blooms, or when the dusky gold and vellum of the walls is glorified by apple-blossoms in vases or clustering outside.

Associations which connect certain modest festivities with certain guests gather about the table, and I am reminded of the world-traveler whose apathetic eye lighted up as a dish-cover was raised, and who cried, "I hoped they were smelts when I saw their little tails." Also of the adventurous explorer whom we asked what he thought of in some supreme moment of exhaustion, and who replied, "The baked beans I used to get when I came from school." And can we forget, as we give thanks for "all the blessings of this life," how that simple saint whose work among the poor antedated college settlements by many a year, coming to breakfast by way of lawn and garden, exclaimed, "All this, and heaven too!"

Though the bedrooms of the oldest building are of scanty height,

their comparative roominess and quaint belongings, and the whiff of rose and lavender which hang about them, charm our visitors, who may discover later their drawbacks. For instance, the construction of the windows, which seem to have anticipated the guillotine, as they surely did hanging—of windows. When the sash is raised, it is intended to be held by spring catches, but their hold is uncertain, and if they fall, the outlooker may be suddenly pilloried.

A family anecdote relates that in provincial days three maidens were expecting a call from a British officer, whom one of them discovered approaching. Bidding her sisters, who were not dressed, look out of the window and see if he were coming, she quickly dropped the light sash upon their necks, gave the last touches to her toilet, and releasing them when ready to go downstairs, monopolized the gallant for a good ten minutes. That most inept inscription upon Keats's tombstone, as to his name being "writ in water," awaits its fitting place until we discover the grave of the man who bethought him of the window balanced by means of weights and pulleys. As replacing unbalanced windows implies almost the rebuilding of a house, we have contented ourselves with substituting one or more casements in each of the old chambers.

What William Morris says concerning windows is in place here: "That frames and sash should be painted of such color as will break the dreary window-spaces, windows being usually too big and panes too large, there being too little sash"; also that "solid sash-bars, and not too large glass, make us feel as if protected on cool days." To any one outside a house it is disconcerting to penetrate what should be domestic privacy through a great opening from which it seems the window has gone, and when it is seen to consist of a single pane, it disagreeably reminds one of a shop. For a unique view a single large plate of glass may be tolerated, though it need not be carried much above the level of the eye.

In a house like ours, though it has three sorts of windows, the proportion between height and breadth should be everywhere about the same. The strongest leading lines of sash should be rectangular, even if filled in with small panes of picturesque shape, such as are the bugbear of matter-of-fact people.

In many English mansions vast littered spaces above or below the roof, covered with acres of patched lead, or intercrossed by heavy cob-

webbed timbers, amaze the American stranger accustomed to a compact brand-newness.

His first thought is of the broom, the whitewash and scrubbing brushes, to repair the time-gnawed stone, to clean off its moss and lichens, and make everything as good as new, and he shudders at the old cottage whose thatch, redolent of the soil, is a hanging-garden of rank growths.

Yet the time comes when it dawns upon him that there is great relief in calling a truce with the ceaseless energies of nature, and in accepting her inevitable and friendly ministrations, and he would not have one stone or flower or weed of them all touched. Human housewifery is a feckless thing carried beyond sensible limits. How ridiculous that a handful of dust should engage in a hand-to-hand fight with this whole dusty universe! One's bed and board and room should be fresh and clean, and in a degree one's house; but as dirt and decay are merely matter out of place, the part of wisdom is to recognize the line separating their domain from our own little province, rejoicing in their miraculous transformation into use and beauty. Thus the natural disintegration of a house which time brings must be only the setting of an approving seal to that which "nature adopts into her race." Lichens and moss and weather-stains are the gray hairs and wrinkles of architecture, and the wear of human occupation is the stamp of the life which consecrates and makes of each aged form a sort of temple because of its very scars.

As nature is ever old and ever renewed, as the family includes old and middle age and youth, so should it be with the dwelling; and nothing marks its acceptance by nature so much as the visible embraces and close neighborhood of her vines and shrubs and flowers.

It is said that "the architect is a good gardener when he makes a beautiful house," and the converse is true. The gardener has the good spirit of art when he plans a beautiful garden. Ours is sheltered on two sides, as has been said, by the vine-clad first and second additions. On the other two sides is a hedge of *Pyrus Japonica*. It is laid out in two beds, with a broad flagged and brick-bordered path between them. A dial on a stone pedestal standing midway in it bears the old motto, "*Horas non numero nisi serenas.*"

We have borne in mind the saying of a great English garden founder—

I will not say maker, for there is but one, who as ever walks in the garden—namely, that "to take advantage of sunny, sheltered corners for delightful little gardens is quite a different thing from cutting off the landscape with vast patterns"; and renouncing the sinful works of the ribbon, carpet, and pin-cushion gardener, we have reproduced the early garden of old and New England with new appendages.

In addition to purple and white wistaria and the trumpet-creeper and European ivy facing north, there are on the house waxwork, Dutchman's pipe, Virginia clematis, Japanese honeysuckle, Virginia creeper, and its congener, the Japanese clinger (*Ampelopsis Veitchii*). Kept within bounds, which it never is, and neighbored by the creeper, as it seldom is, it is a useful and agreeable dependent. The flower-beds are chiefly filled with clumps of herbaceous perennials, arranged for a succession of blooms through the season, complementary and other strong contrasts having been avoided.

As upon the spectrum depend our theories of color, it occurred to me to arrange the colors of our flower groups in the order in which they stand in the spectrum, each group being composed of tints of one hue, graduated to blend with the next. At one end of the oblong beds are reddish violet, violet, blue violet, and blue clusters of flowers in the order named, making one group. The next consists of the various greens represented by foliaceous plants, followed by yellow, yellow-orange, orange, and red flowering growths.

In the opposite bed the order of the colors is reversed, and among some of the stronger and the colder ones are delicate white blossoms. Here are heavy spikes of monkshood, which recall their originals, shadowing the low-browed brothers in convent herbaries. There are tall larkspurs of an incomparable blue, and there is a rich mine of marigold, and purple-black pansies, buxom peonies, and moss-roses pearled with dew as in Flemish flower-pieces. See these thousand nasturtium-blossoms and their odd leaves, and verbenas, bachelor's buttons, clove-pinks, tousled spiderwort, foxglove, and the luscious fraxinella; sweet-williams, canterbury-bells, and those glowering brunettes, the oriental poppies. Besides which there are all the early blooming things whose flowers have graced the spring, from the first hardy snowdrops to the June columbine, whose purple disks bend over their sparkling cup as in the famous mosaic of Pompeii.

And all this fairy architecture lends itself to ours, so long as it follows nature's law—nay, so long as it does not fly in her face, like the staring clapboarded boxes, or the "Romanesque" parodies in stone which disfigure the land.

It would be a mistake to suppose our house a costly one, though if it were, built as it has been, at considerable intervals, it would have required no burdensome outlay at any time. Our land is far enough from cities to have small money value. The wooden construction of the best sort, implying the least expensive materials—yet not, with our safeguards, quick or easy of combustion—has been already dwelt upon, and the only rule in furnishing has been that of simplicity, economy, and harmonious fitness. As nothing has been said of the bed-chambers, it may be noted by the way that their coloring is light and delicate, warm hues prevailing in the north and cooler ones in the south rooms. Their walls are painted, for the sake of cleanliness, and picture-rods make nail-driving unnecessary. The closets are airy and sufficient in number, and the dormer windows of the roof story are a third wider than usual. Finally, doors and windows are so placed as to admit of unbroken draughts through each story.

Such a house is not beyond the reach of thousands of families, whose lasting possession would be insured by the passionate interest which is certain to grow with its making.

Let us take a final view of the rising ground within an eighth of a mile of the country road where first stood only the gray farmhouse with its four-feet-square central chimney, and few trees, and where now one sees the composite building, with its various chimneys, gables, steep roofs, wide dormers, and numerous hinged casement windows; the rough-cast walls relieved by dark, heavy framing, which is being turned, like Daphne, into living verdure, but is not averse to it. The junction of earth and wall is hidden by flowering shrubs, tall grasses, and swaying hollyhocks. On one side, somewhat below the house, between ash and maple trees, gleams a sand-floored pond. Behind and above it stretch the oak woods, and toward the west, sometimes near and sometimes far off, are blue rugged hills. In front, below the elm and linden bordered avenue and unclipped lawn, is a meadow in whose winding stream cows stand knee-deep in midsummer. Beyond again are plantations of young trees, which hide our neighbors of the town, but not their church-spire,

slim and graceful as any Gothic masterpiece, a reminder of better ideal mansions than ours.

To those whom I have ventured to lend an architectural hand let me say, finally, that I can wish them nothing better than some such house and home as I have tried to describe.

THE BERGEN HOMESTEAD, THE OLDEST HOUSE IN FLATBUSH

Some Old Dutch Homesteads of New York

BY PERRITON MAXWELL

The feverish press of so-called progress in New York has ruthlessly swept from its pathway every remaining relic of the days of Dutch rule. New Amsterdam is wholly a memory, and the colonial period a dream of the vanished yesterday. Scarcely a brick or a beam can be found on Manhattan Island to tell the story of the great metropolis in its infancy. A few—a very few—structural remains of the last century may be found here and there, but these have been metamorphosed out of all resemblance to their original designs, and ignorant, falsely improving, hands have taken away all that was typical and charming in them. The steel

nd stone vanguards of architectural enterprise, starting from the city's ower end, have pushed destructively northward, leaving here the skele- on of a house, there a crude milestone, or perhaps only a cannon corner- ost—that is all. To find the genuinely representative houses of the ong-dead period one must go over to the extreme southeast boundary of he Greater New York, on Long Island, and into that somnolent strip of erritory until recently known as the village of Flatbush. Here are to e found, in a cluster, the only remaining types of early homesteads

THE STRYKER HOUSE

f the real Dutch style in all the Empire City. Sturdy abodes these that ave escaped the destroying influences of time, greed, and modern enterprise." Of the fine old houses, less than a dozen still stand ntouched in all their ancient glory, and it is to the consideration of hese scant relics of the homely past the following lines are devoted.

From a point where the humming trolley turns its back on the abun- ant leafage of Prospect Park, in the Borough of Brooklyn, and rounds a veeping curve, as if to flee from the bustling city behind it, a new tmosphere begins, a new vista opens, and Broadway might be a thou- nd miles away instead of thirty-five minutes' ride. This is Flatbush, he Flatbush of quaint residences and stately modern homes; a stretch full-foliaged trees, blossoming bushes, and old-fashioned gardens,

where hollyhocks and sweet-william, the sunflower, and the dahlia sprea their glories in untrained profusion. And all this is within a hillto view of the Brooklyn bridge, and easy riding distance of that maddes merriest seashore resort in America—Coney Island. To visit Flatbush to step suddenly from to-day back into the quiet of the eighteenth centur

Almost every new visitor to the ancient village asks the questio Why is it that Flatbush was a thriving settlement long before any hous or hut had been erected on the now busy river front of Brooklyn Bo

THE SUYDAM HOMESTEAD

THE JANSEN-DITMAS HOUSE

ough? Being so far from the East River and New York harbor, it is n readily seen why the first settlers should travel so great a distance inla to build their homes and lay out their farms. The solution lies in t fact that the Dutch invasion was made from the sea or eastern side the island, the Flatbush fathers having come in by way of the Atlan Ocean and New Utrecht Bay.

Upon entering Flatbush by its western gateway the visitor is co fronted by one of the most typical and best preserved houses of the Dutch style in the erstwhile village. This is the Lefferts homestead, the preservation of which reverent hands have been kept busy for ma years. The great wooden shingles of the roof, unable to withstand t wear and tear of nearly two centuries' sun-scorchings and storms, ha given way to a modern metal covering, and the tottering old chimne have recently been replaced by two more certain smoke-vents. E

beyond these and a few other small alterations the Lefferts house is much the same as when Washington was inaugurated in Wall Street, and men went about their affairs in knee-breeches, while women rode for pleasure in sedan-chairs. Half the exterior charm of any old house is the foliage which makes for it a background or a canopy. In this respect the Lefferts homestead is particularly favored, being almost surrounded by trees of giant proportions and umbrageous variety. Here, amid ideal environment, and in a house whose every timber has associations of a

NORTH SIDE OF THE VANDEVEER HOUSE

picturesque and honorable past, lives a branch of the famous Vanderbilt family of New York. Here, too, was written the best history of the village, by Gertrude Lefferts Vanderbilt.

A hoary old building in excellent repair, but whose ancient lines remain the same as the day its shingles were new and its squat portico smelled of a virgin coating of paint, is the Garritsen house. The Dutch spelling has made the name too harsh for the modern bearers of it, and it is now written Garrettson. Despite the change in orthography, there has been no change in the home where the whole clan of Garrettsons came into the world and their handsome possessions. It was an early heir of the Wolphert Garritsen who helped found the present Flatbush, that built the house which stands with its end facing the main thorough-

fare. The present occupants have proofs that the building is close upo a century and three-quarters old. Its position with relation to the tren of the road—Flatbush Avenue, which cuts squarely through the village- is explained by the fact that in order to concentrate their dwellings a much as possible and protect them from Indian intrusions the Dute settlers laid out their farms in narrow oblongs, fronting on both sides the big path that has become the main artery of travel. Each farm wa laid out in forty-eight lots or tracts of land, six hundred Dutch rods

THE VANDEVEER HOMESTEAD

each side of the Indian path, and averaging twenty-seven rods wid While some of the other old farms have been shifted, the Garretts tract, though curtailed in length and breadth, shows the wisdom of t early settlers' plan. Covering its eastern side is a great fan-shap growth of ivy, which gives to the Garrettson house a distinction all own. Recently there came to this dwelling from the far west a lady w had cherished from childhood a picture of the building, and who travel a thousand miles or more to see with the eyes of love the place where h great-grandfather was born. Nor are these visits rare, say the pres occupants, for scarcely a month goes by that some one from some pla more or less remote does not call to inspect the ancient pile which fam sentiment or tradition has made conspicuous in his memory. Reverer

THE OLD LEFFERTS HOMESTEAD

or what is old could not be better bestowed than upon this well-preserved radle of the scattered Garrettsons.

Flâkkebas, from which was evolved the present name Flatbush, was he greatest market-place of the Dutch in 1658, and the seat of justice or the county. It began early in the country's history to assume impor- ance, and played its part in the days of the Revolution. The designs nd plans of the earliest houses in the village were brought over from he Faderland, and the materials used were, for the most part, native- aked bricks and native-hewn timbers. The style of these houses was ot elaborate, and an example of their simplicity is seen in the Stryker omestead, built by the immediate heirs of Hendrik Stryker, but without he brick and stone substructure which distinguishes the pure Hollandese rchitecture of the eighteenth century. Until a few years ago there ood near the present site of the Stryker homestead the original brick

dwelling of the Stryker family, and on one of its gables was the date o its erection, 1696. The one-story house, with an overshot roof in fron and rear, forming a piazza, is the kind most common in Flatbush, an typically Dutch. Within, the rooms are not ceiled, but above broad oa beams is laid the heavy flooring of the upper part of the house. Th fireplaces of nearly all the older houses are enormous, surrounded wit quaint glazed tiles imported from Holland.

The oldest house in Flatbush is the Bergen homestead, built b

THE CORTELYOU HOUSE

Dominie Freeman, who was mainly responsible for the spiritual welfa of early Flatbushers. This is a dwelling generous in its proportions, an unlike most of its contemporaries, faces full upon the main thoroughfar The original side shingles remain intact, but modern window-blinds hav been substituted on the second floor for the heavy wooden shutters of i first years. A simple porch supported by four plain columns, and a st more simple door, with brass knocker and long panels, attract the atte tion of the most unlearned wayfarer. Many generations of Bergens ha stepped out into the world from this same plain door that stares at t passing trolley-cars, and more than one romance has woven its mag charm around the long, substantial pile.

The Jansen house, not far from the Bergen homestead, is one of t

more pretentious residences of eighteenth-century construction and Holland design. Built by Henry Ditmas, it it called by many the Ditmas mansion. Ditmas descended from Jan Jansen, who came over from Ditmarsum, in the Duchy of Holstein, in 1647, and identified himself with the Flatbush settlement. Jansen's wife was Aaltje Douws, who, if tradition is to be believed, was the wittiest and most beautiful woman in the little colony, ruling her husband as only a petulant wife admired of other men can. Jansen, tortured by every word and act of his uncertain

THE GARRETSON HOUSE

house, finally disappeared for a space, and none thought to hear of him again. But one day he returned, with a hard look in his face and a gleam as of cold steel in his eye. The same night there were feminine cries of pain issuing from the Jansen house, and a sound as of some one slapping a shingle violently on a softly resisting substance. It was Jansen's taming of the shrew, and his method must have been effective, for the inscription on Aaltje Jansen's tombstone many years afterward bore words of love and husbandly esteem.

Another architectural relic of "ancient days and modish ways" is the Suydam homestead, standing, as do most of its distinguished neighbors, on the main street, but back a pace or two from the sidewalk, as if in dignified reserve holding aloof from the passing throng. The Suydams are the oldest residents of Flatbush, and are descended from Jacobus Pott, an original settler and prosperous farmer-burgher. Few houses, ancient or modern, are kept in better order than this old dwelling, and

none in the Greater New York are more pleasantly situated. Its over shot roof and dormer-windows, its spacious verandas and its generou garden on all four sides, make it an enviable abode in summer, and a n less comfortable one in winter.

Larger than any other in the place, the Vandeveer homestead is th magnet for every house-lover who journeys to Flatbush. From time t time in the last century additions were made to the original building until it became a long, low, but spacious structure, many-roomed, airy comfortable, and light. Within a stone's throw of the old house, and o the Vandeveer farm, stood, until it was destroyed by fire a few year ago, the oldest existing landmark on Long Island, a Dutch windmil whose round, fat sides and great arms were brought over from Hollan piecemeal and erected on the Vandeveer place. In the mill every grai of corn used by the Flatbush colony was ground. The foundation stone of the windmill may still be seen. Of the Vandeveer homestead bu little can be said that has not already been said of other houses of th period it represents. Its sloping roofs, its long, stout shingles, its smal paned windows and narrow doorways, are all of a pattern long sinc become obsolete, but to the eye of the artist and the student of the pas always beautiful and suggestive.

Two Colonial Houses in Maryland

BY ALFRED H. GRANGER

No one word has had to cover more architectural sins than the much-loved and more-abused term "colonial." Every city or town in the land shows to the traveler fluted colonnade, Paladian window, festooned pediment, or quite often all combined in its spic-and-span colonial mansions. Shades of our ancestors, how they would suffer could they walk our streets to-day!

In the midst of this so-called revival, which has spread like a plague over the land, it is a genuine pleasure to come across such houses as these two in Maryland, built by an architect of to-day, Mr. Joy Wheeler Dow, of Wyoming, New Jersey, who has caught the spirit which made real colonial architecture so beautiful.

The brick house, "Eastover," is full of the restful simplicity of the early houses of Virginia and Maryland. Particularly pleasing is the garden front, with its comfortable porch and broad terrace, from which one gets an extended view of rolling country beyond. The whole composition is severe almost to bareness, and yet no ornamentation is needed.

The broad simple roof treatment but adds to the dignity of the building. The treatment of the chimneys, however, is not good. Those at the gable ends are much too high, while the middle one is unfortunate, both in height and general scale.

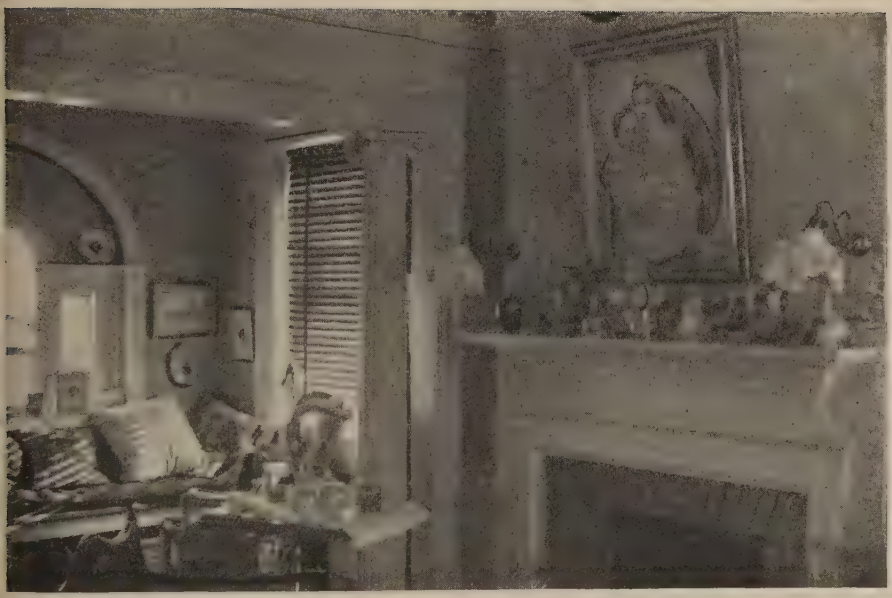
The ground plan is ingeniously contrived to produce an effect at once simple and impressive. The drawing-room, with its recess, gives ample opportunities for comfort and beauty. And the elliptical dining-room, the focus of the house, offers a most inviting prospect of the terrace through the peristyle.

The other house, of which a side view is shown in the gable-end view of "Eastover," Mr. Dow calls "an adaptation of the Carlyle House, at Alexandria, Va." It is built of shingles, with a broad stucco front. If it be an adaptation, it is most successful.

Particularly interesting is the terrace wall, with its arched gate at the street level.

Both of these houses are adapted to the gently rolling country of

EASTOVER

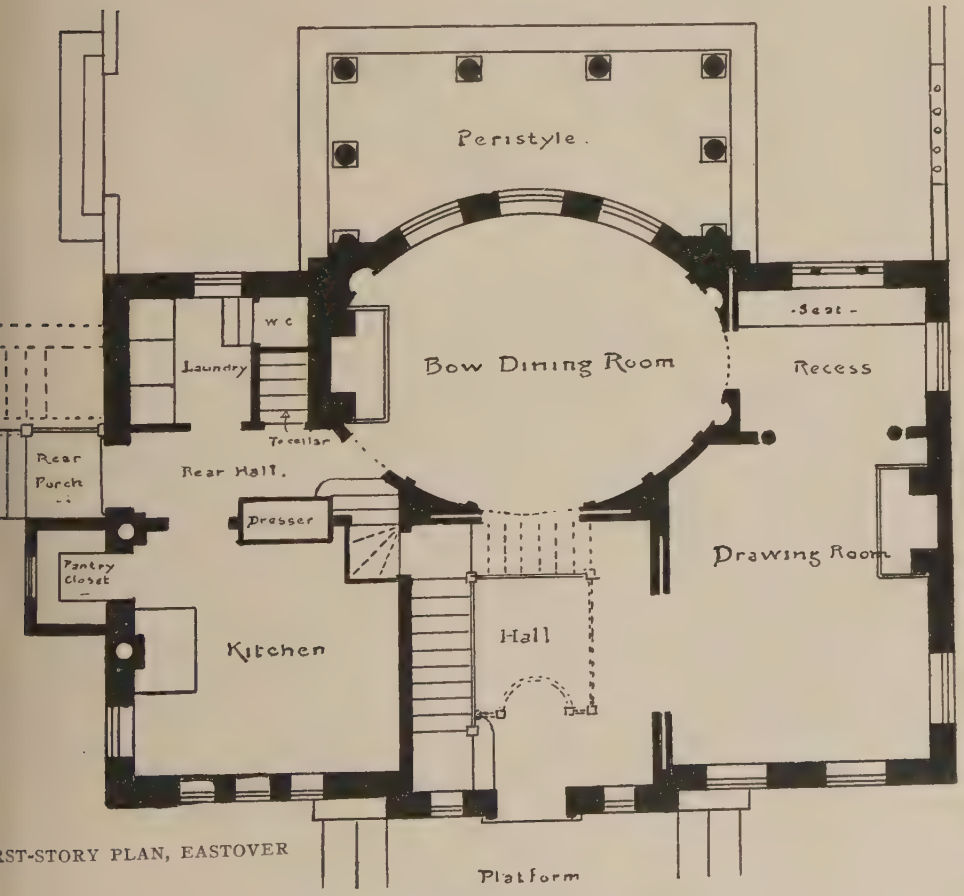


EASTOVER—DRAWING-ROOM AND HALLWAY

TERRACE AT EASTOVER—DESIGN ADAPTED FROM THE CARLYLE HOUSE AT ALEXANDRIA, 1732

Maryland where they are located. Neither of them is in any degree extravagant, but both have the dignity and poise so necessary in a house, and thus commend themselves to careful consideration.

If we must have "colonial" homesteads, let us pray for the spirit which made the style beautiful when it was alive; for if the spirit is caught, there will no longer be any need of slavishly copying photographs of the houses of the past.



RST-STORY PLAN, EASTOVER

Annapolis and Portsmouth Towns

BY JOY WHEELER DOW

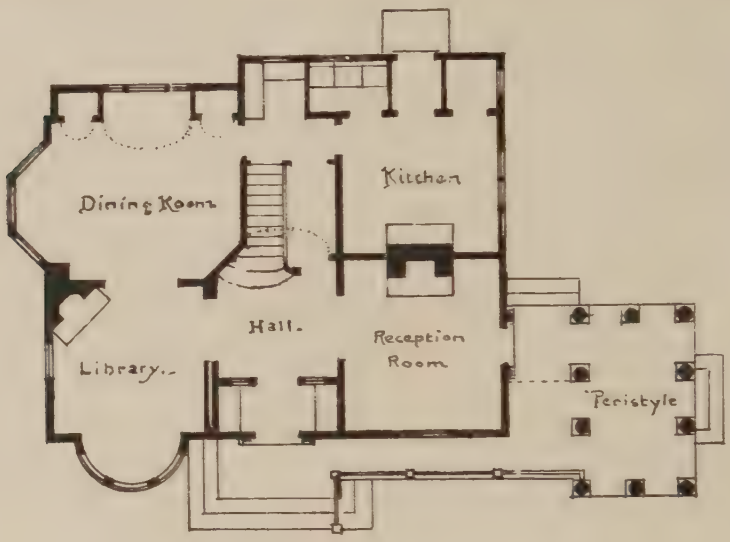
The "course of empire" often starts out with all the appropriate ceremony of majesty in a certain direction, and then, because of the occurrence of some unforeseen untoward event, suddenly becomes discouraged and inoperative. This is what happened to Annapolis in Maryland and to Portsmouth in New Hampshire over one hundred years ago.

If we should be approaching Annapolis by way of the railway bridge over the Severn River, upon some fine afternoon near the end of October, amid brilliant foliage down to the water's edge, under a deep blue sky, while off to the left there are fascinating glimpses of rose-colored walls, enlivened by tiny white patches of windows; or if it is the month of June, and we are driving by the post-road from Ipswich, entering Portsmouth through an impressive vista of giant elms—in either case we would not hesitate in owning to a gradual conviction that the "course of empire" had been one big fool to have neglected such opportunities from the standpoint of natural advantages, to say nothing of the educational and æsthetic.

Here are two fine seaport towns, with good harbors, from which to reach out to the uttermost ends of the earth, towns which have played prominent parts in the colonization of America. They are such delightful names to say, "Annapolis" and "Portsmouth." They look so well written out; besides, they are both full of enchanting romance. Never mind the two United States naval stations established here. We may see all that they have to offer, near by at home, most any time. It is brought to our doorstep in the shape of highly colored pictorials and advertisements, no matter how far from the seaboard we may live. Not often, though, may we step into the middle of the eighteenth century with such sensations of realism, breathe its atmosphere, and be privileged, like so many doubting Thomases, actually to touch the evidences of its life and personalities. That is the thing. Here are the originals. What two other American towns can furnish such an array? Here are the very gates, walks, rooms, doors, and sashes in use before the Revolution. And here are inspirations that have guided the architects of the

LYNN-REGIS, FRONT ELEVATION

A PORCH CORNER

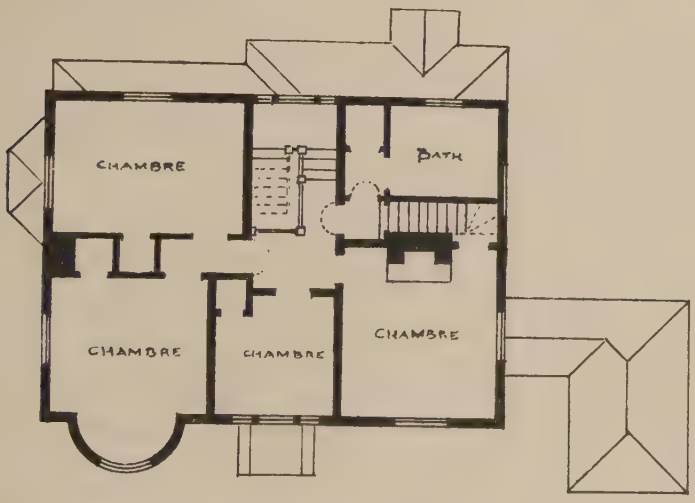


Lynn-Regis.

FIRST STORY PLAN

"American renaissance" that every one's patriotism should assist in developing. Do they look very like the modern houses of fashion that are supposed to resemble them? No, they do not. What must we think now of the great bulk of modern colonial architecture? Why, caricature—that is what we must think of it.

Which is the way to the hotel? For we shall need to spend some days in Annapolis, and also in Portsmouth. They cannot be seen properly in less time. Longfellow's pretty title, "Tales of a Wayside Inn," suggests itself to one's now lively imagination. An inn in the order of the one at Sudbury, Massachusetts, is what we should like—four-posted bedsteads with curtains and valance, braided oval rugs beside them, an English coffee-room, and all that. Prepare for the first disappointment. Southern hotels, as a rule, are not to be recommended very highly, whatever they may have been in olden times, and those at Annapolis are not extraordinary; but at Portsmouth we shall find quite as comfortable



Lynn - Regis.
SECOND STORY PLAN.

quarters and satisfactory service as we are used to in Boston or New York.

To wander aimlessly about these two historic places is in itself sufficient amusement for the architectural pilgrim, but the excitement incident to gaining admission to their wonder-boxes of houses has to be experienced to be appreciated. Whether it is treading one's way through the overgrown box and under arbors at "Carrollton," sitting within the high-walled garden of the "Scott house," examining and measuring the details of the interiors, stopping on Duke of Gloucester Street (did you ever hear of such a name?) to see the "Ridout houses," begging admission to the ballroom on the second floor of the "Harwood house," or journeying out to "Whitehall"—it is all fascinating.

You should remove your hat to the "Brice house," at least that is what *I* always feel like doing. For has it not a very personality? Consider the lines of that roof, and those chimneys, "the dear sweeties," as one impulsive girl called them; and this being the appellation she habitually gives to her two fox-terriers it was intended to be highly commendatory. The "Brice house" was erected in 1740, as a wedding gift from

George II.'s Attorney-General Jennings to his daughter, who became Mrs. Brice. The present owner is extremely courteous to all footsore pilgrims to Mecca, and you should see the drawing and living rooms with their elaborate wood-carving and curious plaster paneling.

This is not all of Annapolis—not nearly all; but we have to see Portsmouth, quite as venerable, with different local color. The stage setting

AYRAULT HOOD

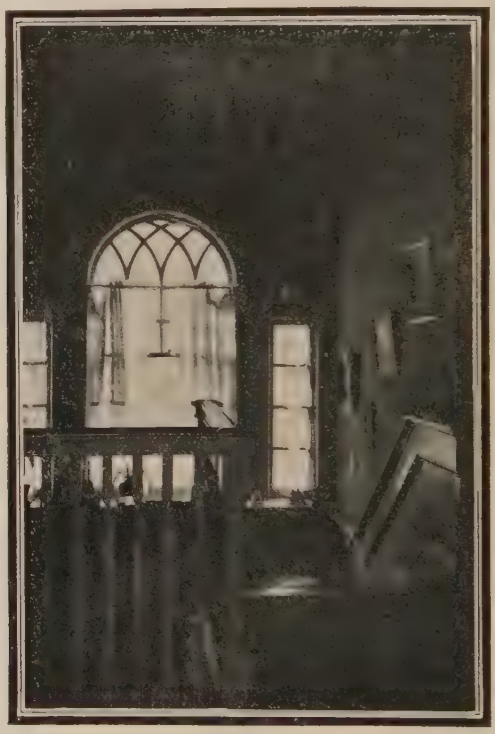
changes from brick to wood. There is but one historic dwelling built of brick in all Portsmouth, and that is not brick upon all sides. This is the "Warner house," just as full of interest as it can hold; indeed, there is nothing in Annapolis that has been preserved quite so lovingly. And think how old it is—1723! That is certainly "colonial."* The first story chambers are paneled in wood from floor to ceiling, and they are beveled flush panels, the most expensive kind. The sash-bars are the flattest and broadest—that is to say, the most archaic—of any I ever

*Historically speaking, no house is "colonial" that was built after the American revolution; but architecturally, "colonial" houses were erected so late as 1825, about which time the influence of some baneful elements, viz., the flattened tin roof, Egyptian motives, Ruskin gothic, and lastly, the scroll saw, began to be felt, and that hopeless period in matters of art, the "Transitional," supervened.

LYNN-REGIS, REAR ELEVATION

THE LIBRARY

measured. Several years ago there were discovered mural painting that had been hidden under some extremely opaque distemper for over century. Most of the original furniture is still in use, and articles c clothing once the property of the first proprietors are carefully guarded



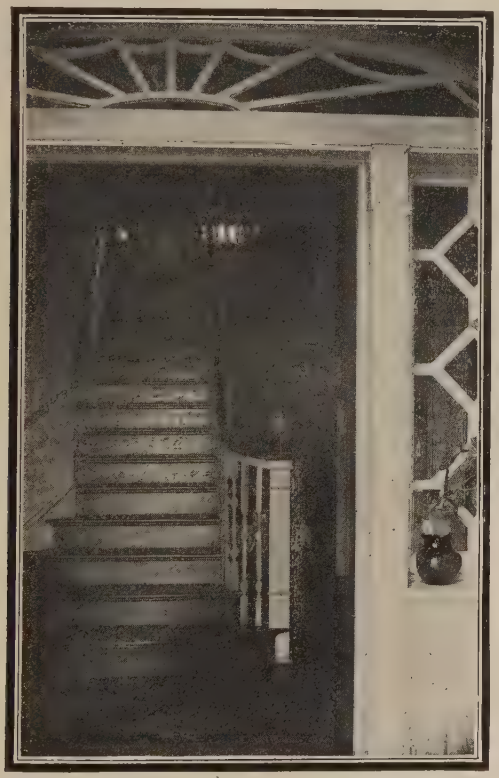
THE WINDOW ON THE STAIRWAY

Portsmouth was the old capital of the province, and like Annapolis, a one time presented the microcosm of a royal court.

While thus glorifying the old régime, I should not forget wha our great modern industries have made possible to us, the mills a Lowell and Manchester near by. No doubt they would be instruc tive and intensely interesting to the inventive genius of America; bu then, too, the staircase in the "Ladd house" at Portsmouth is "awfull

nice,'' and affords *me* more genuine delight than any whirling bobbin ever could.

Back from the street, facing a modest fore-court, stands the ''Governor Langdon house.'' This is constructed mostly of wood, but of highly



DOORWAY AND STAIRS

wrought wood, if I may use such a term, obviously intended to contribute to the ease and elegance that became life at the provincial capital of New Hampshire. In all directions, every way one turns, old acquaintances greet the eye in the shape of porches, hoods, and doorways immortalized by the pen and camera and brush of earlier pilgrims.

DINING-ROOM.

Very likely by this time our allegiance would be equally divided between Portsmouth and Annapolis, and were we to try to put to use the impressions we have received through the eyes and ears—but more especially through the subtle channels of the sensibilities—we should find ourselves in great perplexity how to proceed. I was enabled to secure some photographs to serve me as illustrations for these notes, through the courtesy of some friends who live in a house constructed out of the favorite material of New England, *i. e.*, wood, but upon Annapolitan lines. This house is at Wyoming (originally and more properly called Vauxhall), an almost unknown romantic settlement in Essex, New Jersey, but possessed of a few examples of simple domestic architecture that have been guilty of attracting a little of the world's attention. An ingenuous statistician has spoken of Wyoming as a community with a population of exactly seventy-three souls upon the arrival of his family, which increased it to seventy-eight. "Lynn-Regis," called in honor of the post-town of that name on the northeast coast of Norfolk, England,

like ourselves, has a divided allegiance. The roof and cornice are direct descendants of the "Brice house" at Annapolis, the shingled sides are after the manner of New England. The hood over the front doorway has been supposed to be a relative of the Tulip Hill family in Maryland, but that is a genealogical inaccuracy. I have heard that its real ancestor is still living on Thames Street in Newport, Rhode Island, at the advanced age of something like two hundred years. The roofed peristyle is distantly connected with the one at Mount Vernon, in Virginia, the window-frames and sash-bars inheriting the prejudices of their ancestors in Annapolis. Inside we come upon the staircase, wainscots, and chimneypieces developed out of the Portsmouth motives. Then there is a casement door leading from the reception-room out into the peristyle. This particular doorway has unhappily lost its family archives and traditions, but as "its heart was true to Poll," its standing was not questioned; and to continue the refrain of the old English ballad—

> "No matter what you do
> If your heart is only true,"

"for out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders," and incidentally such hateful things as American piazzas with their flimsy lattice.

CANTERBURY KEYS

Canterbury Keys and Elizabethan Architecture

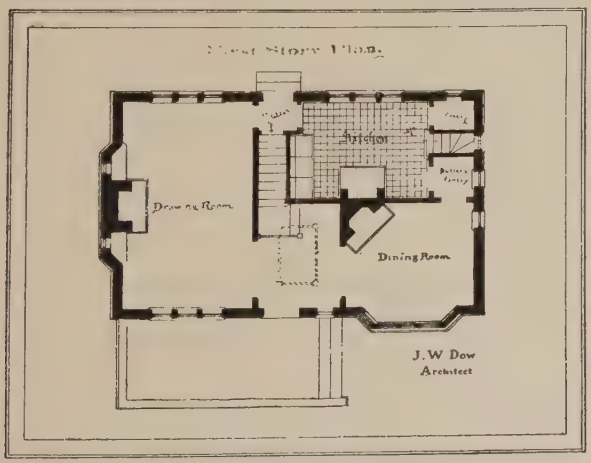
BY JOY WHEELER DOW

When Alexander Pope wrote his Essay on Man—when he wrote "Vice is a monster of so frightful mien," he scarcely expected that posterity would find quite so many different abstract ideas, to which the useful aphorism could be applied with more or less propriety, as suggest themselves to the ingenious minds of our day. Just now, between vice and an alien type of architecture in America, the writer has discovered a rare analogy. For vice has not been assailed with greater bitterness of feeling than has the revival of the Elizabethan school. And more than that, Elizabethan architecture is frequently ridiculed or, at best, made the subject of many ill-natured imitations. In 1894, when the inoffensive

dwelling-house illustrating these notes was erected on the main street at Wyoming, New Jersey, it at first stirred up such a fierce sentiment of

A VIEW FROM THE REAR

hatred and malicious satire as an inanimate object is rarely capable of causing. I believe there were extreme cases where it was looked upon



s something fit only to be quickly destroyed by dynamite. If its paneled shutters were "bowed" in Philadelphia fashion and tied with

THE ENTRANCE

ribbons, this seemed to aggravate the animosity, and the ribbons would disappear during the night. But the wind was tempered to the shorn lamb, as is usual I believe, and the shutters suffered no injury. Even the Renaissance tilting shields over the doorway were in constant danger of being ruthlessly torn from their places, and impaled upon the nearest tree-bark—their safety, like the safety of the African explorer in the tree trying the power of the human eye upon the mind of the tiger beneath him, depending largely upon their splendid distance from the ground. All of which behavior was not very dignified nor was it very kind; to-day difficult of belief after the endurance and pity stages have long since passed away, and a host of converted admirers stand ready to embrace all those principles of design of which this tiny building stands as a humble representative.

This has not been the experience of "Canterbury Keys" alone, but of nearly all as uncompromising examples of Elizabethan architecture. Even among architects it is often regarded as a highly heretical confession of faith, and the orthodox faculty of the École des Beaux Arts at

CONNECTING BEDROOMS

Paris—that manufactory of fine architects—would be scandalized for one whole academic term should a conspiracy among the pupils be discovered to exploit an Elizabethan design.

Of course I do not feel competent to undertake a disquisition on the subtle influence that vice exerts over the human mind to create its proselytes. Our doctors of divinity might attend to that. But I can undertake to declare the inherent quality that Elizabethan architecture possesses pre-eminently, that "seen too oft" makes so many converts, that, in the end, it shall endure perhaps when classical formulæ are a dead letter, a quality that all its hasty and vindictive adversaries shall not be able to gainsay nor resist because it is the greatest of all qualities and above all, charity!

When the Kate Greenaway books and pictures were published, now some years ago, the Elizabethan motives were chosen to give that touch of charity—of home, of gardens, of gentleness, and love, that was so desirable for the delectation of the young. The consecutive assemblage

of cunningly pointed gables, the red garden walls, the quaintest of windows and doorways were objects for endless domestic reminiscence and reflection. For modern purposes there is enough romantic history expressed in these without going further and delving into the real thing. As in all ages and places, even our own, there is that terrible friction taking place close to the tire of the social wheel which we deprecate and would lessen if we could, so that nothing is to be gained by looking too far behind the fair scenes in order to bring to light the less gracious side of the times of Elizabeth. We know the benighted side. We have read of the cruelty, the coarseness, the extortionate subsidy rolls. We have no market for such wares; but we can make use of every charitable and romantic souvenir.

Because of this zeal in extracting only what is picturesque in Elizabethan architecture, the iconoclast tries to injure our idol by calling American adaptations "shams" in their constructive elements. But this will not serve him. For then a very large proportion of all our architectural devices in wood would be shams from that standpoint; and as the use of wood for colonial motives and classic detail has become legitimate and general he cannot now draw an invidious discrimination against our Elizabethan revival on that score. And really the only wooden construction to which he takes exception is the open-timbered work which, in America, is usually simulated by what is called "rough cast," a mixture of Portland cement applied by various methods to the wall surface prepared for it. The preparation means that the frame of the second and third stories is first sheathed with the usual diagonal planks, then covered with a patent iron lathing or a fiber-plaster composition, upon which are fitted the false braces according to the design shown in the drawing of the elevations. Lastly the "rough cast" is applied to the interstices formed by the braces.

Never try to make shingles do for the first story of an Elizabethan house. That would be an architectural solecism. Your first story may be of stone, of brick, of concrete, or make-believe concrete, *i. e.*, plain "rough cast" without the false braces (see gables of "Canterbury Keys"). Nothing else will do "just as well," in fact, nothing else will do at all. And never, under any circumstances, attempt a piazza—a piazza in the American acceptance of the term. The architect does not live who could make one harmonize properly with unadulterated Elizabethan

A VIEW IN THE DRAWING-ROOM

rchitecture. He would needs be the alchemist who could make oil for-et its sometime antipathy to water. If the terraces and platforms prove oo sunny in summer (you will want the sun in winter) procure awnings or them. If still too sunny, buy more awnings. And then, if you find iem uncomfortably warm, you may rest assured that no American piazza ill lower the temperature one particle. And the thing to do is to bundle few belongings into a convenient portmanteau, and try the Isle of hoals off Portsmouth, Nantucket, Block Island, Grand Manan, or some ther immune spot of which our country has many, where the statistics of ie United States Signal Service furnish a guarantee that you will not e called upon to endure a greater maximum temperature than eighty egrees Fahrenheit.

In pursuing the study of the architecture of an Elizabethan house we all find we have much to learn about the treatment of ceilings. I do ot mean upon the plane of their decoration, for there the decorators ave already done about everything imaginable, but in their construction.

At present we have, ordinarily, in practice only two motives—the simpl level ceiling and the level ribbed ceiling. Then there is a shameles anomaly called "the ceiling with a cove" which usurps the place an function of a legitimate and highly respectable architectural feature—th cornice. I do not know when nor how the cove ceiling started, but thin

THE DINING-ROOM WINDOW

it must have been evolved by some inventive draughtsman in quest novelty. The germ was exceedingly contagious and virulent, till now i ravages are not to be exceeded by those of the gypsy moth, or other pe ennial pest. It is true that the banquet-hall at Mount Vernon has a co ceiling. But this is a very different cove ceiling from the ugly, stilt affair that masquerades for it to-day. At Mount Vernon there is fir and always a cornice, then the cove springs as a segment to a vault ceiling which is made to intersect a plane, the point of intersecti

ccredited by some sort of band or molding to characterize what was ntended. In Elizabethan domestic architecture there is a chance for ome beautiful vaulted ceilings of either the segmental, semi-circular, lliptic, or Tudor arch construction. The drawing-room at "Canterbury Keys" has a ceiling in the shape of a depressed Tudor arch which has roved itself quite satisfactory. The well-hole in the ceiling of the hall, hich is surrounded by a railing on the second floor, was not so success-ul for lack of sufficient space for its proper mechanism. This effect hould not be attempted on smaller dimensions than six feet by ten feet. t is a charming thing, however, with the right proportions. The itchen, shown cross-hatched in the first-story plan, has a floor of deep ed, unglazed tiles. I believe there have been servants who objected to , but with the use of mats in winter, this objection was greatly over-ome, and for absolute cleanliness it has everything to recommend it. nother internal feature somewhat unusual is the pair of sliding doors etween two bedrooms on the second story. I do not know why people o not oftener resort to this plan for space and a better circulation of air n the two sleeping apartments. I did it at Eastover, Greylingham, and owmarchioness with unvarying success.

It is needless to say that an Elizabethan house should have specially illed trim, doors, sash, and moldings after the English models; and nen, an Elizabethan house needs chimneys. You will say that most ouses do. But it is possible to get along with fewer of them in the merican plan. Every Elizabethan design, however modest, should ave two good chimneys, at least; and they multiply at a high ratio to ne size. Therefore, this kind of a dwelling is by no means a cheap—I ill not say economical—experiment, because I want to use that adjec-ve in a broader sense. I want to say that, for my part, I would con-der it economy to do without every interior fixture not absolutely ndispensable, my third-story bedrooms and my landscape gardening rojects for a year or two, so long as the central idea was the true one pon which to work out my salvation in good time. For if this central dea be ill-chosen or mutilated in its essential parts, nothing we can after-ard do will improve our condition the least bit, and by degrees the hing will resolve itself into the one permanent regret.

THE WEST FRONT

The Carlyle House and an Adaptation

BY JOY WHEELER DOW

There exists between artists and architects a kind of professiona jealousy and criticism, arising out of what each profession imagines it i capable of accomplishing in the proper domain of the other. It is likel to happen that a true artist, who believes in what I think was Corot' grand maxim, "Paint nature as you see it, not as you think it is; an what you do not see, leave out altogether," has made a collection o ideal sketches of architectural effects that he wishes to incorporate i the new dwelling-house he is about to build. And under these circum stances he naturally turns to his friend who is an architect to help hi out. An artist rarely bothers himself attempting to plan anything mo than his dwelling or studio. He never essays a monumental design, lik a church or library, and upon no conditions would he waste his time considering a commercial problem like a "sky-scraper."

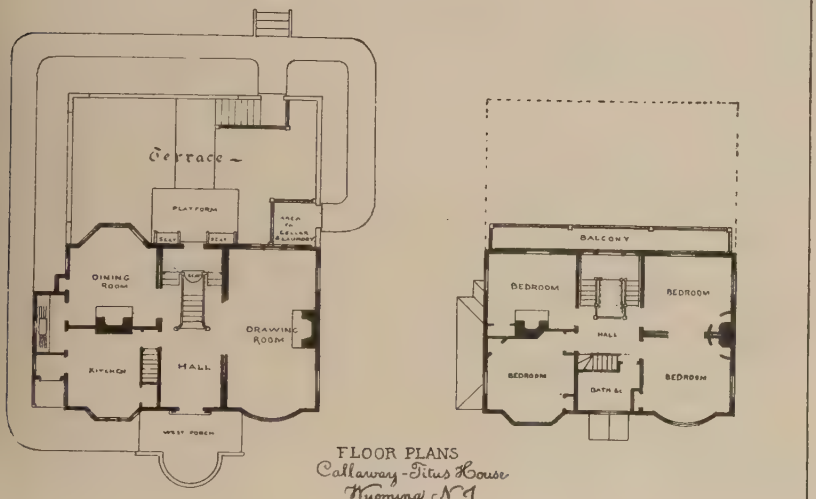
THE CARLYLE HOUSE AT ALEXANDRIA

The range of territory covered by the sketches the artist has brought ound in his portfolio is well-nigh universal; but he hastens to assure he architect that he has no idea of trying to use them all; and for the utside of his house, at least, he is willing to limit his requirements to he motives which prevail in one region. In fact, that is just what he ished to do—to be true to one style in the main. He is careful to say in the main," because he remembers a certain odd window or doorway e ran across in France or Switzerland that he must have at any price. o civilized country, however, is so poor in architectural ideas but an bserving artist can suggest many more than any architect could possibly rowd into one harmonious structure; and in such an infinitely small uilding operation as one's own unpretentious home, why, the latitude in ne choice of features must be limited. This, also, the artist is quite eady to concede. He understands, besides, that, unlike himself, the rchitect has a great deal to do with what one does not see in a compo-

THE ADAPTATION

sition, and which frequently costs a great deal of money—that there are certain immutable laws of gravitation to which the architect is wedded for life, but which need not concern the artist except as the merest transient liaison. Indeed, he may dispose of the most difficult feat of engineering skill with one grand wave of his brush. So that up to this point there is no serious friction.

Great will be the surprise and disapproval of the artist, though, when the architect coolly proceeds to cut this already decimated collection of the artist's most cherished sketches in two, at the same time recommending a course entailing even sadder havoc. The artist will not be able to see why what he conceives to be simply niggardly architectural economy shall decide for him what he is to have in his own house—why, with supreme impudence, it can say to him that if he has butter on his cakes he cannot have syrup as well. To defeat which supererogation, after puzzling over the problem like the little girl under a similar restriction, he, too, naively replies that he will have butter on one cake and syrup on the other. This was very clever of the little girl about the



FLOOR PLANS
Callaway-Titus House
Wyoming N.J.

kes, but in architectural practice it is fraught only with disappointment d failure.

The only way I can think of to put the matter before the artist so at he may appreciate all the difficulties, is to state an extremely hypo- etical case, where an architect brings a certain sized canvas to the udio of the artist, with the request that he shall paint thereon, let us y, an eighteenth-century interior after the delightful manner of Sadler Millet. The architect specifies that there shall be a grand doorway ening upon an esplanade, and beyond a scene depicting, if you please, e last execution on "Tower Hill." Through a casement window near the artist is to sketch deftly the outline of St. Paul's Cathedral. He hen to adorn the walls of the apartment with several fierce examples Hogarth, and to furnish the foreground with some Elizabethan high- ck chairs standing about a Romanesque extension table in light wood, nked by a Sheraton sideboard on the right. Of course I can conceive no architect undertaking such a fool's errand; but the proposition

is no more ridiculous than the propositions that artists and artistic peo
do sometimes submit to architects. To such natural objection t
Wren's dome and the "White Tower" could not be seen as indicat
the answer of the customer would be that it is "only a picture" he
talking about; and in ordering but one, he would like to have in it
much for his money as possible without prejudice to definition. T
artist would then be compelled to fall back upon that last stand
architect is often forced to take—namely, "his reputation."
believes it would jeopardize his reputation to attempt anything so m
strous, even if he did not stop to think of the evil such a composit
could do. For a nation is elevated or it is debased by the influence
pictures. And unconsciously does the true artist teach in his obje
lessons the development of those very architectural laws that he prete
to consider unnecessarily severe when he wishes to put them into pr
tice. Strange equation of mind for the professor who supplies the arc
tect with so much admirable technique!

No greater source of inspiration for domestic architecture is to
found than in the work of modern artists. What the illustrators w
doing ten years ago the more conservative profession of architectur
just beginning to recognize and adopt. Geometry, the T-square, a
triangles, when employed as a means of developing architectural thoug
are incapable of evolving anything but nonsense, which always happ
when by these alone any draughtsman tries to invade the profession
the artist. In a given case of the kind, I know of a builder who s
ceeded so well in an original arrangement of his sash-bars that a coun
design appeared in the interstices of the glass itself, presenting
well-defined outlines of the conventional coffin, which, it is needless
say, was not intended, nor was it a very pleasant surprise in the finis
work. All of which comes from trying to invent something, a t
decidedly unbecoming an architect, who has the experiments of the a
spread out before him like a map, and who can follow modern thou
no better than by keeping abreast of the pictures that the foremost art
of his day are sending forth from their studios.

But for those faithful artists who illustrate books, there would h
been no chance for any adaptation of the old Carlyle house, in Alex
dria, Virginia, as presented in the accompanying photographs.
architect can restore when there is enough left of the original for hin

THE DRAWING-ROOM

ee what he is about; but the more acute susceptibilities of the artist nable him to supply much of that which time has absolutely effaced. Ie can even introduce touches of charity and romance which lend a charm o the original that it never possessed. This feat of the imagination ne illustrator on the staff of the *Century Magazine* must have accomlished if he made his charming sketch of the Carlyle house from what emains of it to-day. No such vision would you be likely to derive from ny pilgrimage to the spot at this time. In fact, it would depress you oefully.

Surrounded as it is upon three of its sides by a huge untenanted hotel, here you wait for signs of life, which tardily arrive in the person of a ngle custodian, to whom you pay fifteen cents; and for this nominal onsideration he shows you some of the remains of the Carlyle house: ne historic "blue room"; a dark, dingy hall; the subterranean passage oward the garden, along which you see the slave-pens; the ammunition aults; and I dare say, there are inquisition cells, although what gentle reeding I possess was sufficiently overcome not to ask to see these.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE DRAWING-ROOM

Fancy one's self trying to give an informal tea-party in the "blue room" with the ever-present consciousness of humanity like sheep huddled in pens so little removed from the festal board as to make them a sanitary menace, while directly beneath one's feet are stored great quantities of gun-powder, and " 'splosion balls," as the old negro called them in the story, not to mention the spy or political prisoner that may be languishing in the oubliettes. Veritably, in the words of the gay little Maréchal de Mirepoix, when the Marquise de Pompadour turned her head away in horror to tell of the morbid penchant of Louis XV. for looking up freshly made graves, "This is enough to make one's mouth water." I do hope that on the evening when Washington is described as placing his hand gallantly over his heart when bowing to Sally Fairfax in a figure of the minuet they were rehearsing in the "blue room," so terrible a condition of things did not exist.

This is what you see of the Carlyle house in reality, but luckily we have a picture—a picture which suggests ever and ever so much, all beautiful—sunshine, warmth, an old-fashioned garden and flowers, a little

THE DINING-ROOM

overgrown and unkempt, perhaps, but not beyond rescue at our hands. And no artist appears to demand rooms in different styles of decoration, which in this case would be a fatal anachronism. This time we do not have to contend with some big plate-glass windows and French Renaissance transoms—like milliners' windows on Fourteenth Street; or an Oriental den, to be hung with rugs, brasses, and colored lamps from Broadway; or any other poison that a person of cultivation should know better than to mention. We have *carte blanche* so far as architecture is concerned, to express with new material as much as may be of the charitable reminiscences that remain to us out of the romantic subject.

The site chosen for the Calloway-Titus house was upon the slope of the Vauxhall Mountain at Wyoming, in Essex, New Jersey, from which an extended outlook, as over a grand savannah, presented itself to the east and to the south. The owners may have had some misgivings when they saw a mass of masonry resembling a fortress (the Carlyle house is actually built upon one) growing up, entirely shutting in what they considered their rear cellar wall; but the architect wisely kept the illustration

THE STAIRCASE

from the *Century* always before them, and the fascinations of this were not to be resisted. And of course, as soon as the garden gate and steps were an accomplished reality, he had little to fear about pleasing his clients, who occasionally would make visits to the bargain counters of highly colored architecture, and wish, for the minute, that they could have a tawdry piazza like those of most of their countrymen, or a machine-cut front porch, with columns similar to the millions that are being duplicated over the broad land. These temporary aberrations, however, could not stand before the owner's better intelligence and education, and with the example set by the exceptionally well-behaved and dignified "Eastover" close by, the adaptation was allowed to proceed.

A Hunting-Lodge on the Brandywine

BY SYLVIA STANTON

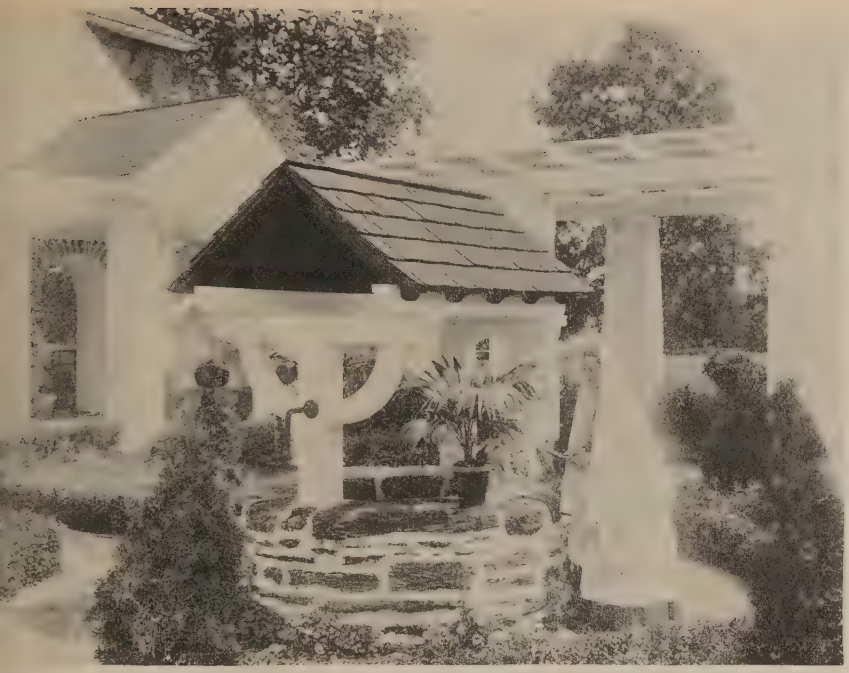
Building in the country is an architectural problem quite by itself, nd the designers who understand the delicate differences which should xist between a country-house and one in the city are rare. Country-ouses, like country hospitality, are too often of the kind that one finds rowded in city lots; and too little advantage is taken of space and out-ook, and of the kind of freedom which should accompany country life. 'he problem of a suburban residence affords the greatest opportunity to ne architect, as it gives him the chance to develop a harmonious effect, o which his building contributes very largely, but its surroundings quite s much. Good simple architecture really counts for something when it supported by beautiful gardens and orchards and fields. The restric-ons of the city usually confine his opportunities to a narrow strip of round and such effects as may be obtained from combinations of stone nd brick. But in the country he is free, and unhampered by unrelated nd inartistic surroundings of brick, mortar, and chimney tops, unsightly avements, and impossible conditions. Within the past quarter of a entury there has been a notable advance in the number of country

A HOUSE AND GARDEN AT BRYN MAWR

places and in their beauty, and this fact indicates a vast change in the ideals of American life.

Messrs. Keen & Mead, of Philadelphia, understand these differences and these opportunities as well perhaps as any architects in the country. Certainly they have produced some charming country-houses and some designs which are by no means hackneyed. The hunting-lodge, which was designed for a location on the Brandywine River, in Pennsylvania, has a refreshing frankness. It is perfectly simple and admirably adapted to the purposes for which it was built. Situated on the top of a hill, it commands views ranging from eight to fifteen miles in length. The hill is to be left in its simple state, the wild flowers being kindly permitted to grow just as nature designed them. The road leading to the summit will not be too carefully kept, but will have the effect of a trail, which will help to accent the brotherly feeling existing in this case between nature and art. This is as it should be, as we are generally happiest and most content when we live close to nature. The building will be one story in height, roofed with very heavy Spanish tiles, and the walls are of stone, two feet thick. All the walls within and without are whitewashed.

The interior has a great open court with the buildings grouped on three sides, and the free wall across the other face is the entrance side of the court. This is the view shown in the photograph. It will be used entirely for a hunting hall, where the guests will be numerous and may

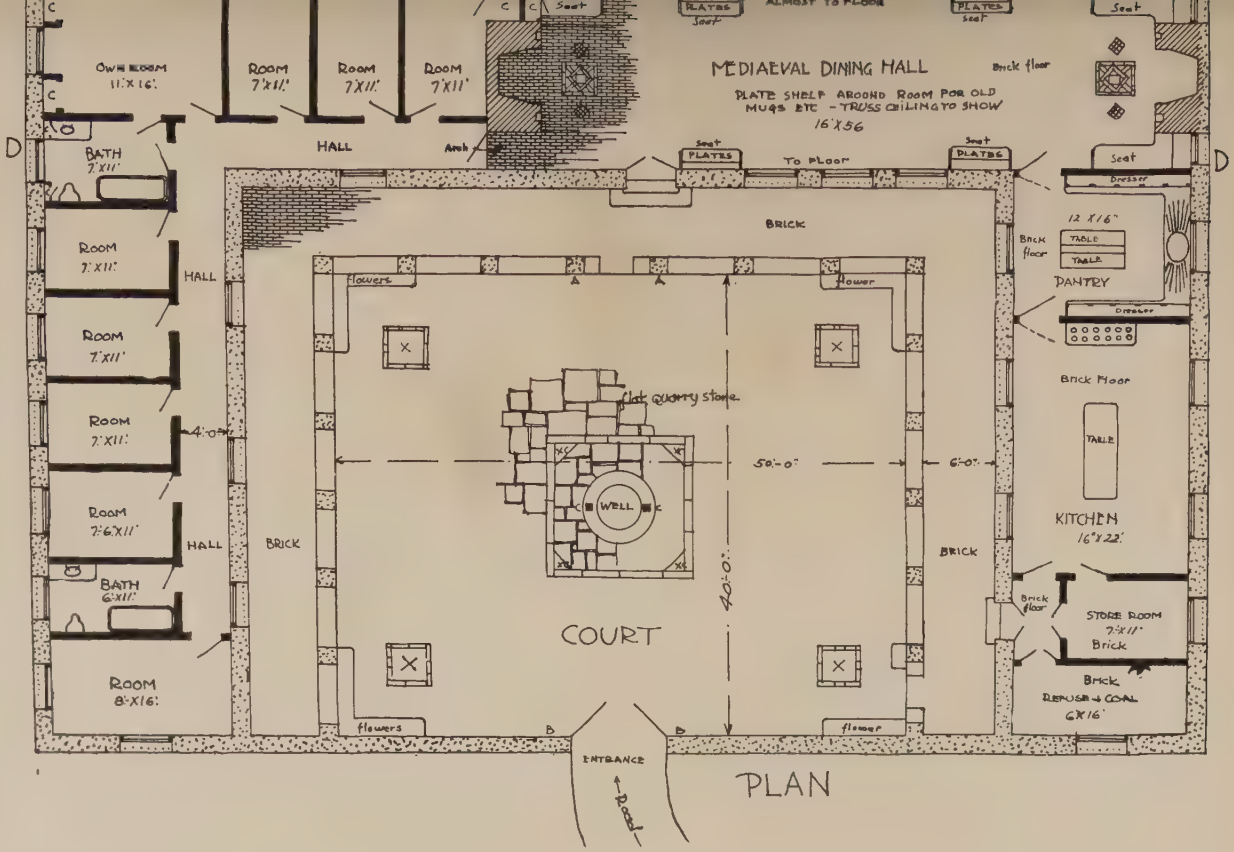


THE OLD-FASHIONED WELL

THE OPEN PORCH

remain as long as desired, as the accommodations are ample. Kitchen and pantries are very large, and the mediæval dining-hall has very noble proportions. A huge open fireplace is built at either end, and the design includes a high, raftered ceiling, a brick floor, and walls which are merely whitewashed. Everything is most simple and quiet, without moldings of any kind, and absolutely without ornament. The bedrooms are more like monks' cells in a convent than anything else, properly enough, as in a place of this kind they will be used merely for sleeping. The open court is surrounded on three sides by an arcade. It is paved and ornamented with trees planted as in the far East, where one finds at each of the four corners of the court, ten or twelve feet from the walls, orange or almond trees or palms. In this case the climate requires apple-trees, and nothing could be lovelier than their blossoms and fruit.

The other photographs show different views of a house for Mr. Samuel J. Magarge at Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania. The location was very well chosen, as there are thirteen acres of sloping ground, at the bottom of


MEDIAEVAL DINING HALL
PLATE SHELF AROUND ROOM FOR OLD MUGS ETC - TRUSS CEILING TO SHOW
16'X56
Brick floor
Seat
PLATES
To floor
Dresser
12 X16'
TABLE
PANTRY
Brick floor
Brick Floor
TABLE
KITCHEN
16'X22'
STORE ROOM
7'X11'
Brick
Brick
REFUSE & COAL
6'X16'
Brick floor
OWN ROOM
11'X16'
ROOM
7'X11'
ROOM
7'X11'
ROOM
7'X11'
HALL
Arch
BATH
7'X11'
ROOM
7'X11'
HALL
ROOM
7'X11'
ROOM
7'X11'
4'-0"
ROOM
7'6"X11'
HALL
BATH
6'X11'
ROOM
8'X16'
BRICK
BRICK
Flowers
Flower
Flowers
Flower
Flint Quarry stone
WELL
50'-0"
6'-0"
40'-0"
COURT
BRICK
ENTRANCE
Road
PLAN

which is a beautiful little creek. At the time of building it was a plowed field with only one large tree, a chestnut. The general exterior of the house is kept very simple, the roof being shingled, and the first floor built of stone and frame, with large columns of brick and plaster. The color is white, and the shingles on the side of the house and the plastered columns are whitewashed. The shingles on the roof have been given a dark stain to imitate old shingles which have stood the weather for years.

The first floor plan has a kitchen, which is well ventilated; a dining-

THE COLONNADE

room with plenty of air and windows; a hall and living-room, which are practically one, with windows fifteen inches from the floor, and many of them down to the floor. These low windows command the garden and a large porch, so that the effect is as if one were out of doors. One side of the living-room contains an enormous fireplace of rough, hard brick with brick hearths. It is so large that three or four men may stand up in it together. On either side of this fireplace are easy benches or seats, and directly over them under a low, projecting hood are electric lights. The entire interior treatment of the house is very simple, no attempt being made to secure an effect that might rival the view through the windows, except for the effort to create a feeling of comfort and ease by the wholesome open planning. There is an open den under the large stairway, the floor of which is of brick laid in mortar, and on two sides of the den are benches with high backs.

The porch is very wide and long, and is kept open and low, almost to the ground. The view from it is not destroyed by many columns, so

that you feel almost as if you were sitting on a bench among overhanging trees. From this porch, through a large stone gateway, you may step into a garden. A colonnade, with its covered trellis, extends on two sides of the garden, and is connected across the end with columns and trellis, in the center of which is an exedra with a large seat, and above the seat a marble cap for potted plants. There is a brick walk around the garden under the trellis, and by stone stepping-blocks through the grass and brick walks the flower-beds, with their borders of old-fashioned box, may be reached. They are planted with such hardy perennials as were grown by our grandmothers.

At the base of the large chimney, which is at one end of the garden, ivy and trumpet-vine are planted. The exedra is planted with climbing roses, which are already making good headway, and in a few years the columns will be covered with white clematis and the trellis and chimney will be wreathed with green. In the center of the garden is an old-fashioned well, which does good service for beauty.

From this gay and lovely garden there is an open path leading to a flight of stone steps, which descends by easy stages with little landings to another little garden about six feet lower than the upper one. In the center of the lower garden, which is also surrounded with colonnade and trellis, is a large lily pond, and from this you may continue downwards by means of another flight of steps to a pathway bordered with trees which leads to the creek, one hundred and thirty feet below the house. The whole plan is laid out in a formal manner, the walks from garden to garden being planted with box and privet hedges and supported on many sides with shrubs. There are cypresses, too, and many flowering trees.

In this design Messrs. Keen & Mead show how necessary it is that the modern architect should be also a landscape gardener if he wishes to secure the best results in country architecture. An architect indeed must have many talents besides that for designing, and he needs a comprehensive outlook. Messrs. Keen & Mead have secured a distinctly beautiful result with very simple means and a due appreciation of the value of every point in the game.

DEL CRESCENTA

Del Crescenta—A California Château

BY HENRIETTA JEWETT

"The queen o' fairies, she caught me,
In this green hill to dwell."

It is an enchanted land, and even plain, hard-headed business men yield to its spell, and become captives of the Circe who dwells in those purple hills.

Who would imagine this to be an American home, built in the last years of the hustling, driving nineteenth century, in practical, realistic, machine-making Yankeedom, the land of the sky-scraper and the "modern flat"? Is it not a veritable "Château en Espagne," and would you not swear those were the blue hills of the Pyrenees? Surely the forests of Vallambrosa are near by, and the golden grapes of Valencia are sweetening under that cloudless sky.

One can smell the oleanders and the palm-gardens of Elche in that

ON THE ROOF

oft and odorous air, hear the tinkle of guitars, and see the velvet bodice nd bright-colored *manta* of the Moorish maid glancing through those rches.

At any rate, no Castilian castle could well wear a more romantic spect or be placed in a more picturesque setting than this California ome in the foothills of the Sierra Madre, near Pasadena. For the half-rcle—crescent-shaped, as its name implies—of stone arches and central ower, the gray granite of the hills affords a construction to last forever, nd one that well suits the romantic style of the architecture.

The massive outlines of the Moorish tower, the arches of the colon-ade, the deep embrasures of the windows, the embattled parapets of the

A MODERN RUIN

walls, the *patio*, with its vine-draped plaster sides, the deeply recessed stone *loggia*, opening upon the walled terraces below—all are interesting features, and form an *ensemble* worthy to be placed under the blue shadows, awesome and mysterious, of the Sierra Madre.

The wooded slopes and rugged cañons of the nearer foothills are just at the door, while in the distance show faintly in dim outline vista after vista of the range itself, from whose snow-fed springs is piped the water to make the rose-gardens and fountains of terrace and court.

The view from this terrace of smiling vineyards and the rich gloom of orange-groves in the *vega* below is magnificent, while from the parapet above one can see in that luminous atmosphere where, thirty miles away, shimmers the white shining line of the sea.

THE ARCADE

As we pass up the broad flights of steps into the vestibule, we note hat the arched doorways and windows are ornamented with wrought iron n arabesque designs.

Mingled lights and shadows move over the mosaic of the pavement. The interior woodwork is mostly of cedar, with vaulted and beamed eilings.

Though seven miles into the foothills, the dwelling is fitted up with very modern convenience in electricity and plumbing. The crystal andelabra, the yellow ivory of the walls, with arabesque decorations in old, carry out the Moorish idea, while a profusion of tropical fruits and owers adds to the foreign air.

Nor could any Andalusian garden boast greater wealth of olive and

THE PATIO

palm. About the stone pillars of the portal the bignonia-vine hangs its brilliant orange-colored clusters of trumpet-shaped bloom in wreaths and garlands. Ivy and rose vines mingle their greenery in riotous profusion around the arches of the *loggia*. A wealth of heliotrope—that lover of the sun—against the stone steps makes the air heavy with sweetness.

Gorgeous lilies of the crimson hibiscus vie with the flaming poinsetta in the sheltered angles, masses of glowing color against the gray stone.

The scarlet tassels of the mountain sage nod along the walls of the terraces, and a La Mardue rose, with a trunk like a tree, covers the entrance gate with white bloom.

Here in this land of the sun, where "a' the sweets o' spring and sim-ıer grow," where the flowers of earth "vie with the stars of heaven," sking only a cup of water when they faint in the too fierce rays of that ıtense sunshine, it is possible to have all these things. It is possible, ɔo, to live largely in the court, upon which open the doors of living and ining-room, and of sleeping-rooms as well. What a charming spot to ɔen a casement window upon in the dew and freshness of a California ıorning! Or to lean out and pluck a rose that the breeze swings in and ut. What a delicious flavor is added to the morning mocha as that ɔwer-laden air sweeps lightly through the open door. Here you ay draw the light sewing-chair, while the needle flashes in the sun, ıd the dainty stitches grow and grow in this delightful open-air ewing-room.

Here one may pass dreamy, languorous hours, lulled by the plashing the fountain as its cooling spray tempers the heat. Here the Virginia-reeper clings to the gray plaster of the wall in a delicate lace-like web, ıd the plumbago covers one corner with its blue blossoms. The ɔganvillia, purple and proud, and dreaming still of the stuccoed balcony Algiers, whence it was torn to grace these Western walls, trails across ıother corner, while beds of rare flowers and tropical plants are placed ɔout the paved court in the angles and intersections.

It is pathetic to think that this beautiful Southern home has passed, rough money losses, out of the ownership of the man who had the tistic imagination to build it and to place it in such an environment, to the hands of strangers. More pathetic still, that all this bloom and eauty are slowly withering and dying while one of those endless Cali-rnian litigations as to the water-right drags its slow length through the ɔurts.

The fountain's cooling spray no longer flashes in the sunlight, nor do e birds drink from the edge of the basin. The roses hang their lovely eads and brambles choke the flower-beds. Silence reigns in the court-rd where once was laughter and gay song.

The caretaker who showed us the lovely place, and furnished us with ater for our picnic coffee-pot, had brought the water half a mile in a ucket. The wheel was broken at the cistern and the faucets were dry. l this because another had tunneled behind this house-holder, back in e hills, and drawn off his water into another channel.

Truly one may well feel a little shy of this "garden spot of the world" where such things be, where you may wake up some fine morning with no water to make your coffee.

A long and expensive litigation is now vexing the souls of the owner of this lovely château, and if finally successful, much time and money will be required to restore it to its first beauty.

PATIO, FROM THE KITCHEN VERANDA

An Old California Ranch-House

BY OLIVE PERCIVAL

The ranch-house typical of the old Southern California, the land of adventure and romance and roses and sunny skies, was very unlike the farm-house of stern New England.

The California ranch-house was built of sun-dried bricks of adobe mud, and its walls were from three to six feet thick—a dwelling-place that was refreshingly cool in the white glare of summer and warm in the

THE VERANDA

chill rainy seasons. There were latticed windows, not many, and the roof was tiled. The more pretentious homesteads of Southern California, antedating the occupation by Americans, contained from thirty to fifty rooms (each room opening on a veranda) and built around a central court, in which were a fountain and a little garden of flowers and vines and orange-trees. In one wing of the house were the living-rooms, in one the guest-rooms and sleeping apartments of the family, and in the rear wing were the servants' quarters. It was claimed that there was small need for fireplaces in such a balmy climate, as when it was chilly weather it was merely necessary to sit in the sun and, as the sun progressed westward, to follow the verandas in that direction. If there was no sun, it was explained that one could put on more clothes or that one

THE STABLE PATIO

could hover over a brazier. And so in the old-time houses a fireplace seems to have been the exception.

Nevertheless, these verandaed adobes were very livable and picturesque, especially the ranch-houses, under a burning sun and the bluest of skies, their white walls shimmering in the midst of the rich, dark green of orange-orchards and the yellow of grain-fields that stretched away to the brown foothills and the encircling blue mountains.

In San Diego County, there still stands a very well-preserved ranch-house that may be accepted as typical of the old semi-feudal days. It dates back about seventy-five years, and at one time was the property of Don Pio Pico, the last of the Mexican governors of the province of California. Pio Pico's life was a stirring romance, if not a melodrama. His

hospitality was as magnificent as that of a prince; he lived and gave gifts like a king; yet he died in obscurity, old and poor, in one of the cities made beautiful and prosperous by the detested gringos.

In those days, already a mere legend, there were always many guests coming and going at the ranch-house. When one lived fifty or seventy-five miles away, it was generally agreeable and worth while to take several days or weeks for a little neighborly visit. There was no occasion then for hurrying and scrambling—life was an idyl. And so there was always a house-party in progress.

The afternoons were lounged away in the blue shadow of the verandas and in the evenings there were music and dancing in the large summer-house, a very delightful place down in the orange-orchard. It was festooned with purple passion-vines and on each side stretched pleasant, arbored walks, ninety feet long. All this made an effective background for the brilliantly garbed belles and beaus of the southern counties who dreamed there, and danced and coquetted away the slow, perfumed hours with little thought of care or the needs of any to-morrow. The old Californians certainly lived in the eternal Now.

On Sundays, the people of this ranch recognized their church duties and rode nineteen miles to hear mass at the San Luis Rey Mission. None of them could have consistently grumbled at such a journey, accustomed as they were to magnificent distances.

Within a few years this estate of two hundred and eighty-one thousand acres will have been divided and subdivided, towns will spring up, and this venerable old house will be vacated and vandalized, then, finally, pulled down by an irreverent hand. It will vanish as the many others have vanished and then one of the very last links between the romance of the old California and the thrift of the new will have been lost to the children of this generation.

HOUSE IN PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

Possibilities in a Southern Clime

BY UNA NIXSON HOPKINS

The beautiful all-the-year-round climate of Southern California admits of great possibilities in the making of a charming home.

The really successful houses in this climate are the ones in which it is possible to spend most of the time out of doors. The statement sounds paradoxical, but it is nevertheless true.

Plastered houses, which are being built to a great extent of late, revivals of old Spanish architecture, modified for modern use and convenience, afford the best examples, and the *patio*, which is a part of them, is the real factor in the outdoor life of the house.

In some cases the house is built around the court, or *patio*, leaving a square out-door room in the center, as in the old Spanish houses; again the house forms an L, and the *patio* fits snugly into the triangle formed by the house. These *patios* are paved, either with brick or cement, a space being left next to the house for the insertion of ferns, vines, etc.

INTERIOR OF PATIO

unpaved spaces are also left near the center, usually for planting large palms or small tropical trees. They afford some little shade, so that one may enjoy the sweet-laden air of this open conservatory, and still be protected from the direct rays of the sun. These garden-rooms also provide admirable playgrounds for children.

One of the most attractive and livable of these houses is that of Mr. Frank Emery, of Pasadena, formerly of Chicago. The lines of the house are extremely simple, but pleasing; the color is the soft yellowish gray of the old adobe missions, with just a suggestion of vermilion about the

windows, veranda, and *patio* for trimming. The tile roof, of the same quiet adobe tint, is "much in evidence," as Ruskin would have it, and gives picturesqueness and charm to the whole house.

The interior is cheerful and delightful, and might be that of an Eastern home, but for the fact that long French windows on the west of

PATIO FROM THE GARDEN

ne living-room, and casements on the south of the dining-room open nto a large *patio.*

Mocking-birds sing merrily all day long from the branches of orange nd sweet-scented acacia trees just beyond, and everything about "invites o that indolent repose, the bliss of southern climes."

The Hillside Problem

BY MADGE ROBINSON

The suburban home all about this glorious bay of ours has for its resting-place, with but few exceptions, the foothill. Our cities have barely room for their busy centers on the level strips that frame the bay, before the land begins its higher sweep from rise to rise, until the nature-lover, the home-lover, the peace-lover, seeks the hillside against which, or upon which, to rest his hearthstone.

But O, such hearthstones! Such blots on the fair sides of green slopes as menace the eye! And why? Because home-builders have not yet awakened to the truth that hillside-building is an art in itself; that however pretty or "freshly painted" the town-house may be, it becomes an enormity when transplanted and placed as a part of the contour of the hilly landscape.

Any lover of the beautiful knows what a source of irritation and misery this thoughtlessness proves to be.

One looks toward God's everlasting hills for rest and peace; but where can rest and peace be found, so long as our portion of these, God's hills, is scarred with such unhealthy growths, such freaks of houses?

Let us admit, then, here and now, that the suburban hillside home is a problem, and set ourselves bravely and heartily to solve it. There is one general principle given us from which to start; the principle read in the harmony and symmetry of Nature about us. She offers herself with all her grace and color as background. If we but come in touch with the spirit she suggests, the harmony of outline, the soft tints and shades—if we but love and understand her and her teachings, we cannot go far astray.

First, to classify broadly her variations, there is the knoll, the side hill, the foothill, the cañon, or ravine incline, and the site favored with natural trees or a watercourse—distinctive locations, each, and each suggesting distinctive laws that should govern home-construction.

Should the knoll be the first site chosen for consideration from our new point of view, a moment's thought will discover that; as the hill itself spreads and broadens at its base, so the ground-construction of our

TO CONTINUE THE CONTOUR LINE OF THE HILL

difice should be distributed squarely and well over the surface of the evel, its base distinguished by a breadth more generous than is given to he upper portion.

Pronounced height should be avoided; but the outline of the roof nust be so composed as to continue the contour line of the hill.

The side-hill site may admit of more than one solution; but in most nstances the broad side of the house should greet the eyes, with well-rounded spread of base. Half-way up, or even nearer the top it may ave ventured, but once finding its niche, it should establish itself

THE BROAD, PLEASANT FACE, ONE'S FIRST WELCOME

roadly and with firm foothold. Even in case the town road passes on ther side, do not let your structure turn to look, and thereby imperil s position. As long as the hill sweeps upward and beyond, Nature's road background should be trusted, and the house should rest closely nd expansively against it.

But here there has been no climbing. This home is less venturesome nd would rest at the foot of the hill. Then be sure it does rest, close gainst the rise behind it; the sweep of garden invitingly in front,

THE SWISS CHÂLET MOTIF

e broad, pleasant face of the home one's first welcome up the rden path.

As the land approaches the cañon or ravine side, the slope becomes ss uniform, many times presenting several elevations, which must be rmonized in the placing of our structure.

And here the problem waxes deeply interesting, allowing greater range ingenuity and true artfulness—for nothing but a base spirit of vandal- n would resort to a "leveling off" process.

The Swiss châlet *motif* is often our most picturesque resource, allowing marked variation as to depth of basement. And if our site will but mit of a one-story approach, deepening into two or perhaps three

added under stories, our efforts may be crowned with a unique and altogether delightful abode, a joy to the whole countryside.

When a home is favored, aye, blessed, with a watercourse, it should unhesitatingly face the depths below. Broadside it should stand to the opposite bank; thus it and its cross-cañon neighbor would acknowledge each other in a kindly way, and intrude as little upon the vista of the ravine as possible.

This end-on construction is good also for the slope below the mouth of the cañon, the structure placed with its narrowest proportion toward the vista, betraying an unselfish spirit toward those still lower down, although generously stepping to one side to allow others the refreshing glimpse that at best belongs to so few.

Much more might be said about this natural adjustment to the locality chosen—about such interesting and important details as color and materials. But it is enough to utter here an earnest plea for better building, for a return to the spirit of nature about us, which should be our inspiration and our delight.

An Architect's Studio

BY ALFRED H. GRANGER

When one attempts to describe almost any modern building, the first question to be asked is, "What style?" Were I to attempt to define the reason for the present sterility in architecture, I should give as chief cause the slavish desire on behalf of our people to reproduce some given style which in its lifetime was vital and full of beauty, but which cannot be adapted to modern life without a sacrifice of many of its most charming features. This is why the modern Italian, Roman, or French building is, in our country, so generally "flat, stale, and unprofitable." The American client is too essentially a man of his day willingly to sacrifice comfort or convenience, so he compromises with his architect, to the discomfort of both; and to see the result we have only to look around us. That the present practice is baneful is apparent to all. To combat this archæological influence, many men are giving the best in their lives. One of the most radical of these opponents is Mr. Frank L. Wright, whose house and studio I have the privilege of describing. To do full justice to this subject in a short article is out of the question, and I shall have to depend very largely upon the accompanying photographs to convey to the reader the charm of this unique establishment. And I shall neglect the larger part of the house in favor of the dining-room and the nursery.

One's first impression of the dining-room is its simplicity—no rugs, no curtains, and only the necessary furniture, which, however, is in perfect harmony with the room. One entire end of the room opposite the fireplace is practically of glass, laid in leading of a very delicate design, which was evidently inspired by the lotus-flower. The view from these windows is upon clumps of shrubbery, which must be as beautiful in winter, with snow fallen on them, as in summer, when a mass of leaves and flowers. The floor and the facing of the high mantel are of a deep red tile laid in an unusual pattern and highly polished. The oak woodwork, which is carried round the room to the height of the window-sills, is designed to emphasize the horizontal line, a very wise thought in a small room, as the horizontal line gives breadth and size, while the verti-

cal line, by accentuating height, contracts. The color of this oak is a golden brown, a happy mean between the very dark of Flemish and the muddy yellow of natural oak.

The harmony of color between the brown and the red is perfect, and is accentuated (if one can accentuate a harmony) by the color of the walls and ceiling, which are covered with arras of a soft brown, and which give to the entire room a golden tone such as one sees in a rich sunset.

In the center of the ceiling is a design of exquisite tracery, through which at night a soft light filters, and gives to the whole room a warm rich glow. Here we have a room in which there is absolutely nothing superfluous, but which is so full of the charm of simplicity and truth that on leaving it one wonders why no one has so treated dining-rooms before. The room has all the feeling of the exquisite university dining-halls in England, and yet this room has no feature that is not American and of to-day. It is simple, easy to clean (a delight to the housewife), and beautiful withal.

THE DINING-ROOM

Upstairs is another room, the like of which I wish could be found in more houses of to-day, the nursery. It is very large, being about seventeen by twenty-six feet in size. The walls are wainscoted to the height of about seven feet with brick of a rich, mottled golden brown. This wainscot forms the chimney-breast for a large, generous fireplace. The windows are in groups on either side of the room, deeply recessed so as to allow ample window-seats, and placed near the floor so as to be a delight to little people. The distinctive feature of the room is the ceiling, which is a barrel vault, springing from the top of the wainscot, and decorated with flat ribs of wood, which carry out the barrel idea. Between the ribs the plaster is the color of rich gold.

This vaulting gives great height to the center of the room, but does not break the effect of breadth and coziness. The end of the room over the fireplace is charmingly decorated in an allegorical manner, which must be a delight to the children. A fine old chest and some chairs are all the furniture of this admirable room, where the children can dance, romp, and play to their hearts' content, with no fear of breaking anything.

These two rooms, the dining-room and nursery, were to me the most remarkable in a wholly interesting house; and now let us go down a few steps from the private library, through a corridor, which incloses a beautiful, growing tree, and enter the studio, where the man really lives in his work. One enters the large draughting-room from the corridor connecting the studio with the house. This draughting-room, where the men work, is two stories in height, with a gallery running around the second story. Instead of looking like a workshop, it has the air of a charming living-room.

The fireplace is large, and at once makes you feel at home, while wherever you look is some interesting bit of plaster, or some quaint motto, or a jar of wild flowers. Inspiration everywhere, the right sort of inspiration, which recognizes the wondrous beauty of the works of the past, while at the same time it lives in the world of to-day and cares for its simplest flowers.

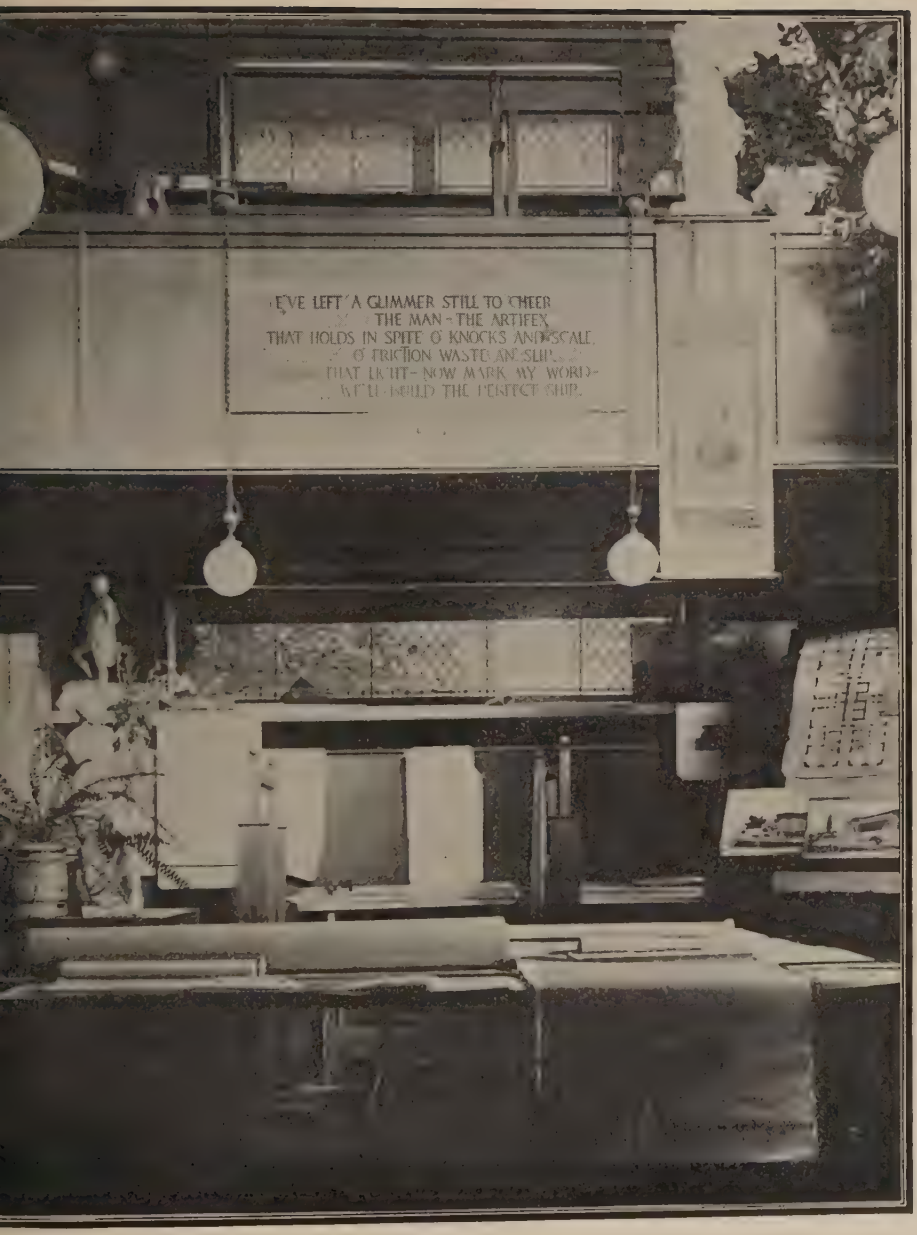
The walls of the draughting-room below the gallery are of a dull quiet red, while the walls of the gallery are of a tawny yellow, which harmonizes delightfully with the golden oak.

Off from this large draughting-room is Mr. Wright's study—again wild flowers, with the same choice bits of plaster. Connecting the

THE NURSERY

draughting-room with the library is a business office. In all of these rooms attention must be called to the simple, strong, modern furniture. The walls of this outer office are colored a deep, rich red, while the woodwork throughout is of oak, filled enough to give it the rich, golden tone which Mr. Wright seems especially to love.

The most beautiful room in this series which forms his studio is the octagonal library. The windows in this room are all high enough from the floor to make room for the bookcases and cases for drawings beneath them. The furniture consists of a center-table and the same strong, straight, beautiful chairs which are used throughout this studio. The color here is a rich olive-green.


I'VE LEFT A GLIMMER STILL TO CHEER
THE MAN - THE ARTIFEX
THAT HOLDS IN SPITE O' KNOCKS AND SCALE
O' FRICTION WASTE AND SLIP
THAT LIGHT - NOW MARK MY WORD -
WE'LL BUILD THE PERFECT SHIP.

STUDY

I was especially impressed with the artistic arrangement of the electric lights, coming as they do out of the slender octagonal columns. The woodwork throughout the house and studio is very flat, almost without moldings of any sort, but so judiciously used as to be far more beautiful than elaborate moldings or carving could possibly make it. Everywhere are thought and a fine feeling for fitness. Nothing could be more beautiful than the entrance to the studio from Chicago Avenue. Its proportions are so wholly satisfying as to repay the closest study, while the detail is an integral part of the building and not an applied decoration. The accompanying photographs show how careful study will make a work of art out of the simplest materials, with no extravagant expenditure of money.

I have called Mr. Wright a radical opponent of the use of ancient styles. While he carries his opposition to antiquity to a far greater extent than many of us can agree with, it is refreshing to come in contact with a genius so fresh, so truthful, and so full of vitality; and I feel that a careful study of this charming studio will give to both laymen and his brother architects suggestions that are full of truth and beauty.

THE BACK VIEW

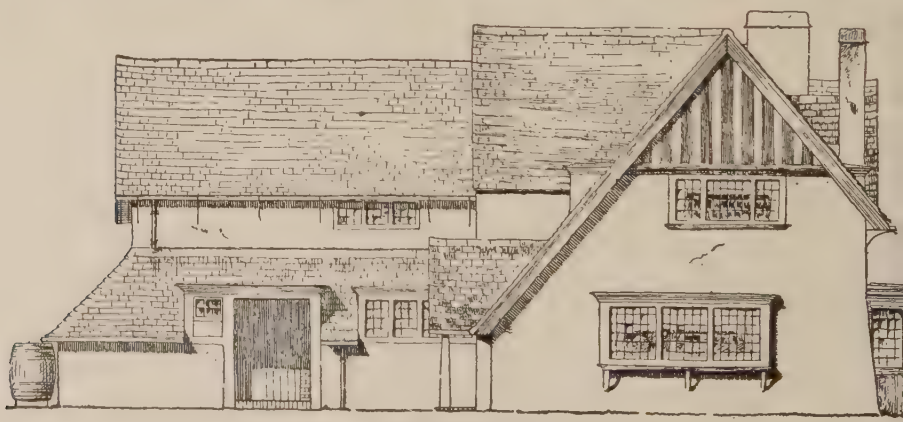
A House for a Man with a Hobby

It is easy enough to secure plans for a beautiful and expensive house; it is easy enough, also, to find designs for simple cottages which cost little. But the planning of a residence which is neither a castle nor a cottage is a much more difficult task. Many questions have been asked about the necessary elements of a country home, and the man of moderate means has discovered, fortunately, that such a summer residence is desirable for him as well as for the millionaire. Sometimes he is content to make the little country-house his home, and to take the daily journey in and out of the city. But more often the men who are looking for such architectural miracles are those who have been in the habit of sending their families for years to remote and expensive seaside lodgings, only to learn at last that it is cheaper, healthier, and infinitely more pleasant to possess themselves of an accessible home, to which they may resort for holiday or semi-holiday purposes. There they may have their dear concernings, may learn to take a pride in their roses, their begonias, or their herbaceous borders; may have their Jersey cow or two, their poultry, their kennels—in a word, may follow their tastes. For such houses there is an increasing demand, and since we cannot all hit upon a farm-house which will bear conversion, it is necessary sometimes to have recourse to the architect or builder.

SIDE ELEVATION

At this point it often happens that difficulties arise. A proprietor of a beautiful and promising site finds no difficulty whatsoever in obtaining designs for the kind of house he does not want. Offers to build palaces and cottages and villas come to him by the score; yet to secure from the architect just the right mean between extravagance and bareness requires some ingenuity.

The right kind of simplicity has been acquired in the house here illustrated. It is not a castle in Spain, but an accomplished, artistic, and thoroughly comfortable fact in English Worcestershire. It was built from the designs of Mr. C. F. A. Voysey, and the reader can see for

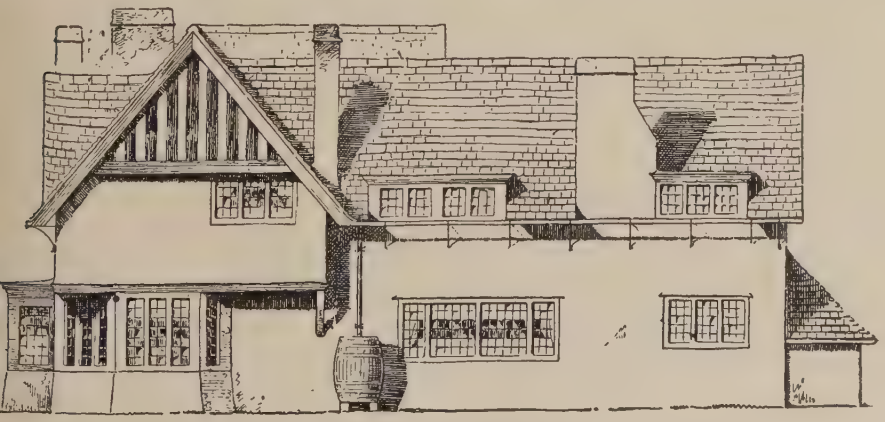


WEST ELEVATION

ELEVATION TOWARD GARDEN

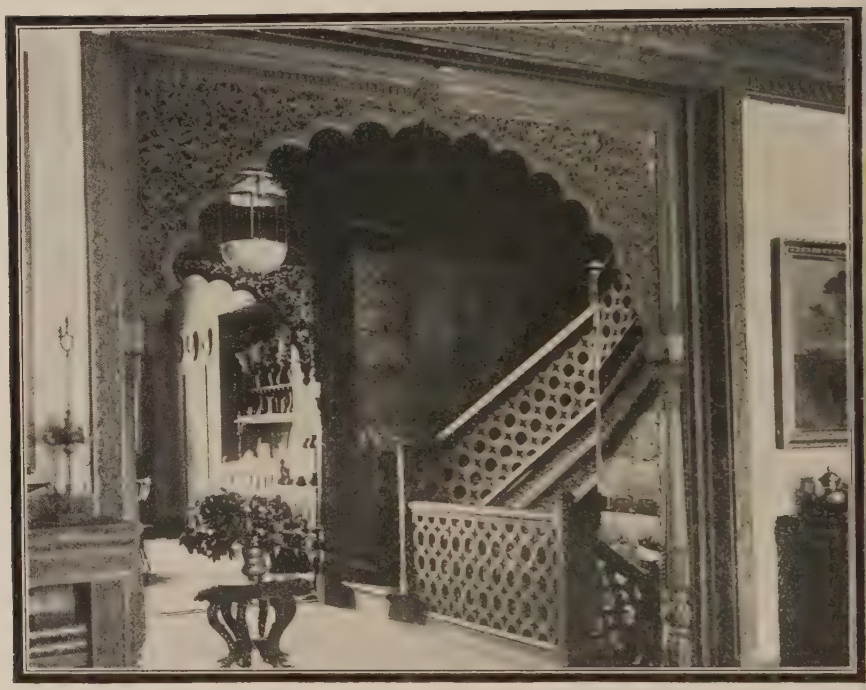
himself the many gables, the substantial chimneys, the effective use of timbering, the steep pitch of the roof, the long, low windows of the upper story, the cool veranda. He can imagine the charm of the corner shown in the back view. To fill in the picture, he must know that the roof has the rich red tones of tiles, that the substance of the house is of brick, rough cast in cement, and that while the half timber-work in the gables is tarred, the moldings, the windows, and the doors are painted in that bright green which is dear to Mr. Voysey's heart.

Nor is the plan of the inside a whit less alluring. You enter through a pretty and unpretentious porch into a sufficiently spacious lobby, with



EAST END ELEVATION

space for hats and coats—never objects of beauty—screened off on the ight. Crossing it, you are in the best parlor—good, old-fashioned hrase—of fair size, with long, low windows, and a pleasant recess in ne corner. From this you pass into the living-room—spacious, well-indowed—the keynote and center of the house. From it a door leads nto the garden, and another into the passage, which runs right along the ack of the house. There is a morning-room, too, quite sufficiently big. o what uses you may assign these rooms will depend on your tastes, our family, your occupations; but it is clear that they will suffice for all easonable purposes. The ample space of the kitchen and scullery and ffices will go far to insure the comfort of your servants. Upstairs again he space is used to the very best advantage. Five bedrooms, a bath-oom, and two servants' rooms—they are all that the heart of a man of nodest means can desire. And all has been effected within a moderate imit of cost, without any sacrifice of substance. Wise economy has nimated the architect; he has eschewed materials which are expensive. But to anything in the nature of shoddy cheapness he is constitutionally pposed.



STAIRWAY BETWEEN PARLOR AND DINING-ROOM

Transplanted From India

BY WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON

Fifth Avenue between Washington Square and Fourteenth Street with its quiet cross-ways to right and left, embraces a rare bit of old New York, where business holds itself respectfully aloof, a section where grim stone churches stand in the center of ample yards, and plain old brick houses with double fronts are inhabited by plain old people, who appear at rare intervals to drive away in plain carriages. In the heart of this very respectable neighborhood, a few doors from the avenue, along East Tenth Street, stands a small house, before whose carved front of India teakwood the passing stranger pauses to gaze and wonder. If of a suffi

iently inquiring mind, he may call to ask how long such delicate carving
n wood as he sees on the massive balcony-shaped bay-window overhang-
ng the walk, and on the facings of the door and window frames, will
ast out of doors. He will be told that it will last practically forever,
hat it never checks nor crumbles; and perhaps he will be gently mysti-
ed by the information that similar carving on the ancient Cave Temple
t Karli has faced the Indian weather for two thousand years, and
emains as perfect in detail as when it was put on. The only change

ENTRANCE HALL

nat takes place in this remarkable wood, from exposure to the weather,
a deepening of its color to a dingy brown, which is accomplished in a
ew years.

This is modern Indian carving from Ahmedabad, but directly you
nter the teakwood doorway you are in an interior remarkable for its age
s well as beauty. The outer lobby, as well as the inner L-shaped hall,
oove a base of perforated Agra red sandstone, is lined to the ceiling
ith blue tiles from Damascus, the like of which have not been fired in
ne kilns of Palestine for four centuries. There are flecks here and
ere of warm browns and yellowish tones on the glazed surfaces of blue
nd white, and the tiles themselves, which are eight inches square, are
eld in place by rude iron bosses at the corners and occasional lines of
ay cement. The color effect is delightful on entering, and going out

between these ancient walls the old houses on the neighboring streets suddenly seem new and garish by contrast. The stairway and upper hall are cased with the same Eastern tiling, and opposite to the landing are three quaint alcoves, the central one of which is a lift. The handsome rooms that now appear to right and left are quite bewildering at first in their intricacies of Indian carving.

This is the home of Lockwood Deforest, landscape painter, associate and treasurer of the National Academy of Design, who for very love of the Indian carved work imports it to make other homes as beautiful as his own.

Mr. Deforest's house is quite unique in its architectural design, with a character and individuality all its own. The small front room embraced by the L of the hall is entered from the rear, by going down as many steps as the visitor has come up from the street. This is the Indian office, and were there no desks or designing-tables visible, it could never be mistaken for a reception-room or an apartment intended for any social function whatever. It is narrowed by a passage for servants leading from the street to the kitchens, which are behind the Damascus-tiled hall, whose ancient walls seem to have no knowledge or connection with such modern domestic offices.

The dining-room, which is the middle room of the second floor, is narrowed by a similar passage, to which entrance is had from the landing of the second stairway. The butler's pantry is in the end of this passage, which also leads to the kitchens and street. Even the lift which brings trunks and luggage to the upper floors is concealed behind the tiling of the lower hall.

One of the finest panels of these curious old Damascus tiles faces the visitor as he arrives at the second floor The parlor, or library, which overlooks the street through the bay-window of teakwood, is faced along one side with low cabinet shelves for books and curios, which like all the visible woodwork, is crusted with delicate Indian carving in low relief. The woodwork of the chairs and couches in this room is remarkable for the ivory-like delicacy of the carving, closely covering surfaces, generally designed in flat forms. The finest Indian cabinets are plain and square in design, enriched with perforated or surface carving, like lacework. Although all the furniture in Mr. Deforest's house is of Indian make, the walls and cabinets would be an admirable background for old mahogany

or for almost any other style of furnishing. The carving is so minute and the color of the wood so quiet that the most elaborate carving on wall or cabinet becomes a simple gray surface behind a chair of darker color.

The ceiling in this parlor is of thin brass, perforated in intricate

VIEW FROM THE DINING-ROOM TO THE PARLOR

ndian patterns, and the same material is brought down in a broad frieze. The Indian use of this particular manufacture of metal is for lining the nside of a house, and even for covering the outside on the sacred wed- ing occasions. It is made in small squares repeating the pattern, and he metal used may be gold or silver for the houses of the rich, descend- ng even to tinfoil for the homes of the very poor. The walls below the rieze are scarcely in evidence at all, so completely are they covered with Ir. Deforest's paintings, many of which are from studies made in India nd Palestine.

In the center of the chimneypiece in this room, and also in the dining room, one of these Eastern canvases is set in a panel of teakwood carving In the parlor it is an oblong picture, showing a line of camels crossing the desert against the evening sky. Here it is framed in a broad fla molding of intricate design, in keeping with the low relief of the India carving in this particular room, while in the dining-room, the picture which is of a street in Cairo, is an upright canvas sunk in heavier carv ings, to go with the teakwood beams and bosses of the ceiling, and th bolder treatment of the fireplace.

The tone of the woodwork in these two rooms is just a shade darke than the blades of a lady's sandalwood fan. This is the natural color o the real teakwood, which will not change indoors except to take o gradually a richer polish on the surfaces of the carving from handling, b reason of the natural oil secreted in the wood. The dark wood com monly known as teakwood is not teakwood at all. If from India, it i the Bombay blackwood, and if from China, it is common apple or pea treated with a dark stain.

The sideboards in Mr. Deforest's dining-room are marvels of Easter carving, and the silver service is of Indian workmanship, crusted with frostwork of intricate ornamentation. One of the sideboards has a fron made of teakwood crossbars, paneled with squares of perforated brass work. From this room one passes through an archway of blue Damascu tiles and down a step or two into a comfortable lounging-room, wher the high shelf above the fireplace is supported by the rich brackets show elsewhere in photographic detail. The fireplace itself is faced with th Damascus tiles, and opposite to it is a broad bay-window, set bac between deep carved side panels, with ample cushioned seats.

Mr. Deforest's collection of Indian weapons, which is displayed o the walls of the dining-room, was purchased in bulk on his first visit t India, from his friend Mr. J. P. Watson, who had been twenty-five year in collecting the rare pieces, many of which were bought at the goverr ment sales. The English officials are not allowed to retain the costl presents of maharajas and petty princes. These are disposed of at publi sales, which take place at stated intervals. Thus a curved sword, pre sented by Jung Bahadur, the celebrated ruler of Nepal, to the India government, came into the possession of Mr. Watson. The scabbard c solid gold was of less interest than the blade, and therefore went int

he melting-pot. The sword of Salarjung, however, the great prime minister of the Dekhan, was bought at the sale of his effects, after the leath of that great man. There are curious Rajput daggers, and dag-ers with priceless jade handles, and curious weapons from Thibet, and unics of bullion and brocade from that sealed land. The two presiding leities of Mr. Deforest's dining-room, and guardians of the weapons, are ne pieces of bronze, unusually large for Indian gods, being quite two eet high. Vitoba, a favorite deity at Poona, is quite appropriately the

THE HALLWAY

ncarnation of Riva, the goddess of destruction, while Mahaliximi is the hief wife of Vishnu, the preserver.

This house, with its elaborate Indian interiors, and quiet, Eastern tmosphere, is a favorite resort of Rudyard Kipling when he is in New ork. Few visitors have experienced a more genuine surprise or ex-ressed greater admiration for the decorations in Mr. Deforest's house han Mr. Kipling did on his first appearance here. Familiar as he was ith the Indian carving on temple and house-front, he had never seen it sed so extensively in interior decoration.

Mr. Deforest became acquainted with the Kiplings on his first visit India, in 1880, when Rudyard was a boy of seventeen and away at

school. During the two years of their stay in India—for this was wedding and a business journey combined—Mr. and Mrs. Deforest wer frequent guests in the Kipling home at Lahore. Now that that distin guished family has turned its back on India, the most Indian house i America is enabled to offer its hospitality in return.

The business of the quiet little office in the basement, with its corres pondent in far-off Ahmedabad and Damascus, even when it has a hundre turbaned wood-carvers and metal-workers in its service on the other sid

MANTEL IN THE DINING-ROOM

of the globe, scarcely interferes with Mr. Deforest's studio work. Man houses in New York contain panels or cabinets brought over by M Deforest, and the elaborate Indian rooms in the Yerkes and J. D. Pi houses, in the Ellsworth house in Chicago, and the Flood house in Sa Francisco, have been created from carvings of Mr. Deforest's impo tation.

In 1879 there was formed in New York a society of decorative ar called the "Associated Artists." There were four members, Samu Coleman, Louis Tiffany, Lockwood Deforest, and Mrs. Candace Wheele Mrs. Wheeler did the needlework, and at that time her drop curtai which rose and fell on the first performances of "Hazel Kirk" at t

Fifth Avenue Theater, was the talk of the town. In that very year Mr. Tiffany was so strongly impressed with the Indian carvings in the British Museum that he returned to say to his associates that one of them must go to India. Mr. Deforest was already something of an Oriental traveler, and had observed the Eastern workman in Egypt and in Palestine. He knew that if a foreigner wanted a chair made, he must first furnish the wood and the tools, and that the more chairs he wanted the more each chair would cost.

The city of Ahmedabad is the center of the great wood-carving district of India. When Mr. Deforest returned there, after traveling extensively, even to the borders of Thibet, he found that to secure the confidence of the native workman he would require the most powerful of native influence. To get this was not easy. The rich would not supply their influence to a stranger, even for a consideration, and the poor could not.

Fortunately there lived in Ahmedabad at that time the four sons of a famous banker of the honored name of Huttiseng. After lavishing two millions (American money) on temples, the elder Huttiseng had been ruined, like most of the other bankers in India, by the reappearance of American cotton in the markets of the world at the close of our Civil War. Then he died, leaving his sons poor in money, but rich in influence. None at Ahmedabad stood higher than the Huttisengs in public esteem. The temple and guest-house for holy pilgrims, which were the pride of the city and the gifts of their family, had employed an army of cunning carvers for years upon their construction. There were none abler or more willing to assemble for Mr. Deforest the skilled labor he required.

From that day to this the Indian connection has been kept up by Mr. Deforest. The Associated Artists have gone their several ways. Mr. Tiffany's stained-glass work soon developed into a business too exacting to command the time of Mr. Deforest, landscape painter, and too extensive in itself to allow of the Indian connection. So the separation came about, and the gateway to Ahmedabad, with its carved elephants and balconies of teakwood, is through the little house in Tenth Street.

STREET IN A FEUDAL VILLAGE

An Italian Feudal Castle

BY EDGAR METCALF

The photographs of the Italian feudal castle which are here reproduced may not suggest the right way to furnish a modern cottage, but they serve another purpose in showing upon what large lines life was built in other ages. The intricacies of modern housekeeping, the problems of modern decoration, had no significance for the lords and ladies who walked these marble floors; but doubtless they had other problems

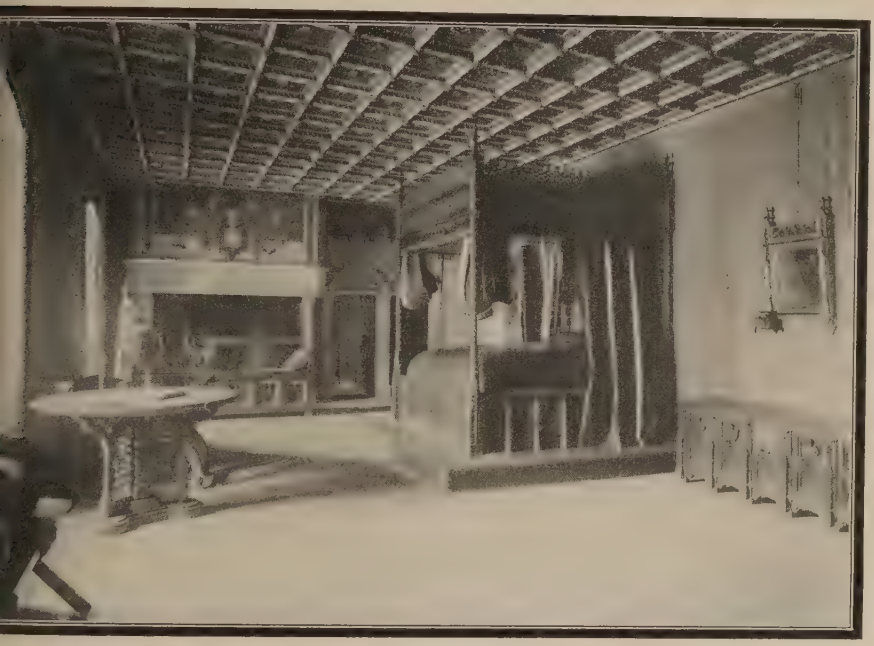
THE KITCHEN

nd considered life quite difficult enough. It is easy to recognize the odern touches in these photographs and the fact that the street scene a restoration with figures of the nineteenth century decked out in cos-mes of bygone days. But the castle is a real castle near Turin, and me idea of the habits and customs of the feudal lord are inevitably ixed in with the architecture and decorative furnishings. There is a rgeness in the life and in the house which represents it that makes it rateful to us, who are somewhat overburdened with trivialities. We iss here a certain homely comfort which can be found in the most com-onplace of cottages, and find instead a kind of somber simplicity which nores detail. Still there is no lack of luxury in these furnishings, and

THE BANQUET HALL

bare as the long banquet-tables seem to us, we are confident that they were once loaded with a bountiful and varied supply of food.

The life of the feudal lord was probably not as unpleasant as we are taught to fancy, and in lieu of certain refinements which are necessary to our happiness, he secured pleasures the strenuous vitality of which we cannot comprehend. Yet the difference is only in the point of view. To him the chase and the fight were not only alluring, but absolutely necessary. The hunting of beasts was a pleasant preparation for the larger and more fascinating hunting of man. Probably even in our fiercest modern war the same lust of battle for its own sake has never been felt. And because we cannot understand his tastes we have no desire to build our castle in the way he built his. Yet we can still feel the charm of this space and simplicity and recognize that there were some things about his lot that were not unenviable. He was absolute monarch of his little kingdom, and whether his rule were just or unjust, it could not be ques-



THE BEDCHAMBER

oned. It was the duty of his subjects to attend his every whim, and ıey seem to have done it, on the whole, not unwillingly. Even though ghting was his chief occupation, it was also his greatest delight, and ıere were intervals between the battles wherein hunting parties and ban-uets could make an effective contrast.

His table was by no means of slight importance, and the size of the tchen, as shown in this photograph, gives an idea of the value of this ırt of the household. Sometimes the fireplaces were large enough to ast an ox whole, and on great occasions the kitchen bore a strong semblance to the modern western barbecue. The tables in the ban-uet-hall were arranged in a quadrangle, the guests being seated only on e outside. In the center of the floor, between the tables, there was ten a huge elevator, which was connected with the kitchen and carried e food to the banqueters.

THE BARONIAL HALL

The great feasts were important for other things than the food itself as varied and brilliant entertainments always succeeded a banquet. It was for such occasions that the troubadours composed their most exquisite rhymes, and every wandering minstrel was welcome to try his hand. His audience was often discriminating and critical, moreover, and slipshod work was not easily tolerated. The guests at a nineteenth-century dinner know far less about the construction of verse than these banqueters, coarse and brutal as they often were. No wandering entertainer was permitted to go unwelcomed from the door of such a castle as this, and every sort of trick, even to dancing bears and their kind, was used for the amusement of the guests.

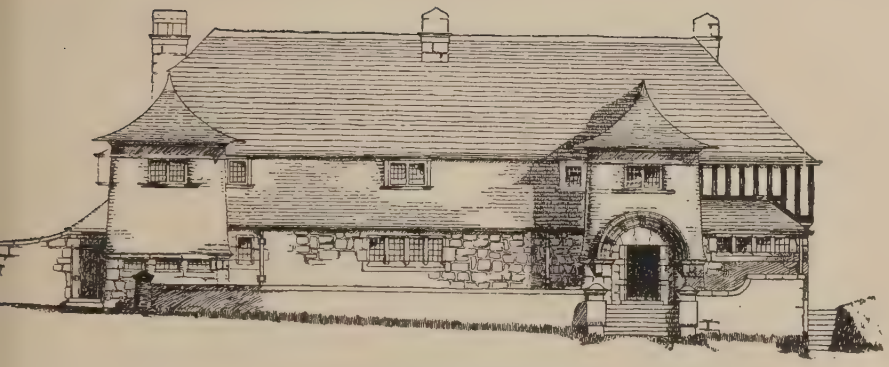
In those days of chivalry the women of the house held an exalted position, and the practice of gentleness and courtesy was considered an art among the men and cultivated to all extremes of gallant flattery

THE CLOISTER

The feminine favors worn in the tourney inspired the knights to many deeds of valor, and in defense of the women the castle was fortified heavily to withstand attack. Outside the thick walls the moat formed a difficult barrier, and the outposts stationed at intervals along the main roads gave warning of approaching danger to the inhabitants of the castle. But these precautions did not prevent pleasant and comfortable living.

There is a note of gentleness and sweetness in the cloister here reproduced which belies the stone walls and barred windows. The photographs suggest the exquisite wood-carving which formed a large part of the decoration of the furniture, and show also how skilfully it was planned as a part of the general effect. The ceilings and wall decorations of the bedchamber and baronial hall have distinction, and in the latter the use of the human figure in the design is most significant. It will be noticed that it is adapted to the flatness of the wall upon which it is painted, and treated decoratively, not pictorially. The continuous line of the con-

ventionalized trees, forming frames for the different figures, is admirable, and the whole arrangement has a beauty of design not easy to attain. There is a kind of processional effect in the figures which is extremely good. Tapestries were much used at this time, and hangings were always sumptuous and heavy. The floors were either of mosaic or of wood, and sometimes were covered with skins. The trophies of the chase were conspicuous in other rooms than the banquet-hall. But in such a palace there was necessarily much form and ceremony, and it was of a kind lost to our calmer living. Now and then, through such vistas as this, we see a vision of it. And in the moments when we are clamorous for adventure we dream enviously of this spacious architecture and the tumults it protected.



ENTRANCE ELEVATION

Cliff Towers

BY KATHERINE BERRY

From the point of view of adaptability to its location, "Cliff Towers," on the Devonshire coast in England, is designed with unusual felicity. Every advantage is taken of its situation upon the rocks and its outlook upon the sea, and Mr. C. Harrison Townsend, its architect, has studied the character of this rough environment, and made his structure brusquely respond to it. Before a house like this, set upon jagged ledges, one would not feel that man had broken in upon nature to confront her beauty with ugliness or contradict and degrade her favorite ideas. The solidity and dignity of the building grow naturally out of the things around it, and in its massiveness is nothing alien to the cliffs and the turbulent Channel beyond. Its strong, simple lines have something of the peace and permanence of the one and the reserve of the other. And in this the architect has shown his peculiar ability, for no situation could be devised more difficult to build upon. But the qualities that seemed to hamper him and obstruct the beauty of his design have become in Mr. Townsend's hands elements of strength. He has molded his difficulties in such a way as to make them his successes. And in this matter of adapting himself to the peculiarities of the special question that confronts him lies the chief charm of an architect's work, if he is only clever enough

to realize it. Each problem submitted to him differs in some way from all the others and requires its special fortunate solution. An architect cannot be an original artist unless he can adapt himself to his limitations and "make his stumbling-blocks his stepping-stones." Sometimes, as in this case, the problem is complicated by the natural environment, but more often it grows out of the special needs of the family life or the variegated character of surrounding buildings. And an architect to whom

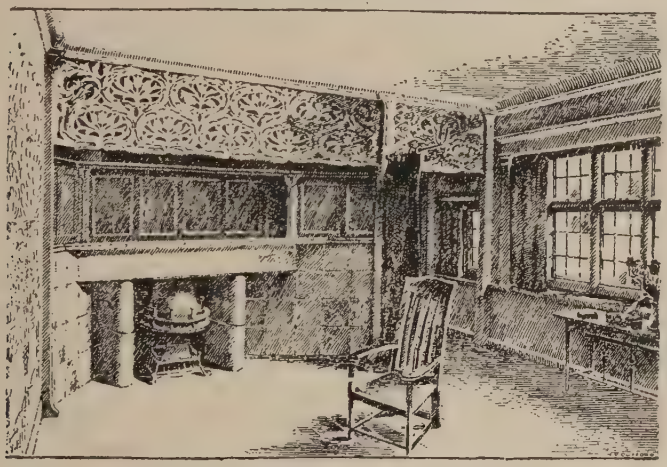
CLIFF TOWERS, DINING-ROOM

these factors are unimportant may have originality and talent, but he will lack the tact which makes for success and is an essential quality of genius.

In the case of Cliff Towers the situation is peculiar. The quaint old narrow-streeted town of Salcombe occupies one side of the estuary, which runs down from Kingsbridge, five miles away, and issues into the English Channel a mile or two west of the little town. Here on the edge of a cliff, and backed by the rich green Devon country, the house is placed. The climate is one which allows the cactus, the olive, and the aloe to prosper well through its faint version of winter. It therefore suggests an open-air habit of life, to which the arrangement of the house designedly adapts itself. The terraces were carried to the very verge of the cliff that falls sheer down to the deep water. From them one is most in

ouch with the great things that nature has done for the place, and upon hem the most friendly and intimate sides of the family life are in evi-ence. Here it is that tea is served at five o'clock, and guests assemble o talk over the adventures of the day and plan the gayeties of the night. would not be altogether unpleasant to join a house-party in this cluded corner of the Devonshire coast.

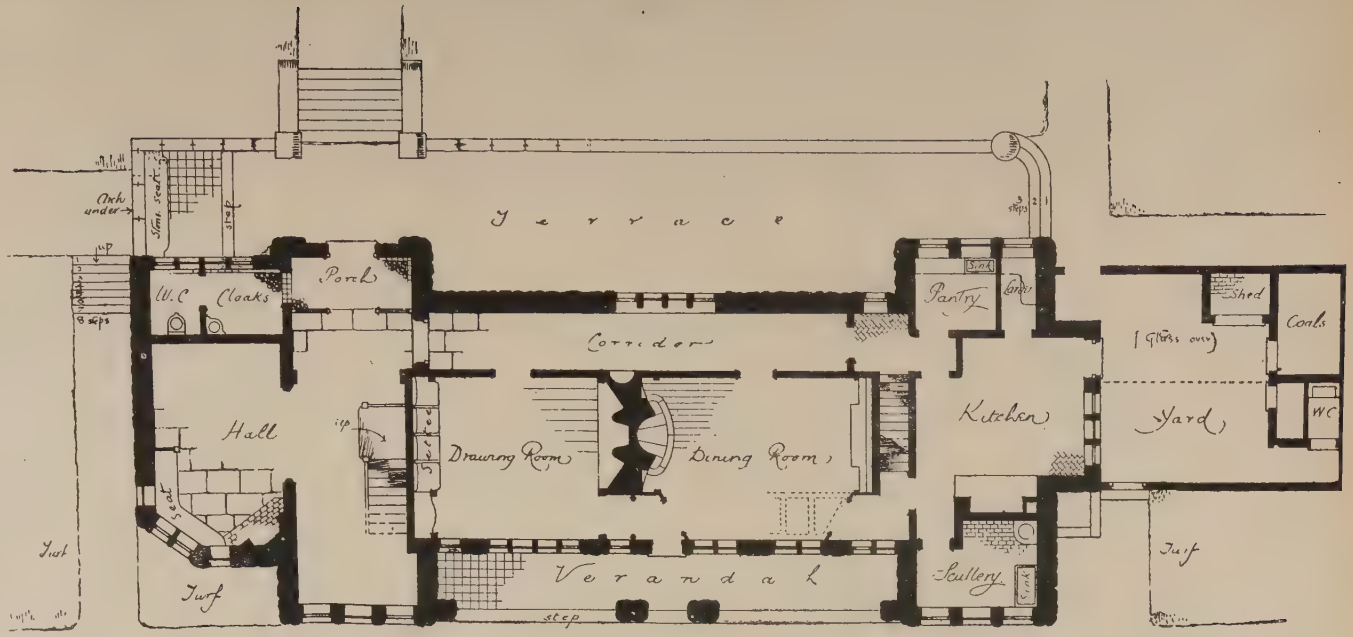
The veranda, on which the living-rooms give, and the long length of



CLIFF TOWERS, DRAWING-ROOM

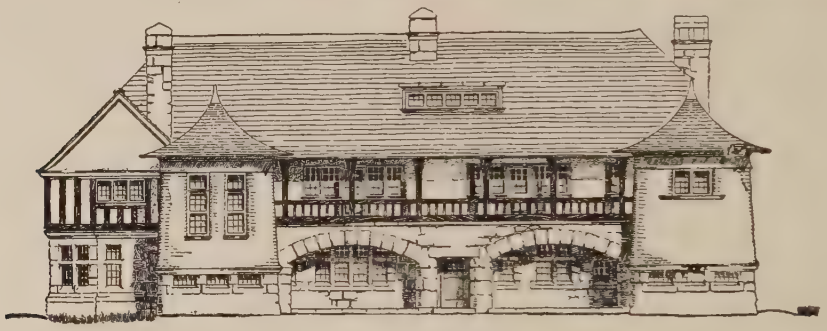
lcony, are made leading features of the design. The aspect is full uth, and in this direction the river spreads out like a panorama. othing is fairer or greener than the English country, and the green evon hills across the estuary stretch to a sharper and loftier rise, while yond the Bar the sweep of cliffs widens out to the Channel itself. The ound plan is skilfully calculated to present this view to every room of e house. The entrance being on the side away from the sea, the plan mits of a great corner window in the hall, commanding this outlook, ich is made accessible by an enormous and comfortable window-seat. e arrangement and proportions of the hall are particularly happy. It ries out the welcome extended by the hospitable entrance porch and short flight of broad, low steps. And this is a quality too often for-tten by the architect and neglected by the owner. Even in America

CLIFF TOWERS, ENTRANCE

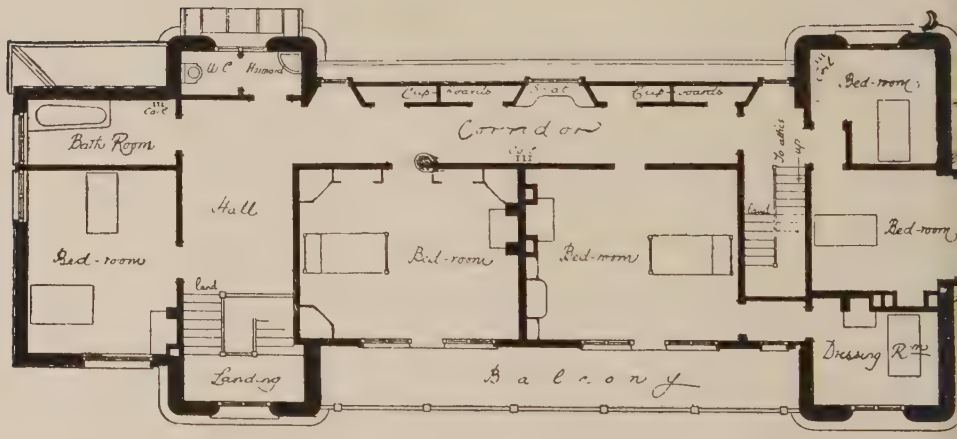

Terrace
Arch under
Semi seat
step
W.C
Cloaks
Porch
Corridor
Pantry
Sink
Larder
Shed
Coals
Glass over
Hall
Drawing Room
Dining Room
Kitchen
Yard
WC
Seat
Turf
Verandah
Scullery
Sink
step

GROUND PLAN

we frequently miss that sense of large-hearted, generous hospitality which is the pleasantest thing a house can offer. The science of country-house hospitality is too little understood in this country. Perhaps because we



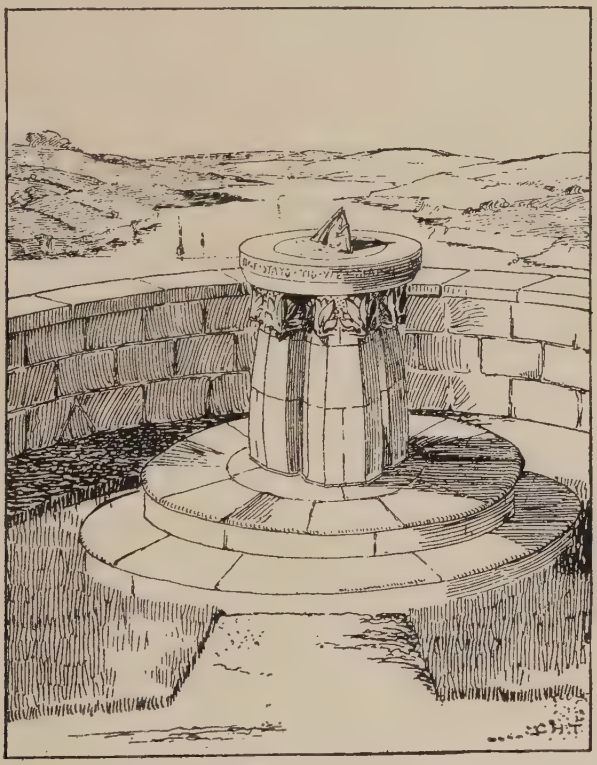
REAR ELEVATION



FIRST-FLOOR PLAN

have only just begun to achieve country-houses, we have not yet quite learned what to do with them. We either shut our doors entirely and look upon a guest as an intruder, or we entertain as we do in the city, giving formal dinners and rigidly enforcing the laws of conventionality. The real hospitality which welcomes every friendly wayfarer without

ostentation or apology is a rare gift of the gods. We live both too much n the open and too much within ourselves. If we would take to the English fashion of building walls about our domains, we might be willing to give ourselves a bit more freedom behind them. Seclusion brings ndependence, and independence helps us to live our lives frankly, consistently, and without friction. Then we would learn more of the art of



THE SUNDIAL

giving a guest his liberty, and of managing house-parties without permitting them to know that they are managed. It is a gracious art, and one which the country clubs are helping us to appreciate and acquire.

In Cliff Towers the veranda and the balcony, upon which so large a proportion of the family life is carried on, are treated as integral parts

of the house, and not as flimsy wooden afterthoughts. They are roofe and protected so that they may be furnished and made habitable Though the drawing-room and dining-room seem inclosed, the arrange ment is justified by the fact that they give upon the veranda and over look the loveliness of sea and rocks. Their seclusion is desirable in ba weather, when they are a refuge, and in the chill of evening. There i much originality in the paneling and tiling, and in the arrangement o fireplaces. The hall of the house is commodious, and the corridors wid enough to be made comfortable with cabinets and window-seats. Ye the proportions of the corridors and the position of the main rooms upo the plan are open to criticism.

The kitchen department is wisely planned, and though connected wit the rest of the house in such a way as to enhance the convenience o service, it is nevertheless a thing apart. In the first-floor plan the spac has been so divided as to give the largest number of bedrooms consisten with a high degree of comfort. The result of all this care in the plan ning is a livable and charming house, and one that has a special individu ality. Without and within it is in keeping with the need. of the famil and the peculiarities of the situation. And thus we return to the firs proposition, that this is the essential thing in design. In another plac Cliff Towers would have no significance and no excuse for being, bu here it becomes one of the elements, a part of the soil, as natural as th gray rocks themselves. It is sturdy enough to justify its place upo them, to seem to grow out of them. It tempts one to the shelter of it verandas and broad terraces, from which the utmost may be made of th balmy air and the limitless view. And beyond, within the walls, ther is a warmth and seclusion not unwelcome when the winds and waves ar fractious.

Model Houses in England

In connection with the work of the Improved Housing Association it a pleasure to reproduce pictures of the model houses at Port Sunlight, heshire, England The recent competition for tenement-house designs as given an added interest to this important problem. Port Sunlight is one f the most complete settlements erected in modern times. The proprirors, Messrs. Lever Brothers, have already built some three hundred and venty-eight houses, occupied by a population of between fifteen hunred and sixteen hundred persons, all of whom are engaged at the works ear by. At the present time one hundred and twelve houses, in various ages of completion, are in hand. The distinguishing feature beyond ie notable extent of the undertaking is the picturesque and varied charcter of these buildings, several leading architects having been engaged y the proprietors for the preparation of the designs thus realized or bout to be put in hand. Among these we may name Messrs. Ernest eorge & Yeates, Douglas & Minshull, Ernest Newton, William Owen, ockwood & Sons, Maurice B. Adams, Edmund Kirby, E. J. Luytens, rayson & Ould, and others. Such a list of well-known names is a suffient guarantee of the architectural quality of these dwellings. The tate comprises two hundred acres, of which sixty acres are reserved r the factories and works. Portions of the village have been set apart r recreation grounds and for a park. One feature of this industrial mestead is that every villager desiring it can have an allotment garden, advantage of which the majority of the tenants have availed themlves.

The promoters have adhered to the principle of "prosperity aring," with which the scheme was inaugurated some few years ago, d this practical method of mutual advantage takes the form of building ch year a certain number of cottages, which are let to the work people low rentals, so as to provide for the payment of rates, taxes, cost of aintenance, and repairs, without providing any direct return on the pital expended in erecting the houses, or sunk originally in the purase of the land. The roads are set out in picturesque contours, and e enriched by well-established trees, some of the older poplars, oaks,

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CLERKS' HOUSES

CLERKS' HOUSES

and plantations, all of which are well preserved, being part of the historic estate on which this interesting colony has been developed. The accompanying views will afford a good idea of the old-world character which has been imparted by the methods and men employed in realizing this very up-to-date and prosperous undertaking. Besides the houses of varying accommodation for the different classes of artisans, there are dwellings for clerks and other employes. A big school has been built for boys and girls, and another for infants. The large central hall of these educational buildings, of which Messrs. Douglas & Fordham were the architects, has a chancel attached to it, and divided off by a movable partition, so that regular church services may be held on Sundays and festivals. A clock-tower and spire attached to this group add quite an ecclesiastical character to the design. There is a stone-built bridge, recalling some artistic historic example, leading to Bridge Avenue; and the village Institute, where entertainments are held, makes another quaint addition to the place to say nothing of its popularity. The cricket pavilion and club, too, make very prettily designed buildings, and the village shop, also in the half-timbered style, is effective.

Japanese Domestic Interiors

BY RALPH ADAMS CRAM

While in public architecture, in painting and sculpture, in the industrial arts, and even in the greater part of the domestic architecture of the better class, Japan is fast losing all national quality, the houses of the lower and middle classes still preserve the beautiful characteristics of the old art that was so unique, so refined, so wholly ethnic and national.

The nobles are making themselves uncomfortable and absurd in preposterous structures designed by third-rate English and American architects, and the same agency is responsible for shocking public buildings, vast in size, fearful and humiliating in design.

Yet there are wise and philosophical men in Japan who fight strenuously against the foolish fashion of westernism, and are made to suffer for it. Then there are architects who steadily refuse to have anything to do with foreign architecture in any of its forms. Such a one is Kashiwagi San, whose house is a faultless model of native architecture, and who now and then builds some delicate and exquisite house for such of the nobility as are still unreconciled to the new era in Japan. Thanks to these men and their colleagues, and thanks also to the strong conservatism of the middle classes, Japanese domestic architecture is still a vital art, strong with a life that may even yet last through the present inauspicious days, and form a basis for more logical work when the times have changed and national pride and national self-confidence are restored again.

The wonderful power and splendor of Japanese decorative art are a byword; the masterly sculpture of the seventh and eighth centuries is as yet rated at a part only of its value; native architecture is almost wholly unconsidered, or at least is dismissed as flimsy, erratic, undignified. I am sure this latter condemnation is wrong, and that the national architecture is just as logical, just as firmly based on the enduring laws of art, as any other style in the world. It is the perfect style in wood, as Gothic may be called the perfect style in stone. Considered as an expression of profound and subtle artistic feeling through the medium of wood it demands and must receive recognition and admiration. The great

temples are the apotheosis of this system of building, but the private houses are its basis, and in them one feels equally the logic of the construction, the clear knowledge of the essential beauty of the material.

To the Japanese, wood, like anything that possesses beauty, is almost sacred, and he handles it with a fineness of feeling that at best we reveal only when we are dealing with precious marbles. From all wood that may be seen close at hand, except such as is used as a basis for the rare and precious lacquer, paint, stain, varnish, anything that may obscure

A MIDDLE-CLASS HOUSE

the beauty of texture and grain is rigidly kept away. The original cost of the material is a matter of no consequence; if it has a subtle tone of color, a delicate swirl in the veining, a peculiarly soft and velvety texture, it is carefully treasured and used in the place of honor.

The same respectful regard is shown toward plaster. With us of the West, plaster is simply a cheap means of obtaining a flat surface that afterward may be covered up in many different ways; with the Japanese plaster is an end in itself, and well it may be! We ourselves know nothing of the possibilities of this material. In Japan it has the solidity of stone, the color of smoke and mist and ethereal vapors, and the texture of velvet.

A TEA-HOUSE

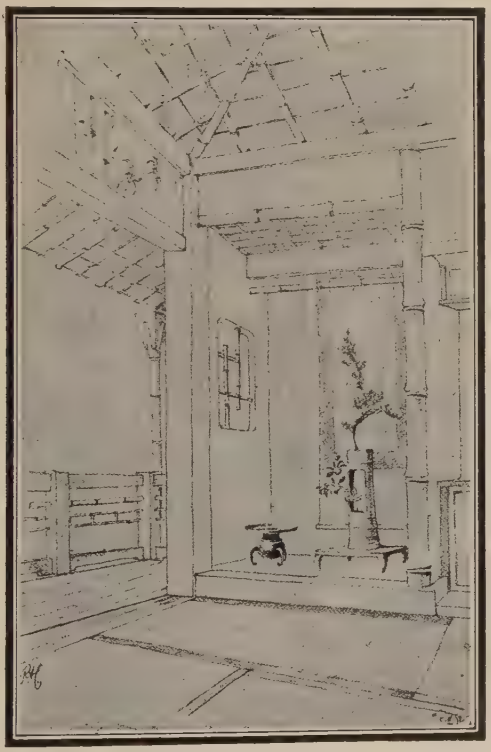
Wood and plaster—these are two of the four components of a Japan-e interior. The third is woven straw of a pale neutral green; this is r the inevitable mats that carpet all the floors. The fourth is rice per, creamy white, thin, and tough, stretched over the light lattice-ork that forms the windows and the outer range of sliding screens *hoji*), or covering the thicker screens (*fusuma*) that form the dividing rtitions of the rooms. Now and then these *fusuma* are covered with ll gold, and faintly traced with dim landscapes or decorative drawings birds and flowers, or else they are wrought with great black ideo-aphs; sometimes the paper is faintly tinted, or varied by an admixture delicate seaweed, but as a general thing, and except in a noble's *shiki*, or in some house of entertainment, the four component parts main—natural wood, tinted plaster, plaited straw, and rice-paper.

The extreme reserve that marks the architectural forms is echoed i the furnishings; they are few, and of the utmost simplicity, nothin appearing except such articles as are absolutely necessary, and there is certain austerity, asceticism even, about the native character that reduce this list of necessities much below that which would be acceptable t Western ideas. A number of thin, flat silk cushions to kneel on, one o two *tansu*, or chests of drawers, *andon*, or lamps with rice-paper screens small lacquered tables a foot square and half as high for serving food *hibachi*, or braziers, several folding screens, a standing mirror of burnishe steel, and dishes of lacquer and porcelain form the entire list, with th exception of cooking utensils, and the beds that are rolled up and pu away in closets during the day. Under ordinary circumstances a living room, even of the better class, contains nothing in the way of furnitur except what appears in the *tokonoma* and *chigaidana*. Cushions are pro duced when the room is in use by day, beds at night, small tables whe food is served, and a brazier if the weather is cold—this last apparentl as a formality, for it has no appreciable effect on the temperature. On would say that the effect would be barren and cheerless, but this is no the case, every detail of form and color being so exquisitely studied tha the empty room is sufficient in itself. There is something about th great, spacious rooms, airy and full of mellow light, that is curiousl satisfying, and one feels the absence of furniture only with a sense o relief. Relieved of the rivalry of crowded furnishings, men and wome take on a quite singular quality of dignity and importance. It is impos sible, after a time, not to feel that the Japanese have adopted an idea o the function of a room, and the method of best expressing this, far i advance of that which we have made our own.

From the moment one steps down from one's *kuruma*, and slippin off one's shoes, passes into the soft light and delicate color, among th simple forms and wide spaces of a Japanese house, there is nothing t break the spell of perfect simplicity and perfect artistic feeling; the chao of western houses becomes an ugly dream.

Except in the state residence or *yashiki*, of *daimyo*, the entrance to private house was usually without distinguishing marks, and one alighte at any portion of the narrow veranda, or *yen-gawa*, that surrounds th house; but in more pretentious structures the vestibule was a dominan feature, and nowadays this emphasis has been borrowed from *yashiki* an

emple, and is found in all houses of the better sort. This vestibule is a square porch, open in front, with a wide, curved roof. At the end is a narrow wooden platform, from which a big door gives access to the grand corridor or *iri-kawa* that surrounds and isolates the state apartments.



A BAMBOO ROOM

Opposite the door is a low, square, gilded screen in a lacquer frame, usually most gorgeously decorated; sometimes a dwarf tree stretches its gnarled branches athwart the burnished gold, or a great branch of blossoms in a precious vase gives a note of splendid color. The *iri-kawa* is a corridor, from six feet to twelve feet wide, that serves at once as a passageway and as a kind of ante-room to the chief apartments, called

jo-dan and *ge-dan*. When it leaves these rooms of honor its name changes, and it becomes the *ro-ka*, or passageway, giving access to the parlors, or *zashiki*, the anterooms, or *tamari*, the tea-rooms, or *cha-dokoro*. In addition to these rooms are the kitchens, baths, dressing-rooms, and servants' waiting-rooms, but no bedrooms as such, for any apartment serves this latter purpose, and also that of a dining-room, the beds being made up on the thick floor mats, the meals brought by the myriad servants to any part of the house, and served on many little tables of red and black lacquer.

Nor does the arrangement or decoration of the rooms differ materially. Posts and beams of natural satiny wood, wonderful plaster of many subtle colors, ceilings of narrow timbers and delicately grained boards, floors covered with straw mats two inches thick and always three feet by six feet in size. In all the chief rooms one end is formed of two alcoves called *tokonoma* and *chiga-dana*, the former to hold the picture, or *kakimono*, of the day, the other to display the selection of artistic treasures made from the stores ordinarily concealed in the fireproof *kura*, or "godown." These two alcoves form the places of honor, and in feudal times the *daimyo* sat in front of them on the floor of the *jo-dan*, raised a step above the lower half of the room or *ge-dan*, where guests and retainers assembled to pay their respects. Now the guest is placed nearest the *tokonoma*, while the host chooses a lower station.

In the *chigai-dana* and *tokonoma* are concentrated all the richness and decoration in the apartment. In the ancient palaces and *yashiki* they were of incredible magnificence, gold and lacquer, carving and precious woods forming a combination of almost unexampled richness; but in the modern house, while they remain very beautiful, they have become comparatively simple and modest. In every case, however, they show to perfection the wonderful artistic feeling of the race, for in line and color and form the combination of picture-flowers and bric-à-brac is beyond criticism. One picture only is exposed in each room, and this is changed daily. Is the master going a-fishing? Then some appropriate *kakimono* is hung in its place. Is it cherry-time, or the time of chrysanthemums, or peonies, or any other wonderful flower of Japan? Then this feeling is echoed in the *kakimono* and in the flowers that stand in front. The whole basis of artistic combination may be gained in a study of Japanese *tokonoma*, for in them one finds preserved all the matchless refinement of

eling, the result of centuries of artistic life, that raised the art of Japan the dizzy height from which Europe and America are now engaged in asting it ignominiously down.

In the ultimate analysis a Japanese house is seen to be simply a wide oor raised on posts two or three feet above the ground and matted with oven straw, covered by a low, tiled roof supported on many square osts, and then divided into apartments of varying sizes by sliding reens. There are no windows as we know them and no doors.

STATE APARTMENT IN THE YASHIKI OF A DAIMYO

Around the outside of the narrow veranda run the *amado*, or storm reens, of solid wood, closed tightly at night but slid back into ckets during the day. On the inner side of this *yen-gawa* is the ding wall of translucent rice-paper screens, through which the light mes soft and mellow to the inner rooms. Between the inner posts n the solid *fusuma* that may be removed altogether, throwing the ole space into one enormous apartment, should this be desired. modern times permanent walls of plaster have taken the place of some the sliding screens, but the greater part of the dividing partitions still main temporary and removable. Seldom more than six and a half feet gh, these *fusuma* have a space between their tops and the ceiling, and s is filled with openwork panels or *ramma*, often marvelously elaborate

in design, their delicate patterns coming black against the pearly light that glows through the white *shoji*.

Faultlessly cool, airy, and spacious in summer, a Japanese house leaves much to be desired in the cold winter of the north, for the wind filters through every crack and crevice, and the only heat comes from charcoal braziers, beautiful in design, but woefully inadequate as heating agencies. But the Japanese are a strangely hardy race, and clothed in thin silks, sit comfortably in a temperature that would chill a European to the marrow. Only in a bath is it possible for a foreigner to get warm, and here he is parboiled, for the temperature of the water ranges from 110 to 125 degrees. A bath in a private house or hotel in Japan is at first something of an experience, for the bath-room is rather more public than any other apartment; in native inns, indeed, it is often open in front, giving perhaps on a court or garden, and it is possible for a guest to boil placidly in his tank and converse amicably with the other guests and the housemaids as they pass to and fro. But what it lacks in privacy the bath makes up in beauty, for it is often fantastic in design and elaborate in its decoration, with its walls of pierced woodwork, its lofty roof, and its floor of brilliant tiles.

In plan a private house is irregular and rambling to the last degree. The corridors reach off into long perspective, the rooms open out one after another, full of varying light and subtle color; here and there little gardens appear in the most unexpected places, giving wonderful glimpses of pale bamboo groves and dwarfed trees and brilliant flowers, with silver sand underneath and tiny watercourses paved with round pebbles. Great stone lanterns and bronze storks and dark pools of water are arranged with the most curious skill, and from every room one can look always either out to the great surrounding garden, with its thick foliage and wandering brooks and curved bridges, or into the little inclosed courts dim and damp and full of misty shadows.

The world offers few experiences more unique and charming than a visit to a Japanese house of the better class. The nation itself is hospitality incarnate, and to see this at its perfection one has only to possess himself of a letter of introduction to some conservative old noble. From the moment his *kuruma* stops under the great porch he is made to feel that the house is his, the host but a humble agent who has long waited the return of the rightful owner.

The *rickshaw* rolls swiftly into the outer garden, and the brown-egged *kurumaya* gives a long, wailing cry of warning. Hardly has the *rickshaw* stopped when the vestibule doors are slid back, and between them appears an old porter in blue-gray silk, kneeling and bowing solemnly until his head almost touches the floor. Shoes are slipped off in the porch, and following the noiseless porter, one is ushered into an anteroom, to kneel on silk cushions while his card is taken to the master. Presently the *fusuma* slide softly and a little maid enters, bringing fanci-

A RECEPTION ROOM

l sweetmeats in dishes of red and gold lacquer. Kneeling to open the *suma* and again to close them, for it is an unpardonable breach of iquette for a servant to slide the screens standing, she glides away, ly to return with tea and a tobacco-box with its cone of glowing char-al in fine white ashes. The silence is profound, and there is no sound, cept perhaps the ripple of running water in the garden without, or the lash of a leaping carp in the pool, dark under overhanging azaleas or rple wistaria with its long racemes of flowers touching the surface of e water.

Finally the *fusuma* open and *Danna San* is seen kneeling and pros-ating himself in reverent greeting. He enters, and placing himself on e cushion opposite, bows again with grave dignity and inconceivable

courtliness. The long formalities of a preliminary conversation are proceeded with to the accompaniment of tea and pipes, and presently, summoned by a clapping of hands, the maids slide the *fusuma* and we pass through the wide, low corridors to the state apartments. *Fusuma* and *shoji* are wide open, and all along one side of the room lies some magical garden, even though the house may be in the midst of Tokyo or Kyoto.

One is seldom entertained in a private house, the clubs and restaurants being for this purpose, for there one can have amazing dinners, with music and geisha; but now and then specially favored mortals dine with the lord in his own residence. Let us suppose this is to occur now. The master claps his hands, the screens open, and several little maids appear, bringing lacquer tables, covered with bowls of porcelain and lacquer. Facing each other, host and guest kneel on their cushions, and the tables are arranged between them, the maids placing themselves on one side, to be of instant service at any moment, and to fill little cups with hot, aromatic *sake*. Soups of many kinds, thin flakes of opalescent raw fish, eels, lobster, and fish of every kind and cooked in every way, follow each other in bewildering succession, and finally rice appears, served from a great lacquer box. Outside, the garden is full of shifting light and subtle color. Here, where we are sitting, the room is spacious and airy, and at every point the eye is refreshed by the most delicate detail, the most refined tone, the most perfect repose and reserve. Presently, at a gesture from the master, every vestige of the feast vanishes, and we are left to smoke and talk, more intimately now, and without the many formalities that are unavoidable at first.

When the time for departure arrives, the master himself comes to the door, and servants assemble from every quarter to kneel on either side of the platform, while host and guest face each other and bow again and again, murmuring the formal phrases of leave-taking, each of which is centuries old and breathes all the courtliness and dignity of a dead epoch when feudalism was a vital and glorious institution. Shoes are resumed, the guest mounts into his *kuruma*, and as the circle of servants prostrate themselves, rolls away, bearing some gift commensurate with the rank of the host, and the more enduring memento of an unforgetable impression of refined living, courtesy the product of immemorial centuries, and hospitality that is genuine in impulse, profoundly grateful to the Western recipient.

For the courtesy and simplicity of Japanese home-life the domestic rchitecture forms a faultless setting. It is absolutely frank and straightorward in construction, perfectly simple in its form, and reserved and efined in its decorations; all the ornament is rigidly constructional, hile the furnishings are of the simplest nature and only such as the anner of the life demands. There is no ornament for the sake of ornaent, no woodwork or carving not demanded by the exigencies of contruction, no striving for picturesque effect through fantastic irregularity, o overloading of unnecessary decoration, no confusion of furnishings, no tter of trivial and embarrassing accessories. The spirit of ornamented onstruction and no other ornament whatever that characterized Greek rchitecture finds its echo in Asia. As a result the effect is more eserved, refined, gentlemanly, almost ascetic, than is found elsewhere. o greater contrast to our own fashion could be imagined. With us the rime object appears to be the complete concealment of all construction f whatever nature by an overlay of independent ornament. With waincot and marble and tiles, plaster, textiles, and paper hangings, we create perfectly fictitious shell that masks all construction and exists quite ndependently of it.

We pile up our immutable little cells in superimposed courses, cut arrow openings in the walls, and fill them with flapping doors that are lways in the way. We perforate the outer walls with awkward holes and ll them with plate glass, in order that we may gaze on a narrow back arden or a narrower street where nothing that is worth seeing ever ccurs. With wainscot and tapestry and paper hangings we strive for an ffect of protection, and then nullify it by our plate-glass windows that fford only a garish light, and in most cases a view of things not worth ooking at. As a result the rooms are chilly and without sense of proection in winter, and stuffy and oppressive in summer. The Japanese ouse is a revelation of the possibilities of exactly the opposite course. t is a permanent lesson in the value of simplicity, of modesty, of frankess, of naturalness, in art.

THE LABURNUM WALK

West Dean Park, Chichester

BY J. R. ROBSON

West Dean Park lies at the base of the Downs, on the road fro Midhurst to Chichester, in a remarkably pretty country, delightfull broken and picturesque, with the little river Lavant flowing through th wide and pastoral valley. It is a land of fruitful character, very richl wooded, with many meadows and cornfields, and it presents beautif effects of color. Either here or at East Dean, two miles away, Ass first saw King Alfred at his royal villa. About the venerable church St. Andrew the pretty houses of the village are grouped. They a clustered with roses and honeysuckle, and mosses touch their roofs wi a gay flush of color. Their hayricks and barns add much to the pret picture they present from the higher ground, amid their setting of ches nut trees.

Mr. George Gissing has well described the country in "Thyrza" "Along the stretch of the hollow the land is parceled out into meado and tilth of varied hue. Here is a great patch of warm gray soil, whe horses are drawing the harrow; yonder the work is being done by sle

WEST DEAN PARK. THE ENTRANCE GATES

A VIEW ACROSS THE PARK

VIEW IN ARBORETUM

black oxen. Where there is pasture its chalky-brown color tells of the nature of the earth that produced it. A vast oblong right athwart the far side of the valley has just been strewn with loam; it is the darkest purple. The bright yellow of the 'kelk' spreads in several directions; and here and there rise thin wreaths of white smoke, where a pile of uprooted couch-grass is burning."

A pictorial country, therefore, is that which gives character to West Dean Park, and one in many ways favored. The old house here was built by John Lewknor, Esq., in the time of James I., and was the seat of his descendants; while the present fine structure was erected about the year 1804 by James, Lord Selsey. Monuments of both these families are in West Dean Church. The house is built of dressed flints, like the tower of the old church, and is in that form of Gothic architecture which

THE HALL AT WEST DEAN PARK

was in vogue at the time, with battlements and turrets, and many mullioned and traceried windows. Its situation is excellent, and it commands a fine outlook over the umbrageous park, in which are many noble trees of various kinds, the horse-chestnuts being really magnificent; and there are great groves of beech and many splendid limes, a remarkable fern-leaved beech, also, and excellent cedars.

The gardens had been formed with great taste and judgment, and have a natural character in happy accord with the picturesqueness of the

A FINE BEECH AT WEST DEAN PARK

surrounding country. Description at any length is unnecessary. The beauty is that which belongs to green lawns, overshadowed in places by the overhanging boughs of great trees, like the noble chestnut, with the ivy about its root, which we depict. Evergreen and flowering bushes attractive shrubberies, with pleasant walks, many fine evergreen oaks Portugal laurels, multitudes of hardy flowers lifting their tall spikes o color or carpeting the soil, roses and syringa spreading their fragrance ferns clothing the shadowy hollows—these and many other familia delights of the garden are there. The rock garden by the brook i lovely in its natural charm. By the babbling stream pouring fron beneath the bridge to tell its merry tale to the woodland, countless ferns irises, and water-loving plants have their home, and the mossy stone

THE WATER GARDEN

nd sparkling water complete the picture. To turn from the open lawns, where a flood of sunlight kindles a vivid glory of color, to this shadowy reen retreat is one of those contrasts of effect so sweet and attractive n a well-ordered garden. But it is not, of course, all contrast, for the aunting poppy, the radiant sunflower, and the brilliant snap-dragons nd larkspurs have their gay sisters of the woodland. It is an effect in rt as in nature to carry a light into a shadow and a shadow into a light; nd so, in a garden, the brilliant growths of the sunshine are neighbored y the dark foliage of bushes or the somber green of hedges of yew; hile the deeper tone of the shadowy forest is lighted up by primroses nd daffodils in spring, followed by the sweet azure of the bluebell or the ummer beauty of tall fox-gloves flourishing in the shade.

UNDER A CHESTNUT TREE

Such effects as these may be observed at West Dean Park, with some table garden features also. Then how delightful it is to pass from the ck and water garden referred to into the lovely laburnum pergola! ere is a beautiful and original feature. Ivy clothes both ends of the g arched walk, and forms a low wall, as it were, at each side, being back to a particular height, while the top is covered with laburnum; l in the time of flower it is like walking beneath a canopy of gold, for rich yellow racemes hang plentifully through.

At the top of the park is a remarkably attractive arboretum. A large ural hollow in the chalk forms an enchanting and sequestered retreat, ich has, indeed, been adorned by the hand of art, always working by methods of nature. The natural wood has been cleared of its under- sh, and rhododendrons and many other bright things have been nted. The foliage is in the greatest perfection, and conifers and vering trees and shrubs flourish wonderfully. Extraordinary numbers

of choice rhododendrons fill the early summer with loveliness, and azalea and other bushes are in their company. Here may be seen the hemloc spruce, happily contrasted in color with the lighter foliage of oak, beech and lime. The purple beech is also judiciously planted, and three larg trees of the walnut-leaved ash are noticeable. The walks that intersec the lovely place are most delightful to traverse for their color an fragrance.

THE TENNIS COURT

Some Venetian Houses

BY PERRITON MAXWELL

In Venice but one new building is erected every fifty years. The tom, though painfully unprogressive, might well be emulated in some our American cities if the results proved as artistically satisfying as se of the Venetian republic. And yet your grand Venetian palace of matter what period is an architectural jewel-casket, minus the jewels. ere are water-logged palaces of Byzantine Venice more beautiful eriorly than the paintings of Turner, Ziem, and Rico show, and less itable than a stable; there are structures whose every cornice and dow-ledge are historic no less than picturesque, impressing you with ir Gothic stateliness until you long to spend your remaining days ind their colorful walls, but whose rooms are as dreary as cellars, se ancient doors sag on their hinges, and whose wooden window-ds flap disconsolately in every passing breeze. Rather a discouraging ture of the Venetian house? Yes; but please observe that the dilapi-ed and untenantable structure thus disparaged is not the typical *home* Venice. That is quite a different subject. The palace or show-se, occupied or left to its vermin, no more typifies the Venetian home n the capitol at Washington typifies the American farmhouse.

The Venetian has the advantage in selecting his home of finding a se seasoned by the centuries, with none of that raw, displeasing ect common to the best of newly built structures. With its age value house of Venice bestows that large comfort which is so easily con-ed into coziness. To own an entire house in Venice one must have e than the income of a gondolier or fruit-vender. Very few houses, matter of fact, are occupied by one family. Some of the grand old ces that have been divided into suites of six or seven rooms afford an unt of comfort not conceivable by the modern flat-dweller. Here have high ceilings, great ceiling timbers, and papered walls, all ca-le of any artistic treatment. There is plenty of light; the rear rooms king on a courtyard, usually gay with flowering bushes and hardy es, the front facing upon a sleepy canal or pointed toward the blue iatic. You have your own entrance and staircase, leading directly

from the street. Sometimes you reach your apartments by way of common hall and stairway from the ground floor. The Venetian is stickler for home privacy; he is as exclusive as a polar bear. A sociab creature in the cafés and along the quays, your gentleman of Veni hugs isolation in his home. Hence when he speaks of his home he us ally means a whole story of some charming old house, where, separate from his neighbors above and below him, he is as safe from intrusion if he were in the middle of the great lagoon.

In nearly all Venetian houses, ancient and modern, the lower windo are heavily barred with iron. Even in sparkling, picture-inspiring Veni thieves have been known to break in and steal where such precautions locked doors and barred windows were omitted. For the most part t woodwork of the smaller houses—Byzantine, Romanesque, Gothic, wh not—is crude. It seems strange that more attention was not given the early builders to this important branch of their art. But if the woo work is commonplace and lacking in distinction, the stone and stuc more than counterbalance the defect, for these are glorious. It is t beauty of its carved stone, the splendor of its stucco, that give an air grandeur to even the humblest building on quay or canal.

The heating apparatus of the average Venetian home is a squa plaster or wrought-iron stove, suggestive of the old Franklin type, wi a conical or triangular shaped hood. Very little can be said in favor these stoves, since they consume enormous quantities of fuel, giving return an unjust amount of heat. Fuel is expensive in Venice, and co sists mainly of brushwood, corn-cobs, and stout fagots, brought fro the eastern shores of the Adriatic in small coasting vessels. Coal is luxury which none but the rich can afford.

In the humbler dwellings—those at the far end of the Rio Fosca along the Rio San Palo, and back of the tower of San Silvestro—many the gondoliers live. Their living-quarters seldom number more than t rooms. Usually artistic simplicity is neither looked for nor found amo the poor of any nation. In Venice it is different. There may be fou in nearly all such homes the hooded stove, and above it the portrait the family's patron saint, tastefully framed. On the wall or in a f corner of the main or living-room is the inevitable shrine, sometimes affair of carved wood and ivory of astonishing beauty, or a plaster repli of a familiar design, with all its garishness toned down by time and t

A TYPICAL VENETIAN INTERIOR
From a monotype by Perriton Maxwell

smoke of cooking and many cigarettes. The Venetian is a home-lov no matter what his station in life, and the care of his domicile, whet it be one or twenty rooms, is an essential part of his existence. Instin tively he groups his furniture to its best advantage, and by the sa token are his prints and small treasures distributed about to their gr enhancement.

Until his family makes its appearance the young gondolier's ho consists of one living-room, a bedroom, a dining-room, or *tinello*, and kitchen. The *tinello* is the pride of the Venetian housewife. More oft than not this room has those open beams across the roof which are t dominant note in every Venetian chamber. From these beams the w hangs as many copper pots, *pignate*, and *secci* as possible. Nearly all these glistening utensils are heirlooms, tenderly gathered up from gen ation to generation and portioned out among the daughters of the hou as they marry off. On shelves ranged along the walls rows of pew plates vie in light and color with the hanging pots and caldrons. T plates are never used, but stand in shining order in their appoint places. Just before a notable festival, or on some great national family holiday, plates and pots are subjected to a thorough polishin As needful to the beauty of a Venetian *tinello* are these homely deco tions as the blue platters and copper tankards of the Holland *vrouw*.

In many of the fine old buildings latterly transformed into what m be termed "Venetian flats," both walls and ceiling will be found dec rated by a master-hand, the mural paintings and frescoes having be left untouched in the process of dividing the large salons into sm apartments. For this reason the bronzed fellow who rows you throu quiet canals at so much the hour, or ripples your gondola across t Grand Canal, may return at nightfall to eat spaghetti beneath a ceili of pink-winged loves and roses twining delightfully about a rococo trel or snore lustily in front of a bit of wall decoration, to possess wh many a wealthy connoisseur would give the price of the entire buildi Nor is the gondolier oblivious of the beauty of his surroundings. has been bred on beauty, and if his purse were as long as his artis instinct is keen, he might lie in the sun and smoke cigarettes forev with no thought of passengers for his floating cab.

The great thing about living in one of the divided-up palaces Venice is the fact that your neighbors overhead are as likely as not lin

A TYPICAL VENETIAN COURTYARD
From a monotype by Perriton Maxwell

descendants of a doge, and the gloomy folk on the floor below you th family of an exiled marquis; or perhaps the *ménage* of a broken Frenc count or a defaulting cashier from New York. French, English, Dal matian, all in the same house here, yet as completely separated fron each other as are their respective countries. It is possible to purchas outright a single floor in a Venetian house, precisely as though it were thing apart. Naturally such purchases are abundantly conditional There are those who own absolutely and free two sets of rooms—one o the sunlit Riva, for occupancy in winter; the other on the Grand Canal whose breezes will be welcome enough on hot summer days. This pla is, of course, very expensive.

One thing at least cannot escape the notice of the most careless house hunter in Venice, and that is the witness borne by all of the older palace to her early civilization and peace, whether they have been converte into modern apartments or stand undisturbed as when they were built Throughout northern Europe the houses of mediæval nobles are cheerless somber piles of stone. Even in a gay city like Florence the palaces o great families, like the Strozzi and the Medici, were built mainly fo defense, with single iron-bound external doors and huge gates, no open ings on the ground floor, and small grated windows on the entresol. Bu in commercial and oligarchical Venice, protected by her moat of lagoon and ruled with a simple but strong internal government, there was no nee for forbidding architecture. Hence, even the old Romanesque palaces such as the Fondaco dei Turchi, the Forsetti, and the Loredan, hav free means of access, broad arcades, and generous openings for th admission of light and air. From her birth the "Bride of the Adriatic has been a smiling city.

In all its architecture Venice has retained the native ideal, an idea which, traversing all styles, persists throughout, despite endless change of architectural fashion and a hundred imported whims and fancies o decoration and construction. The Dalmatians and Illyrians being amon the earliest subjects of the Venetian republic, it is quite natural tha much of Venice is built of Dalmatian timber and Istrian stone. Tha the early Venetians, with their imported materials, "builded better tha they knew" is evidenced by the perfect condition of many of the ol buildings, which after three or four centuries, show no signs of collaps no weakening of the substructure, no cracking of walls or ceiling, n

integration of mortar. And this, it should be remembered, concerns ildings that were not erected upon solid earth, but upon veritable mud-nks and far-driven piles, and whose foundations have been licked about, odded, and pulled at by the restless, uncertain sea. Venice, as an chitectural marvel, is incomparable, as a place of residence delightfully oitable, with every house a sermon in stone and every wall a moral in cco.

SEVERN END BEFORE THE FIRE

Severn End, Worcestershire

Almost the only thing that excellent Nash thinks it worth while to te
us of Severn End is that there was in the grounds there "a *sorb*
aucuparia of a very large size." It was eight feet high to the bough
and at that height the circumference of the trunk was eight feet te
inches, while the height of the tree itself was about forty-three fee
Nash adds a note to the effect that this tree was called by common fo
the "quicken tree," which, in fact, was the mountain ash, whereas it w
in English the "manured sorb, or true service tree." It is certain
capable of good service, and he thought it a pity the tree was not mo
cultivated, since it was both beautiful and hardy, the wood extreme
close and firm, "very useful for many parts of mill-work, for maki
mathematical instruments, and excisemen's gauging-sticks." Evident
Nash, himself a planter of trees, was looking at Severn End much fro
the same point of view to be adopted in these pages. True, he tells
a good deal about the Lechmeres, with their name derived from t
Lech, "a branch of the Rhine, which parts from it at Wyke, in the pro
ince of Utrecht, and running westward, falls into the Maes before y
come to Rotterdam," and their pedigree stretching from the time

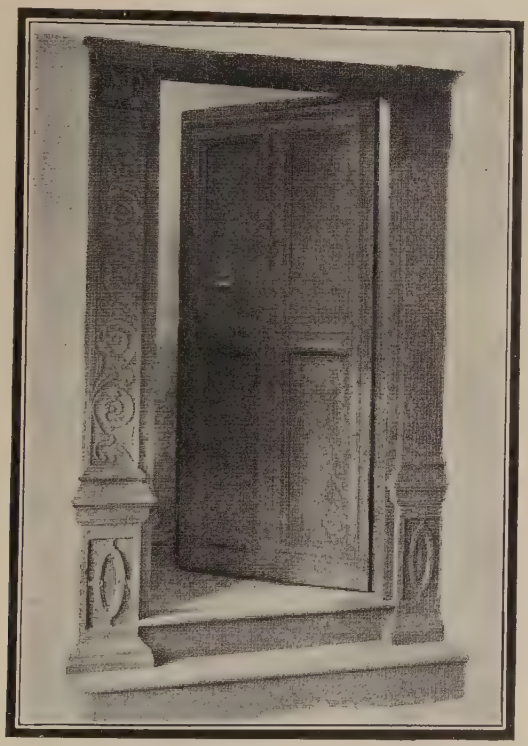
THE SOUTH WALK

THE OLD BUILDING

William the Conqueror to Nash's own day, and now to ours. There was Sir Nicholas Lechmere, a baron of the exchequer, who died in 1701, and who added those excellent brick wings, with the sound carved work, to the older half-timbered Severn End. All the character of Henry VII was upon the old house, with its oak paneling and embossed ceilings, but the work of 1670 added much to its individuality. The evil wrought by fire a little while ago to this good composite house is now being undone. Sir Nicholas Lechmere sided with the Parliament, and was present at the siege and surrender of Worcester in 1646, wherefore, when the city was occupied afresh by the king's forces, he had one hundred and fifty Scotch horse quartered upon him by Colonel Massey, who threatened extirpation to him and his posterity. At the Restoration he procured a pardon, and grew to new honors, and Nash gives an excellent portrait of him. The present baronet is the representative of his eldest son; whilst his second son was that good lawyer, but eccentric, proud, impracticable man, Lord Lechmere, who died in 1727, and of whom Nash would have

ven a portrait but, as he says, "the character of the man was so lost the immensity of wig that I did not think it worth engraving."

The position of the house is a very pleasant and extremely fruitful e, lying between the Malvern Hills and the Severn, as it flows from



AN ANCIENT DOORWAY

rcester to Tewkesbury. The fire three years ago did damage that deplorable, but the restoration is being completed exactly in the e style of good half-timber work, with the removal of some incon- ties. The slightly elevated situation commands a view over the oral country toward the Severn, and there are delightful woods and nues, and a pretty old-world garden.

Here for learned leisure and quiet contemplation, doubtless also for

leasant converse with his friends, while the fragrance of many flowers vas wafted up from below, and the song of birds sounded often from the rees, did Judge Lechmere in 1661 build himself a garden-house to serve

THE GARDEN-HOUSE ENTRANCE

s a study. The garden adopted it, if one may so put it, and invested it ith climbing growths that festooned the windows, and with moss; and nen rain penetrated, so that the plaster cracked and fell, and the storms nook it, making it become much dilapidated, and it demanded the estoring hand of the late Sir Edmund A. H. Lechmere in 1861. From nese pictures may be seen what a charming outlook there is from

THE NEW BUILDING

THE OLD GARDEN-HOUSE AT SEVERN END

hose latticed panes. Here are flowering trees, borders richly filled with white pinks, and hardy flowers redolent of perfume or radiant with

A WALK AT SEVERN END

olor, framed with deep green box edgings most effectively, and reenery clinging to the walls. An emerald lawn, with flowering trees, rilliant borders, pyramidal yews, perhaps, and dark hedges are all that e demand in a place like this. Box predominates at Severn End, and

there is one hedge of it, planted about twenty years ago, from Whitewell Hall, the Yorkshire seat of Sir E A. C. Lechmere. Ivy touches the wall by the long bowling-green and the sidewalk of the box lawn, and there is everywhere the charming note of subdued color. The old walls in the kitchen garden are covered with apricots, morello cherries, and pears, and are among the most interesting features of the place, and the kitchen garden is not without the added charm of flower borders of its own.

The park, again, is very attractive, and full of suggestion to the planter who would base his work upon the methods of former times. Severn End is a place of interest, if for its avenues alone. There are three of them in all—one of the wych or Scotch elm, another of horse-chestnut and lime, and a third wholly of lime. It is, therefore, a fine old English estate, where house, garden, and park are all good and in happy harmony for the creation of homelike charm

A Fishing-Cabin on Dartmoor

BY M. G. SPLATT

Dartmoor is a tract of land, twenty miles square, that lies high and are in the center of Devonshire—strewn with granite bowlders, and urple in August with heather and ling, and golden with gorse.

The watershed of beautiful wooded Devon is fourteen hundred feet bove the sea, and cleft here and there by the passage of the brawling reams that lose themselves therein.

Like the crofters in Scotland, the moormen of the district have in me places inclosed with rude walls (of the granite they find at their nd) an acre or two of ground. As the hills are wild and wind-swept, ey generally chose some sheltered spot by the river, and in such a spot here the East and West Dart meet, the river that gives "Dartmoor" s name, and which empties into the sea at Dartmouth) an enterprising gler, some years ago, rented from such a man a little, roughly built ttage.

The cottage is built against the side of the steep hill, about fifty rds from the river. On the opposite side a wood of larch, beech, pine, d spruce rises up against the sky; and behind, the gold and purple oor blazes all day in the sunshine.

The moorman cut away the hill to make a recess for his cottage, but s successor uses the hill on a higher level. A flight of stone steps kes you up to this second story formed by the rising of the ground, and a rch, as in this illustration, leads to an inclosed veranda, tiled with bricks.

Into this opens, with sliding doors, the large sitting-room. To make level with the veranda, it is built about nine feet from the ground, and nds on stout granite walls that form, underneath the room, a cellar r wood and peat. The stone is continued on one side only, to form the imney and large, open fireplace, and there stonework ends and pitch ne begins. The walls and roof are all of varnished pine, and the beams at support the open roof are lined with stags' heads and hunting phies.

The absence of much padded furniture and drapery is a feature of this om; the floor covered with thick linoleum of a wood-block pattern, on

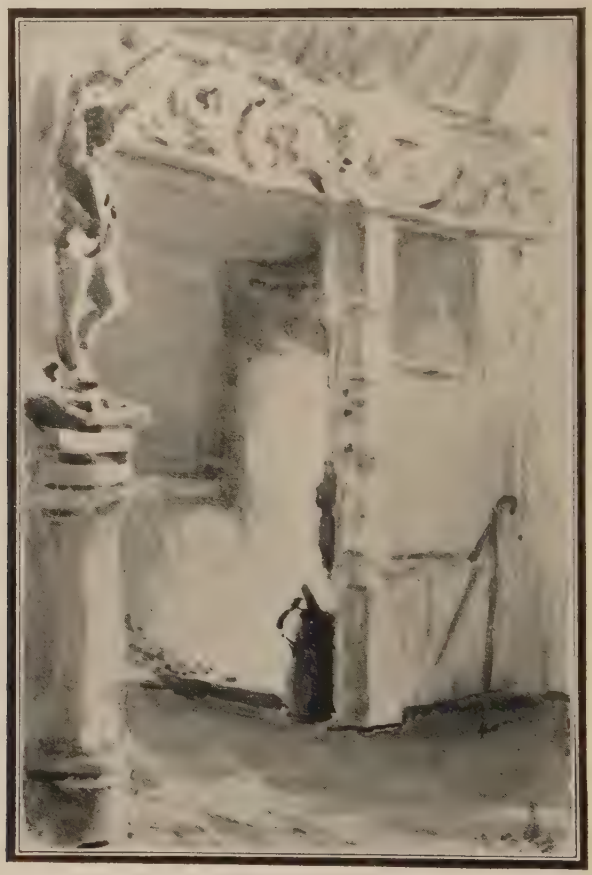
which hobnail and muddy boots make little impression, and which a damp cloth every morning restores to its pristine freshness. Iron dogs guard

PORCH OF THE CABIN, SHOWING SHIP'S JALOUSIES AND DOORS

the logs of wood in the open fireplace, and the long-handled, carved bellows stir them into life when they need it. The long window-seat and eight-legged oak tables are polished, with much "elbow-grease," as bright almost as the copper warming-pan and the brass candlesticks which stand on the mantel-shelf.

FIREPLACE AND BEAMS IN THE SITTING-ROOM

Maid servants are difficult to find and keep in these lonely moors, and a boy in canvas jacket does most of the housemaiding required—sweeps



VERANDA AND HALL, INCLOSED WITH CABIN DOORS

the floors, polishes the oak and brass, trims the lamp that hangs from the rafters, builds up the log fires.

The veranda roof, supported by pine poles, was formerly opened at one side to the moor. But Devonshire being a county more given to

ANTLERED ROOF IN THE SITTING-ROOM

ain than sunshine, to run the gantlet of wind and weather each time ou moved from sitting-room to dining-room, or to your bedroom after oasting over a roaring log fire in "chill October," was not quite pleas-nt; yet to board it with pine boarding, like the rest, would have made t dark and gloomy. An economical and ingenious idea struck the owner. At Plymouth, twenty miles away, are ship-building yards and ship-break-ng yards. For many years the old wooden ships that have lain in the Hamoaze like neglected servants of an ungrateful country, grimy, eather-beaten, gray, and paintless, have one by one drifted into this nacker's yard, and near the water's edge have been ruthlessly broken p, and their melancholy fragments sorted and piled in heaps for sale. Here one may pick up for a song odds and ends of various descriptions hat in a few years' time will be no longer purchasable, for there are few f the wooden ships left.

Almost the last was a Spanish vessel that was taken in the Napoleonic wars, and after fighting a space against its youthful comrades, settled down in quiet times to the purpose of a powderhulk, all the fittings being first taken out and sold to the ship-breaker.

There was a chance for fifty pounds to buy her woodwork of the best—all the paneling of the captain's cabin, all the doors of the deck cabins, with little mahogany-framed windows in each, shelves and brackets, moldings and beading, cupboards and lockers, teak carved pillars, that had supported the upper and lower decks, cabin fittings, pantry fittings, compass stands and ship ladders, ship's copper lamps and lights, solid mahogany, made in the best days of ship-building, seasoned and colored with the artistic hand of time.

Gilt and carved oak work, scrolls of oak leaves and acorns, anchors and crowns, lions and unicorns, "quatre badges" that adorn the outside of the stern cabin windows, and had felt for many years the salt spray crusting on their intricacies, now find a peaceful and decorative end forming a frieze to the veranda of the mooriand cabin. For this heterogeneous collection has all worked in to a useful and picturesque purpose, with a quaint and fascinating result.

The cabin doors with the windows have been fitted into the veranda, turning it thus into a hall in which all the upper rooms meet, where the winds of heaven once visited it too roughly. Paint and varnish have made all ship-shape, and when the windows are closed and the rain and wind rule outside, one might almost fancy the "Conquesquedor" still at sea; and with the windows open the little squares frame charming peeps of river, wood, and garden where the sun pours down over the moor.

A binnacle stand holds the lamp, and another in a corner a figure of carved wood. A polished mahogany door, framed by two teak stanchions, with the gilt scroll-work overhead, in this sketch, shut off the stone steps that lead to the dining-room in the original cottage below.

The dining-room is the former parlor of the moorman's cottage; the uneven whitewashed walls (uneven as a result of his primitive knowledge of masonry) have been boarded over, which reduces the dimensions. But this has its advantage, for as there was no room for big furniture, it has been fitted up with ship-pantry fittings, all of beautifully made dark mahogany. The result is a cabin-like appearance, a combination of tidi-

A CORNER OF THE PANELED ROOM

ess and convenience. You stretch out your hand, and all you want is eady to it.

Wine-glasses hang from the racks, tumblers rest each in their respec-ve holes; knives and forks in the boxes screwed against the walls that nce held the ship's keys; plates in the ship plate-holder, boxes that are stened in the corners.

The pipe-racks over the fireplace, and the soda-water and whisky and screwed on either side of the fireplace, ready to hold your grog fter a hard or a wet day; and they share the place of distinction with unting prints, fishing prints, foxes' masks and brushes. There is just oom to swing round from the dining-table, and your toes are before the

fire and your pipe and glass at your hand. What better after a hard day's sport?

Above this are two little bedrooms, also boarded and furnished with cabin fittings. The corner washstand has above it the chart-case, now serving the equally useful purpose of a medicine cupboard. Lockers screwed on to the walls take the place of dressing-tables and chests of drawers, and answer all bachelor requirements. Beside the wooden bunk of solid dark teak stands an equally solid compass-binnacle stand, that holds the candles proof against upsetting. A copper ship's-lantern swings between the doors as it once swung at the masthead, and gives sufficient light to guide the weary (or otherwise), uncertain steps of the sportsman "down below" to bed.

Many suggestions of electric lights worked by the water power of the stream at the bottom of the garden have been made to the owner, who, however, still clings to the nautical harmony of her ideas.

But the best of the ship's collection has been used to panel the bed-sitting-room of the lady of the house, which was added after the rest of the wooden building, and stands on fir poles, five feet high and built entirely of wood. The door is in a corner of this room (which is square, with a bay window), and opens on the hall veranda, and one mounts a small staircase, formed of cabin bulkheading, each bulkhead with its little window, to get to it. The whole of the room is paneled with mahogany and bird's-eye maple paneling—once the fitting of the captain's cabin, and one hundred years of polish and age have given a tone to the wood quite like Rembrandt in coloring. Gold and brown everywhere are the prevailing tints, except in the bay window, where grayish blue curtains form a soft relief. One might almost once more picture here the poop cabin, with its port windows and corner seats.

A screen of maple paneling, forming on one side a small picture gallery, and on the other the backing of the toilet table and chest of drawers, to which are screwed shallow keg cupboards and shelves, now used for toilet necessaries, divides off a corner of the room. Round the room, forming a frieze, is a shelf, formerly the receptacle for hats and caps, when the "stormy wind did blow" and everything "does roll" in the ward-room. It is made of dark mahogany, with small turned pillars that support the rail that secured the head-gear, but now makes a china shelf of admirable strength and lightness. Each panel is divided with a

maple-wood pillar, crowned with a carved wood capital of white and gold, the arms of the ship in the center; these support the shelf; and the looking-glass is framed with a white and gold molding of the same pattern. And over the doorway a scrolled, carved, and gilt molding forms the headway.

The effect of this room is very quaint; a sense of color and cleanness and brightness, the result of polish and varnish, makes an effective background for china and pictures. The gold and brown paneling of the corner is reproduced in the bed-cover, an Indian embroidery of a dull golden hue, the border that forms the valance a dark brown with dull gold work.

Beside the bed is a little shelf, such as one sees in cabins for bottle and jug holding, reading-candle, flower-vase, and clock. Another small shelf at the bed head contains all the solace of a sleepless night. By stretching your hand over your head you may find many an old friend ready with a friendly hand-grip in return, to soothe you once more to dreamless repose. The bed itself is a spring mattress screwed on to French castors, and a touch of the finger will wheel it into any position. Beds are generally unnecessarily cumbersome; and when one realizes how much the difficulty of moving them for cleaning purposes must hamper the most thorough housemaid, the plan of this one seems a decided improvement.

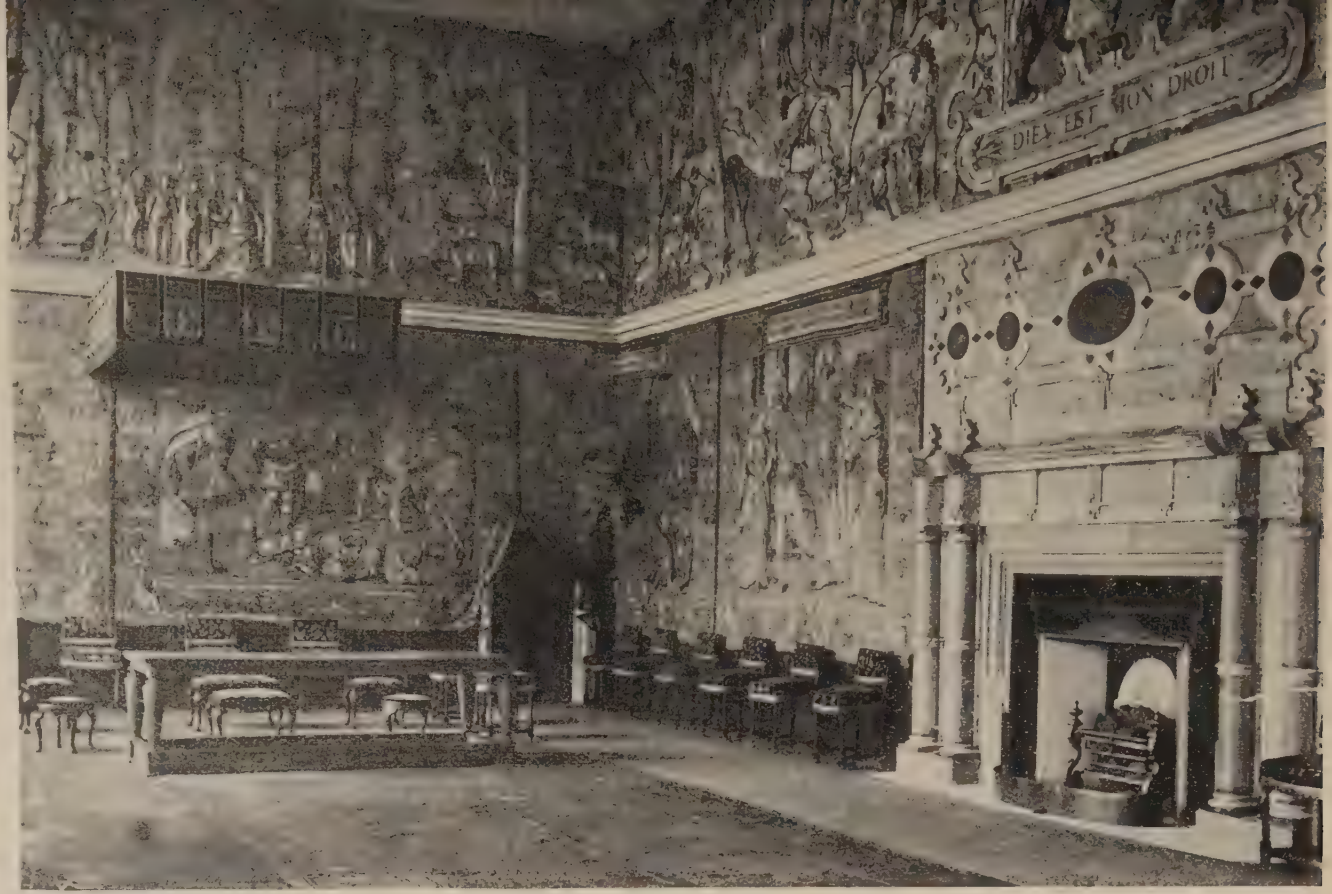
The final touch that makes a complete whole of the house is the identical flag-staff from which floated the ship's ensign, and from which now lazily flaps or waves against the purple moor an appropriate flag of gold and brown, emblem of well-earned peace.

Hardwick Hall

BY B. J. B.

Hardwick Hall lies in the northern half of Derbyshire, an hour's drive from Mansfield, a little market town on the borders of Sherwood Forest. It is a large and imposing house of a somewhat pretentious architectural disposition, its vast windows and rigid lines giving it the effect of a huge lantern set up on high to light the surrounding country. The old jingle satirizing these defects, "Hardwick hall, more glass than wall," is perhaps not unjust in its description, but whatever its shortcomings to the eye cocked for severe criticism, Hardwick looks like what it is (or was), the home of a great English nobleman, fond of display and magnificent in his tastes. It is a place of much historical importance and the focus point of many picturesque traditions, but only one or two of them can find a place here. It was built by Bess of Hardwick, countess of Shrewsbury, at the latter end of the sixteenth century, and stands to-day much as she left it, her initials in stone still crowning the elaborate cresting of the corner towers and embroidered in shrubs on the stiff beds within the walled fore-court. Bess was a famous personage in her time. No one of the feminine sex but the captive Mary of Scotland and Queen Elizabeth enjoyed so much notoriety. She was an indefatigable money-maker and money-spender, a woman of masterful character, but of rare beauty and wit. Born an heiress, she was married four times, and with each succeeding husband her greed for wealth increased and her ambitions widened. When she died, in 1608, a few years after Elizabeth, her court at Hardwick was little less than royal, and she ruled over it in the vigorous fashion of her mistress, with a careful eye and a sturdy hand. The great house seems to me to express something of its builder's character, her proud, hard, disdainful nature—no doubt its architect (his name has not come down to us) had reason to guess her disposition and put something of its spirit into stone.

In 1608 Hardwick with Chatsworth and much else passed to William Cavendish, the countess's son, and to the head of the Cavendishes, the duke of Devonshire, these two great places still belong. It is to this (the long possession in the same prosperous family) more than to any-



THE PRESENCE CHAMBER—HARDWICK HALL

THE ENTRANCE HALL

ning else that Hardwick owes its remarkable preservation and the magificent tapestries with which its walls are hung. The discerning tourist ill find no better spot in England for studying the merits and character f an Elizabethan house of the first order, furnished as its builder might ave furnished it, and except for some bareness of detail here and there nd one or two alterations made for later generations, suited to the eeds and habits of a great Elizabethan nobleman.

The main building is approached through a fore-court of generous xtent and elaborate design. This is a common feature in the architecure of the time, and served as a walled garden where the family could alk at their leisure and in entire privacy. It is not hard to picture to

one's self Elizabeth, jeweled and furbelowed as Zucchero has painted her, in the gallery above, parading about among the flowers and ornaments, followed by a troup of courtiers, her pale face, fuzzy, yellow hair, and sharp chin framed in a monstrous ruff. The queen came to Hardwick several times, and no doubt was gorgeously entertained. If the traditions which describe the festivities held in her honor at other places hold good for Hardwick, it must have strained even Bess's economics to amuse her jealous sovereign.

Within the house all is color, and warm, rich beauty. Halls, bedrooms, chapel, and stairway, even the anterooms and entries, are hung with tapestry. Much of it was evidently woven for the spaces it occupies, and was contemporary with the first owners of the house, but there are many later pieces of the darker, riper hues, and freer, easier designs which the seventeenth century brought into fashion. The Audience Chamber, a great hall sixty-five feet long and forty feet wide, stretching across the front of the house at the third story, where the middle bay juts out, is a most noble and unique room, alone worth a trip from London (I might say from America) to see. The elaborate tapestries represent a story from the Bible, and the splendid plaster frieze above, a mythological hunt (the Renaissance never meddled with the propriety of associating heathen gods and Jewish heroes, but took all in good faith that came to its hand); and Diana and her nymphs can be seen grouped together over the canopy which shaded the throne, in compliment no doubt to the virgin queen, who sometimes occupied it. This frieze was once highly colored. The yellows and greens are now faded and dim, but the decorative value is unaltered, and the treatment of trees, plants, and even of the ridiculous animals, stiffly standing under the protecting branches, could give many of our modern artists, commissioned to decorate a government building, a lesson in simplicity and repose which would not come amiss.

Another illustration shows the picture gallery, its walls first "coated" with tapestry and then overlaid with pictures; a sharp eye can distinguish the portrait of the presiding countess hanging at the end. But a catalogue of the rooms at Hardwick would be interminable and useless without the photographs to illustrate them. One of the most charming of all is the dining-room, cast in a more modern mold although dating from the same period as the rest of the house, in which an American

THE DINING-ROOM

could readily sit down to dinner and not guess that he had arrived three centuries too late.

Most of the other rooms at Hardwick are draughty or incommodious, too little or too large; the whole is badly planned for our present needs and unsuited to our ideas of comfort. The family to which it belongs evidently finds it so. They seldom come there, and then only for brief visits. It exists now more as a museum than a private palace. The fortunes of the old house are abating. To the north it looks out across a rich, fertile valley to where, on clear days, the murky clouds overhanging the manufactories of filthy Sheffield stain the horizon. Driving back to Mansfield you will pass one or two hideous collieries belching out smoke and ashes, and if you choose Chesterfield as your rallying spot, you will come upon them in half dozens instead of couplets. It is not the only house threatened by the black wealth lying deep down below its foundations. There are many more through all that part of the country, some of them dangerously near devastation. Thank heaven, the coal mines, which curtail wonderful old parks and throw down centuries-old trees, supply surer incomes to guard what is left, and if the duke of Devonshire, when he comes to Hardwick, sees out of his windows factory chimneys where once were only clean sky and grassy meadows, his tapestries, his woodwork, and his pictures are only the more carefully and thoroughly guarded within.

THE DINING-ROOM

A Glimpse into a Scottish Home

With furnishing and decoration, as with everything else, the prevailg tendency is to continue in well-trodden paths. The majority of those whom we look for our home surroundings seem incapable of thinking r themselves, for scheme after scheme comes from their hands, based n the old familiar lines, and there are few in which any spark of originity whatsoever is to be discovered. "Custom," says Carlyle, "doth ake dotards of us all," and it is certainly true that the designer who ermits himself to be bound hard and fast by tradition loses by degrees s power of original thought, if he ever possessed any. For this reason,

THE HALLWAY

if for no other, any evidence of the existence of a creative faculty displayed in the beautification of the homes of this or any other country should be accorded the heartiest welcome, and the spirit actuating it

hould be encouraged with all possible enthusiasm. Correct renderings f historic styles are all very well in their way; we have nothing to say gainst them. But if they are permitted to constitute the Alpha and mega of the decorator's endeavors, then any sort of progress may be oked for in vain.

In the two photographs of a Scottish house—Leadcameroch, N. B.—hich have given rise to these reflections, there is evinced a desire on ie part of the artist responsible for them to avoid the commonplace, id thus it is that they find a place here. Of course, the effect of both chemes depends greatly upon the coloring adopted, and a brief descrip-on is necessary to explain the illustrations.

The floor of the dining-room is of oak, the woodwork white through-ut, and the ceiling of the same color. The frieze is a woven fabric of lk and linen, the background being of white linen, upon which, in silk, re pink roses and green leaves, with touches of cornflower blue and urple through the design. The contrast of the bright finish of the silk ith the dullness of the linen background is a most useful one. In the aded glass the same colors as those predominating in the frieze are nployed, the ornament being in rich tones relieved by clear transparent ass. The fireplace, with its dull blue tiles and metal work of polished on, is quite in keeping with its environment.

A glimpse of the entrance hall is given in one of the illustrations, and ere again the ceiling and woodwork are white. The door leading to it of oak, with lead glazing of green and white, set off by the warm tones hammered copper; the frieze is ocher in tint, with a sanded surface, enciled in white, blacks, browns, and rich yellows.

For these designs credit is due Mr. George Walton, of London, hose ideas have been admirably carried out by Messrs. George Walton Co., Ltd., of Glasgow, Scotland.

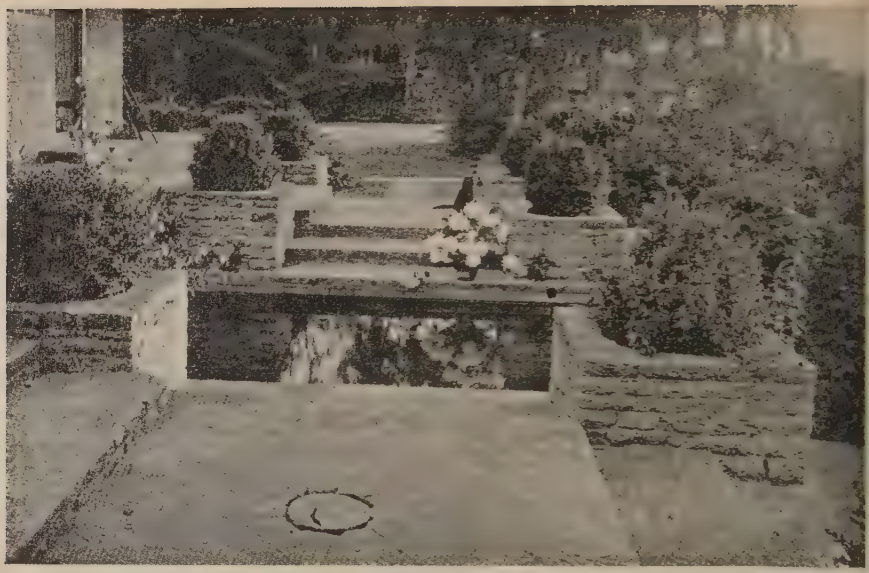
A BEAUTIFUL GRASS WALK

Munstead House

Attractive as is Munstead House itself, it is much more remarkab for the garden that surrounds it than for its own dignified proportion It is a fortunate fate for a place to secure an owner who is an expert landscape design; and having written several able and beautiful boo on gardening, Miss Jekyll manifestly knows what to do with her ow She has not attempted to "build stately," for stateliness would have be out of place with the site at her disposal, but she has certainly given t world an object-lesson in the manner of gardening finely. Climbing t hill toward Hascombe, on the way from Godalming, the wayfarer tur aside to the left, by a sandy track of the most unpretentious kind, w

THE GARDEN DOOR

rub trees and open land on his left, and a plain oak paling on his right. nd then, after a while, he enters a little gate, not wide enough to mit a vehicle, and pursues a simple path, with grass and heather and shes on either side, leading directly toward a grayish yellow stone ll, which looks as if it had stood for scores of years, although, as a tter of fact, it has stood but a very few years; and then, turning to right, he is in the porch, if porch it be. No cottage could have an proach more humble or less ostentatious. Grand hydrangeas in simple os flank the entrance to the porch, and the door is of plain and solid k. Indeed, substance, solidity, plainness, and the absence of pretense e the distinguishing marks of the whole house. Inside, again, there



THE TANK AND THE STEPS LEADING TO IT

ENTRANCE TO KITCHEN GARDEN AND THE GARDEN COURT

THE WORK-ROOM AND THE SITTING-ROOM

THE OAK GALLERY

s little which flashes upon the visitor or astonishes him; all is beautifully lain and massive. At first he simply feels that everything is exactly as should be. It is only little by little that he realizes the details that roduce the feeling—the width of the hall, with its huge beams still earing the adze marks, the fine proportions of the fireplace with its lowing fire of oaken billets, the noble array of ancient pewter in the ining-room, the massive simplicity of the staircase, the light and space f the gallery with its immemorial beams, the interest of the thousand nd one "things" dear to a woman's heart, for many reasons, stored in ie cupboards at the side.

From the window of the hall, the view is absolutely restful. The eye

rests upon a little lawn, fringed with birches, the most graceful of English trees, with rhododendrons, glorious in due season, at their foot; and through them, and between scrub of Spanish chestnut later, runs a broad green path, at the end of which one sees the warm stems of a Scotch fir, which survived in the days of the great cutting. Even at this point it must be plain that these harmonies between house and environment, this fashion in which the house takes advantage of every view of the wood and garden, and the wood and garden miss no view of the house, must be the result of careful thought on the part of some person or persons. Nature has been compelled, so to speak, to group the trees. There has been but little planting, but where the birches predominated their rivals have been removed; and so it has been with the other trees. The paths, or many of them, are broad and straight, and the sandy soil makes them springy and dry to the foot. Here in summer you come across groups of those giant lilies, ten feet high and more, the embodiment of stately purity and the pride of Munstead. There, near the cottage, are rampant and luxurious roses of the simpler kind. Here, alongside the birches, is a group of brilliant cistuses, and well placed elsewhere is azalea mollis. The purple of the autumnal leaves of the blackberry, the gorgeous hues of the autumnal fungi, are not forgotten. In fact, that wood is a perfect example of how much may be done to improve a wild spot without depriving it of its essential wildness.

The rule by which to produce such garden effects is simple in enunciation, difficult in the following. Group boldly with a thought of all the seasons and of all the colors; form many successive pictures in your mind—pictures which shall be harmonious in themselves and compatible one with another—and make them. That is the beginning and the end of the whole matter, but it is also where the imagination of the artist comes in. For the rest, the golden rules are two: not to be a slave to tidiness, and not to attempt to grow plants which do not like your soil.

IN THE PARK AT ARDEN

The Home of Madame Modjeska

The estate in Santiago Cañon, away back upon a spur of the Coast ange Mountains in Orange County, California, has been the possession Modjeska for more than a quarter of a century. It is a spot that nnoisseurs of art and lovers of nature find almost ideal. The drive to is made across the fertile Santa Ana Valley, through orchards of anges and lemons and thousands of acres of waving grain. In the nter the uncultivated land is a carpet of wild flowers, where fields of ming yellow poppies and dainty "baby blue eyes" and scarlet "Indian int brush" blossom riotously.

ARDEN—THE FRONT VIEW OF THE HOUSE

The gradual ascent from five hundred to twenty-five hundred feet above the sea level is scarcely felt as one passes up the cañon, through groves of immense live oaks and gnarled old sycamores, under a tangle of wild grape-vines and other creepers, crossing again and again a little mountain stream winding down to the valley below. With skill and taste this beautiful drive has been made most attractive. Wide detours are taken to spare the trees, rustic bridges span the restless stream, while giant bowlders covered with lichens remain untouched in picturesque beauty along the way. A sudden turn in the cañon brings one to Modjeska Park, a natural park of stately trees, two miles beyond which stands the house. It is a lone, rambling, one-storied house, with broad piazzas and vine-clad trellises.

"Arden" embraces two thousand acres, about seventy of which are in orchards of oranges, lemons, nuts, and deciduous fruits. Around the house are velvet lawns and flowing fountains and rare shrubbery. In the background rise purple peaks and mountain solitudes. The house is quaint and picturesque. It has French windows and broad verandas

THE MUSIC-ROOM AND LIBRARY

here awnings, hammocks, and cosy seats make outdoor life possible uring all the summer months.

Mme. Modjeska's own room—her den—is the library. It has triple ullioned windows and a quaint stone fireplace. Engravings, etchings, aintings, rare Persian rugs, old mahogany furniture, and deep-seated ather chairs make this room most alluring. Carved oak bookcases fill e side of the room opposite the long French windows that open upon e mountain view. Madame's work-table is filled with books of plays d volumes on stage costumes and stage settings. Scrapbooks of amatic criticisms and theatrical events and photographs of noted play- s are in picturesque confusion.

Among the valued pieces of furniture is a quaint little black, brass- gged table of the time of Queen Elizabeth which was presented by

"Joe" Jefferson to Count Bozenta. Above this table hangs a miniature picture on porcelain of Marie Antoinette.

The books number perhaps two thousand—books in French, Russian, Polish, Italian, and English. A magnificent edition of Balzac, the gift of Alphonse Daudet, occupies a place of honor, for Mme. Modjeska considers this writer among the greatest novelists of the century. Shakespeare in many editions and many languages is here, with critical and analytical essays and commentaries galore. Sienkiewicz's works in Polish are upon the shelves, each volume an author's copy. Photographs, water-colors, carvings, and many ornaments adorn the room.

The dining-room, a long, low, sunny apartment, has a great brick fireplace and a recessed stained-glass window. The walls are hung with many art trophies, among which is a collection of arms, old swords, ancient cutlasses, crude battle-axes and murderous javelins. Many of these are the gifts of famous people, and are historic in value.

The music-room is a charming spot. A grand piano occupies one end, and there are also a beautiful harp and a collection of musical instruments representing many countries. The whole interior of the home is filled with art treasures from all parts of the globe.

The acquirement of "Arden" belongs to a chapter in the life of Modjeska, dating as far back as the centennial year, 1876, for it was in this year that she, with her husband, Count Bozenta Chlapowski, came to America with a society of Polish artists and attempted to found a colony in southern California.

There is possibly no other story of communistic life quite like this, for this company of idealists, unlike the Brook Farm or any other community, had no problem to solve, no class privileges to settle, no philosophy to promulgate. They came, about thirty in number, a company of happy, ambitious young people fleeing from Poland from the political suspicion that had become almost a reign of terror. They sought a free government, and a climate of semi-tropic beauty.

The artists, led by Modjeska and her husband, included Henryk Sienkiewicz, Michael Kroschiki, the painter, and Carl Vladskot, the poet. Besides these men there were other artists, editors, poets, orators, full of life, of enthusiasm, longing to establish a home for denationalized genius, where political censorship was unknown.

ARDEN

This company had, in Cracow, Poland, belonged to a club, which met t one another's houses, where they discussed music, art, poetry, and too ften the downfall of their beloved country, which was in the possession f the Russian aristocracy.

Modjeska's husband was purely Polish. His great-uncle, General Chlapowski, was aide-de-camp to Napoleon, and commanded a wing of he French army in its march to Moscow. The count was, therefore, nought to be dangerous to the government, and his career was fre- uently interrupted with political imprisonment, resulting finally in xile. No wonder that he and his artist wife dreamed of a free life cross the water in an Arcadia of their own making.

The founding of the colony, the coming to America in 1876, the set- ement in southern California, and its misfortune and failure are well

known; also the drifting back of the Polish artists to their native country—all save Modjeska and her husband.

To Modjeska the failure of the communistic scheme brought no loss of courage. She retained her love for the Sunny South, and very soon after her fame was established she returned to the scene of her experiment in community life and bought this tract of land in the cañon of Santiago, adding to it as time passed on, and finally building there a summer retreat.

Adelina Patti's Castle

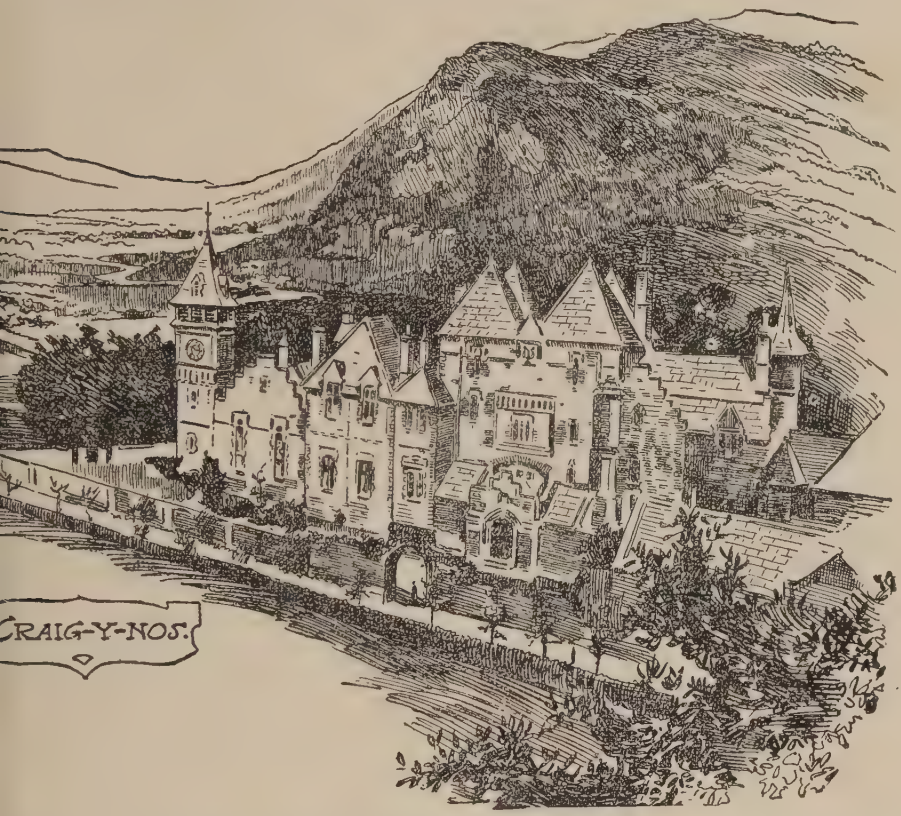
American dollars were chiefly instrumental in buying a castle in Wales more extensive, more beautiful, and more luxurious than most of the mediæval heroes managed to win by years of fighting at the head of their henchmen. Adelina Patti bought this castle through the simple process of turning her silvery notes into less musical but more substantial bank-notes at unprecedentedly high rates of exchange. Now she is tired of her vast plaything, which is too far away from London, and requires too much time on the crawling trains. She loves society, gayety, and admiration, and they could not always be had out under the shadows of the great "Rock of Night," from which her castle took its name.

Craig-y-Nos is the sort of castle you dream about. If Aladdin, instead of rubbing his lamp, had been required in the specifications to sing a song in order to get whatever he wanted, he would have been a prototype of the fascinating lady who is now styled Baroness Patti-Cederström, with two little dots carefully placed over the "o." In the first place, the view out over the wild bit of Breconshire down toward the bay of Swansea is romantic enough for any taste. It used to delight Signor Nicolini, Patti's second husband, especially, for it included glimpses of purling trout streams, and after he became too ill to follow his beloved fishing, he used to lie out in the sun-bathed conservatory, where he could see some of his choicest pools and dream of the big trout that hid there waiting for him. The castle has its own electric-light plant, telephone and telegraph station, and all sorts of hot-houses and conservatories and vineries, with a big winter garden under whose glass roof Patti's guests get all the delights of out-doors in mid-June while the dome of the Rock of Night, which towers above the castle, is capped with December's snows.

One of the most remarkable features of the place, built since Patti bought the castle, in 1878, is its theater, as completely equipped in most respects as any playhouse in the west end of London. When La Diva and some of her friends are amusing guests with a stage performance, the floor of the auditorium rises back from the stage as in any other theater. When the place is wanted for a ballroom, Patti's engineer turns

a handle somewhere, and lo, the floor sinks to a level. The mistress of Craig-y-Nos would have been famous as an actress if she had not been busy reigning as the queen of song, and some of her comedy bits on the castle stage have been as finished and artistic as if she had been brought up in the school of Joe Jefferson and Wyndham. The stage-curtain portrays Patti as Semiramide, and the same face peers out at you in one guise or another from every nook and corner of her castle. Doubtless the gracious baroness is not unduly fond of her own counterfeit presentment, but if her adorers insisted on supplying her with all manner and quality of paintings, photographs, and busts of herself, there was manifestly nothing for her to do except put them up in good places—so there they are.

Naturally enough, Patti likes to live much in the past, making the excitement of former glories keep the present from becoming humdrum at times. One odd result of this fancy is a room well-nigh filled with trunks and cedar chests, in which are preserved with tenderest care the costumes used in Patti's greater rôles. They have been kept complete, from caps to stockings. She likes to go and look at them once in a while, and for specially favored guests they are taken out and displayed in full glory. More precious yet is a doll of modest quality, whose name is Henriette. It was the good fortune of Henriette to be presented to Patti on the occasion of her first public appearance at the age of seven years, in Niblo's Garden, New York, and the doll is as carefully cherished to-day as if it were an only child. The Queen of Song used to chum about frequently with ordinary queens and kings, and her palace is crowded with interesting mementos of them, as well as of her triumphs over humbler admirers. A cabinet in one corner of her boudoir is especially dedicated to royalty. Emperor William I. of Germany, with whom she used to promenade when he was taking the waters of Homburg (although she is said to have declined the honor one hot day on the ground that it bored her), has the place of honor with an autograph portrait, and half of the crowned heads of Europe are there to keep him company, usually enhanced in value by the autograph of the donor, and framed in gold and diamonds. At a rough estimate the jewels, art objects, golden wreaths studded with diamonds, and other souvenirs, from tiny pianos powdered with diamond dust to golden birds with ruby eyes and emerald wings, which have been presented to La Diva by her



dmirers, should be worth fully a million dollars. If any further indication were needed of her personal magnetism, it can be found in the names that have been bestowed upon her. La Diva is the one that pleases her most. After hearing her in "Rigoletto," Verdi wrote to her, calling her is "true and only Gilda." To Berlioz she was "La Petite Fauvette." Hans Richter wrote in her famous autograph album that she was the "Meister Saengerin," and Rossini referred to her as "La Pattina." Incidentally, and quite aside from pet names, she was in turn the Marchioness de Caux and Signorina Nicolini before becoming the Baroness Cederström.

The chatelaine of Craig-y-Nos is the sort of hostess who doesn't

worry her guests. They retire when they like and get breakfast when they like—anything, so long as they appear at dinner at the first stroke of seven and do not ask to drive on Sunday, for Sunday is a day off at the castle, and when the hostess wants fresh air on that day she dons walking-shoes and goes after it in person. Guests are expected to do likewise. The hostess is rarely visible in the morning, although she is usually up and about by eight. She spends most of the forenoon in looking after her large correspondence. The chosen resort after dinner is the larger of the castle's two billiard-rooms. Baron Cederström is a crack shot at billiards, and his wife also handles a cue well. They have an unequaled opportunity to show their mettle here, for the table was bought at the world's fair in Chicago and is said to be one of the best ever built. This billiard-room is unique in another respect, too, for it contains what is supposed to be the finest orchestrion in the world. It cost fifteen thousand dollars, and represents, as fully as mechanics will permit, an orchestra of sixty performers. Its repertory is well-nigh inexhaustible, although it is significant of its owner's taste that the music is chiefly operatic and of the French and Italian schools—no Wagner for this song-bird! Incidentally, the largest piano in the world is likewise sheltered at Craig-y-Nos, although it is not contended that the merit of pianos depends altogether on superficial area. With all these treasures, it is not surprising that the baroness is extravagantly afraid of burglars. She has fitted all the windows with an elaborate system of electric wires attached to alarm-bells, and moreover, has two sentinels to pace the castle grounds day and night.

The great songstress has taken wonderfully good care of herself, at first because her calling made it necessary, and afterward from habit, and like her chief rival, Christine Nilsson, she looks to-day scarcely older than twenty years ago. There is a curious parallel, by the way, in the lives of these two queens of song. Both were born in 1843 in the midst of poverty; both were famous at eighteen; they retired at about the same time, and thereafter Patti, who was born in Spain, married a Swedish nobleman, while Nilsson, who was born in Sweden, married a Spanish nobleman, Count Casa de Miranda. Both are young at heart to-day, and it may be that the stage has had something to do with it.

THE RECEPTION-ROOM

The Home of the Concord Antiquarian Society

BY CLARKE N. MUNROE

One of the most interesting small museums in the country belongs to he Concord Antiquarian Society, and is an invaluable refuge for the udent and collector. The society was organized on December 13, 1886, nd at present its president is John S. Keyes, and its secretary, George olman. But the collection itself was begun long ago by a newsdealer Concord named Cummings E. Davis. Some thirty years before the

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organization of the society, Mr. Davis began scouring the country in search of old furniture, china, and brasses. He was not particularly popular in Concord, but he gradually managed to ingratiate himself with the farmers and country people, and with the assistance of some unexplained magnetism, to secure their treasures. It was done in the simplest way at first, and some of the articles which he secured for little or nothing have since been returned to heirs who complained that Mr. Davis had taken advantage of the ignorance of their parents. His judgment was good, and his taste excellent, so that he was able to make the most of the fortunate conditions of the time. There were very few dealers at that period who had come to realize the value of this old mahogany, and the New England housewives had begun to dislike it. The desire for things new and glittering is a very human quality, and even the descend-

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ants of the Puritans were not always above it. Yet at that time the neighborhood of Concord was singularly rich in colonial products, and it needed only such astuteness as belonged to Mr. Davis to bring together articles of great beauty and value. The photographs here reproduced give some idea of the extent of his researches and the value of his plunder.

When the society was formed, in 1886, Mr. Davis was made custodian, a position which he held until his death. The museum is situated on Lexington Road, and is open during the day, with a small admission fee. The object of the society is "to collect and preserve objects of antiquarian and historical interest and to stimulate research into local history and antiquities, especially of the towns included in the old limits of Concord." The present membership is one hundred and fifty, and regular meetings are held on the first Monday of every month,

THE KITCHEN

except July and August. When Mr. Davis died, some years ago, the collection was left in the hands of trustees, who were to keep it up adequately in the same place. The house itself is a good example of colonial architecture, having been built by Francis Fletcher in 1730, and gives space enough to display the collection effectively. Excepting that the original small windows were replaced in 1815 by larger ones, and a one-story addition was built in 1860 on the east end, the house is not greatly changed from its original appearance. An L at the rear covers the same lines that the shop of Reuben Brown, saddler, covered in 1775. The shop was burned by the British soldiers April 19th of that year—the only private edifice to suffer The mantels, the woodwork, and the wall-papers are all typical of those in our grandfathers' houses. There are

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE KITCHEN

many corner cupboards, which serve to display the quaint old china, and the huge fireplace in the kitchen holds appropriately the cranes with their pots and kettles.

As for the furniture, it is enough to make a dealer wild with envy, and very few modern housekeepers who care for simplicity and beauty in their homes can enter this museum without breaking the tenth commandment. There are fine old sideboards, lightly and heavily built; there are mahogany desks and bureaus and tables; and the variety of chairs would furnish a cabinetmaker with ideas enough to last a lifetime. There are spinning-wheels, of course, and spinets, and sofas which show the fine old wood or the elaborate covers of upholstery. The quaint gilt-framed mirrors are in evidence, and are quite as delightful as if they did not distort one's features out of all proportion. In the west chamber is

WEST FRONT CHAMBER

a great four-poster, with elaborate hangings, which have draped it since 1774; and everywhere are candlesticks of all sizes and shapes. One particularly fascinating corner is also in the west chamber, where a mahogany buffet is covered with the glass which we have forgotten how to make. If one may judge from the variety of design in goblets and decanters, and the number of them that still exists, our ancestors did not go thirsty. The very glass itself must have been another temptation; its irregularities have so much character and witchery.

The hangings on the bed in the east chamber look somewhat like a Dolly Varden petticoat, and there are other suggestions of the same little lady in the coverlet and some of the upholstery. Lafayette once slept upon this bed, and John Brown of Harper's Ferry dreamed away many

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE WEST CHAMBER

night under its patchwork quilt. The highboy in this room is a master-
ece. But perhaps the most fascinating room in the museum is the
tchen, where the simple and stiff little chairs, the straight-backed settle,
e churn and spinning-wheel seem to carry one back into the old life.
ll the strange old utensils are here, from the pierced lantern and leather
ail hanging from the ceiling to the tongs and the long-handled shovel
d the andirons. The wooden steins on the eight-legged table look as
they expected to be used within the hour, and the square table is set
th pewter for tea. It is a valuable work that Mr. Davis did in forming
is collection, and one that will grow more and more valuable with the
ars.

There are many things of historical as well as of artistic value in the

THE EAST FRONT CHAMBER

museum, and in the photograph of the front hall may be seen a number of relics of the old French and Indian War, the Revolution, Shays's Rebellion, the War of 1812, the Mexican War, and even the Civil and the Spanish-American Wars. The sword of Colonel James Barrett, commander the Americans at the Concord fight, is hung on the wall, and that of Samuel Lee, the first British prisoner taken on that occasion. On the summer beam of the room hangs at the left the musket of one of the two British soldiers killed at Concord North Bridge—the first two English weapons of the Revolution. In the parlor there is an old "Court cupboard" of 1638, and it is something of a curiosity to find one of the earliest American-built pianos.

A word must be said for the arrangement of the articles, as it is most unusual to find a museum which looks so much like a home. The aim

A DIFFERENT VIEW OF THE EAST CHAMBER

ıs to make the collection appear natural and unstudied—as much like a ·ictly private collection as possible. Such labels as were necessary ve been placed on the backs of the pieces of furniture, or in other rners where they are not too easily seen, and there are no signs forbid- ng the public to handle the articles exhibited. This makes a great fference in the beauty of the collection, and it is infinitely more inter- ting to see in this way, than if the chairs were arranged in rows and gged in the usual stiff museum fashion Labels and warnings against espassers interrupt the continuity of thought and break in too bruskly on such reminiscences as we practical Americans indulge in. It is eresting to learn from the secretary that this method of arrangement— s trustfulness—has not resulted in loss or damage. He reports that ere has been no thievery or injury through the carelessness of visitors. There is a similar museum in Deerfield, to which Mr. Sheldon has

THE KITCHEN AND THE RECEPTION-ROOM

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given a good part of his life, and that, too, contains many articles that are rare and precious. But in Deerfield they are rather more crowded than in Concord; their quarters are less spacious, and the display somewhat too compact. Such enthusiasts as these keep the memory of our forefathers green, and fortunately their lives can bear invasion. Most of us would tremble at a visit from our great-grandson, for his critical and rather scornful eye might not be pleasant to see. It would be the part of wisdom to furnish our houses so that the generations that follow may not be ashamed of them. But after all, in such an effort there may be serious mistakes, and our grandsons may be perverse enough to like just the things we expect them to criticise. Probably we shall have to go on committing our own errors in our own way, and living up to our own ideals of comfort and luxury, mistaken though they may be.

ROOM WHERE ADAMS AND WASHINGTON SLEPT

The Old Hancock House at Lexington

BY ABBOT McCLURE

At Lexington, Massachusetts, stands the old Hancock house, famous as a Revolutionary landmark, and containing in its queer little rooms many very interesting old articles that would add great value to any collection.

The exterior would attract little attention from the passer-by were it not for a sign that informs you that in "1775 this house was occupied by Washington and Adams on the night when Paul Revere warned them of the enemy's approach."

VIEW FROM THE KITCHEN TO THE STUDIO

There are two doors by which you can enter the house; one opens on the street, and the other, which is in the gable end, opens on a pathway leading from the sidewalk.

On the ground floor are three good-sized rooms, besides the funny little hall, with its winding staircase, and two very tiny rooms used, probably, for storage purposes. All the rooms open into one another; so you can start from the room on the right of the entrance, and form a half circle, coming out through the door at the left.

The room at the right of the entrance was used by Hancock as a study and contains many interesting articles. The old desk and chair that stand near the window were used by Washington; also the ink-well and quill pen upon the desk. The portraits that hang upon the walls are

A CORNER OF THE KITCHEN

those of the Hancock family, but age has so cracked the canvas that it is rather difficult to distinguish the features. The other pieces of furniture are interesting in their design, all of them being very old and worn by hard usage. On the opposite side of the room is the fireplace, with its spark-screen and queer old iron andirons, with goose-neck tops and odd little spreading legs. In one corner is a quaint shovel with a little, slim handle, and in the other stands a pair of bellows, blackened with age. On the fireplace hangs an old wooden candle lantern, two old guns, a powder-horn, and a funny brown jug, all of which could tell many an interesting tale.

Standing by the fireplace, you next look into the queer old kitchen, with its board walls, and heavy beams supporting a neatly whitewashed

A CORNER IN THE STUDIO

ceiling. At the further end of the room and in the corner stands the old fireplace, surrounded with many interesting relics. In front of the fireplace are several warming-boxes; and a round box used for melting snow, which was quite essential in those days. On the crane which projects from the walls of the fireplace hang an iron kettle and an iron tea-kettle, both very old. Over the fireplace on a shelf are a number of fine pieces of pewter belonging to the Hancock family. The pewter platter is over one hundred and fifty years old, and shows its age by numerous dents and scratches, which are visible in the accompanying photograph. On either side of the platter are two sperm-oil lamps, two brass candlesticks, and two queer hand-lamps, one of glass and one of pewter with a little scroll handle. Over the platter hang the old butter-scales,

THE OLD KITCHEN FIREPLACE

roughly made of wood, and hemp cords twisted for strength as supports for the square holding-blocks. A shovel hangs at the right, manufactured by one of the members of the Hancock family. At the left there is a funny old high-back settle with roof top, and above it hangs the old leather mail-case. The queer little chair is one of the arm-board pattern, made so that the occupant can sit and write and read with ease, but the getting in and out is a difficult matter, as you must diminish in bulk so as to slip between the arms. The other pieces of furniture in the room consist of a large round table, two queer chairs, an open cupboard filled with various old articles, pewter platters, brass kettles, a long-handled warming-pan, a wool-comber, an old boot of the Hancock family, and several pictures. On the wall beside the cupboard hang the doctor's

THE OLD FOUR-POSTER

medicine-case and revolver-case, both of leather, and very old. You now leave the kitchen, and by a funny little winding staircase ascend to the second floor, where you find three queer little rooms, all empty and very barren to the eye. Hurrying through these, you find yourself in the front bedchamber, which corresponds to the study below. In this room were several old paintings and a spinning-wheel, which constituted the furnishings.

Now passing through the upper hall, you enter the bedchamber, in one corner of which stands the old four-posted bed, with its canopy top and spread made by Mrs. Hancock's sister and presented to her as a wedding gift. The little card warns visitors "not to touch the draperies, as they will fall to pieces owing to old age." You have now visited all

the rooms of interest upstairs. Having ascended by the back stairs, you naturally conclude to descend by the front staircase, which takes you to the little hall below.

Instead of entering the door at the right, you enter at the left, which opens into the bedchamber occupied by Washington and Adams on the memorable night mentioned in this article. This room is very interesting, as it contains several old colonial articles There is quite an interesting story about the wall-paper. Of course, as the house stood empty for so many years, it became damp, and as a result the paper peeled from the wall and disappeared in a mysterious way. Not many years ago a piece of the old paper was found in the garret, and brought forth to see what could be done in reproducing the design. An exact copy was finally made with which the walls are now papered. The draperies on the bed also matched the paper, but are so faded that as a copy they are worthless. The fireplace, like the others, is very plain, having several old relics hung over it to add to the attractiveness of the room. The glass case on the wall near the door contains a few pieces of wearing apparel belonging to some member of the Hancock family.

Ruskin's London Homes

If John Ruskin was not born exactly within the sound of Bow Bells, the great thinker and art critic first saw the light, and spent the first few years of his happy and peaceful childhood, not far beyond the reach of their merry chimes. Indeed, it is more than likely that in 1819, when the metropolis was not so crowded nor so noisy as it is to-day, it was quite possible to hear the city's church bells in the green fields and open spaces which still existed in the neighborhood of Brunswick Square. Be that as it may, however, Ruskin's father lived at No. 54 Hunter Street at the time, and there it was that his son was born.

In spite of much malignant criticism from writers of cheap fiction in our own day, the neighborhood is not now, nor was it then, the frowsy place which it is generally supposed to be. Few districts in the heart of the metropolis, in fact, can boast of so much picturesqueness, rural and otherwise, as that immediately to the north of the British Museum and the Foundling Hospital, and sunrises and sunsets may sometimes be seen above its leafy squares as grand as ever gladdened the great heart of Ruskin himself. Neither these beauties, however, nor the many literary and artistic associations of the neighborhood, had a place in the life which Ruskin lived in Hunter Street, though he has admitted that even before he left there for Herne Hill, the bent of his character was to a large extent already determined.

In his charming autobiography he says that his father began business as a wine merchant in Billiter Street, with no capital and a considerable amount of debts bequeathed by his parent. He succeeded so well, however, that "as days went on, he was able to take a house in Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, No. 54 (the windows of it, fortunately for me, commanded a view of a marvelous iron post, out of which the water-carts were filled through beautiful little trap-doors by pipes like boa constrictors; and I was never weary of contemplating that mystery and the delicious dripping consequent); and as years went on, and I came to be four or five years old, he could command a post-chaise and pair for two months in the summer, by help of which, with my mother and me, he went the rounds of his country customers

JOHN RUSKIN'S BIRTHPLACE, NO. 54 HUNTER STREET, BLOOMSBURY, LONDON

(who liked to see the principal of the house his own traveler); so that at a jog-trot pace, and through the panoramic opening of the four windows of a post-chaise, made more panoramic still to me because my seat was a little bracket in front (for we used to hire the chaise for the two months out of Long Acre, and so could have it bracketed and pocketed as we liked), I saw all the high roads, and most of the cross ones, of England and Wales, and a great part of lowland Scotland, as far as Perth, where every other year we spent the whole summer."

The family lived until he was more than four years old in Hunter Street the greater part of the year. For a few weeks in the summer they went to breathe the country air, "taking lodgings in small cottages (real cottages, not villas, so called) either about Hampstead, or at Dulwich at 'Mrs. Ridley's,' the last of a row in a lane which led out into the Dulwich fields on one side, and was itself full of buttercups in spring and blackberries in autumn; but my chief remaining impressions of those days are attached to Hunter Street."

From a very early age he was subjected by his mother to a discipline which, though kind, was almost "monastic," as he calls it himself. He was not provided with toys and other delights as children generally are, but was expected to provide his own amusements. The nature and effect of the maternal government at Hunter Street may be seen in the following passage: "Being always summarily whipped if I cried, did not do as I was bid, or tumbled on the stairs, I soon attained to a serene and secure method of life and motion." Neither was he pampered in the matter of food, for he recollects living in lodgings in Norfolk Street, while the house in Hunter Street was once being done up, from the fact that it was there that he first tasted raisins. His mother one afternoon surprised and delighted him by actually giving him three of these toothsome morsels from a cabinet. In other respects, also, the firm hand of the mother influenced his character, and laid the foundation of that painstaking habit of work upon which he afterward prided himself.

There can be no doubt that his training at Hunter Street made a deep impression upon him; and there was little change made when, in his fifth year, the family removed to Dulwich. The studies, the self-provided amusements, and the summer excursions already alluded to, were only varied by an occasional and pleasant visit to his aunt who lived in Croydon, in a little house which was still standing in 1885, "the fashionablest

in Market Street," Ruskin calls it, "having actually two windows over the shop in the second story." We have seen that even before the removal to Herne Hill the family had already become familiar with the rural beauties of the district, and that no doubt influenced Ruskin *père*, then growing more successful in his business every day, to take the house there which loomed so large ever afterward in the life of his famous son.

The house at Herne Hill, with its garden of almond blossoms, has been often described, and few Londoners but know its whereabouts. He refers to it in "Preterita" in a passage which is well worth quoting: "It commanded, in those comparatively smokeless days, a very notable view from its garret windows of the Norwood hills on one side, and the winter sunrise over them; and of the valley of the Thames on the other, with Windsor telescopically clear in the distance, and Harrow, conspicuous always in fine weather to open vision against the summer sunset." Thus between Bloomsbury, Hampstead, Dulwich, Herne Hill, and Croydon, the greater portion of Ruskin's youth was passed in the manner already described. Of the summer excursions through England and Scotland he retained through life the most vivid and pleasant memories; but he would not allow that they affected to any considerable extent the thoughts and mental tendencies acquired at home, his love of work, of the humble and the pure, and his exalted notions of kingship, and the duties of an aristocracy. He saw nothing in his wanderings to convince him that life would be made more "pleasantly habitable to him in Brunswick Square by the pulling down of Warwick Castle." In another place we find him writing: "While I never to this day pass a lattice-windowed cottage without wishing to be its cottager, I never yet saw the castle I envied to its lord"; and, continuing: "It is evident to me, in retrospect now, that my own character and affections were little altered by them, and that the personal feelings and native instinct of me had been fastened, irrevocably, long before, to things modest, humble, and pure in peace, under the low red roofs of Croydon, and by the cress-set rivulets in which the sand danced and the minnows darted about the springs of Wandel. . . . Under these circumstances what powers of imagination I possessed either fastened themselves on inanimate things—the sky, the leaves, and pebbles observed within the walls of Eden—or caught at any opportunity of flight into regions of romance compatible with the objective realities

of existence in the nineteenth century within a mile and a quarter of Camberwell Green."

It need only be added that in 1885, sixty-two years after being first brought to live at Herne Hill, Ruskin found the place little changed, and was able to walk from the Fox Tavern to the Herne Hill Station, imagining himself merely four years old.

TUCKAHOE—APPROACH THROUGH GARDEN

The Homes of the Randolphs

BY KATE MASON ROWLAND

It is interesting to note the connection of old families with the old houses they inhabited. Especially is this so if the family has had talented scions and representatives. And among American families, none, perhaps, has surpassed that of the Randolphs of Virginia in the number of the name or blood who have attained distinction. We find them among men of letters, statesmen, jurists, soldiers, and bishops, from the sons of the immigrant down to the present day. It was a daughter of William

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Randolph, of Turkey Island, who was the mother of Virginia's early historian, William Stith. From Elizabeth Randolph, another daughter of the immigrant, descended Light Horse Harry Lee of the Revolution, and his illustrious son, General Robert Edward Lee. The sons of the latter, Generals Custis and William Fitzhugh Lee, were descended also, through their mother, from the eldest son of the immigrant, the second William Randolph, of Turkey Island. From the second son of the immigrant, Thomas Randolph, of Tuckahoe, descended Chief Justice Marshall, while from the third son, Isham Randolph, of Dungeness, descended Thomas Jefferson. The Right Rev. William Meade, bishop of Virginia, and historian of its "old churches and families," was of the Randolph blood, through Richard Randolph, of Curles, fifth of the sons of the immigrant. And of the Randolph lineage, through Thomas Randolph, of Tuckahoe, is the gifted Virginia novelist, Constance Cary Harrison.

The most prominent of the Randolph name, from the Revolutionary period down, easily recur to the memory of the student of American history. These were Peyton Randolph, the patriot and statesman, president of the Continental Congress; Edmund Randolph, attorney-genera

WILTON—FRONT ENTRANCE

and secretary of state of the United States, and at one time governor of Virginia; Beverley Randolph, governor of Virginia in 1788-91; Thomas Mann Randolph, governor of Virginia in 1819-22; the brilliant and eccentric John Randolph, of Roanoke, and General George Wythe Randolph, secretary of war of the Confederate States. To these may be added the cultivated man of letters and poet, the late Major Innes Randolph, C. S. A.; the scholarly and eloquent bishop of southern Virginia, the Right Rev. Alfred Magill Randolph; and Harold Randolph, son of Innes Randolph, in whom is found the musical genius of the family.

It was about the year 1669 that William Randolph, younger son of Richard Randolph, of Morton Hall, in Warwickshire, went out from his English home to try his fortunes in Virginia, and to found there a family worthy of his honorable descent. Of his seven sons, five lived and died

in Virginia, and are known by the names of their estates there. All of these plantation homes were on or near the James River. Turkey Island, where William Randolph resided, was a large landed estate in Henrico County, on the north bank of the James, twenty-five miles below Richmond. The island received its name, it is said, when it was first discovered, in 1607, because of the abundance of wild turkeys found there. The mansion house at Turkey Island was destroyed by the fire from Federal gunboats in the war between the states. Tuckahoe is in Goochland County, twenty miles above Richmond. It was built in 1674, by William Randolph, the immigrant, nine years before the birth of the son who inherited it. Oldest of the Randolph places now standing, for this and for other reasons the most interesting, perhaps, of the Randolph homes. Dungeness is also in Goochland County. Its early owner, Isham Randolph, was a man of scientific tastes and acquirements, as we learn from the correspondence of the two botanists, Peter Collinson and John Bartram. The former, in a letter to his friend, in 1737, who is about to visit Virginia, describes the residence of Isham Randolph as "thirty or fifty miles above the falls of James River, in Goochland, above the other settlements," and he thinks it a "very suitable place to make a settlement at, for to take several days' excursions all round."

Doubtless Jefferson inherited his love of the natural sciences from this maternal ancestor, Isham Randolph, of whom Collinson writes as among the few Virginians he knew "curious in our branch of knowledge." Tazewell Hall, the home of Sir John Randolph, knight, the one of the five brothers most distinguished in his day, though all were prominent, is in Williamsburg, then the capital of the colony, and the only city the early Virginians cared to have. Sir John Randolph's home is still in a good state of preservation, as is the residence of his son, the distinguished Peyton Randolph, which is also in Williamsburg. Curles Neck, or Curles, is on the James River, twenty miles below Richmond, and a bend in the river separates it from Turkey Island. Five miles from Curles, and fifteen miles below Richmond, is Varina, which in 1773 was the home of Ryland Randolph. The English traveler, Smythe, writing at this time describes it as "a most lovely and delightful spot, an elegant building, but unfinished, occasioned by the owner's versatility of taste and perpetual alterations." Varina, now known as Aiken's Landing, was long the county-seat of Henrico, and received its name

TUCKAHOE—THE SALON

from the Spanish tobacco, varinas, which the tobacco grown here was said to resemble. Tradition points out the spot as the place of residence of those picturesque ancestors of Ryland Randolph, John Rolfe, and the Princess Pocahontas.

The eldest son of William Randolph, second, Beverley Randolph, inherited Turkey Island, and two other sons, Peter and William Randolph, founded the families of Chatsworth and Wilton. At the time of Smythe's travels in Virginia, 1773, Chatsworth was the home of Colonel Peter Randolph's son, William Randolph, and Smythe writes of the mansion as "a very good house with an agreeable perspective."

The estate of Chatsworth, on the north side of James River, less than five miles below Richmond, was the birthplace of Beverley Randolph,

TUCKAHOE—NORTH STAIRWAY

governor of Virginia, of the immediate ancestors of Bishop Randolph; and of Anne Randolph (Mrs. William Fitzhugh, of Chatham), the grandmother of Mrs. Robert E. Lee. Chatsworth remained in the family until the death of the last male member of his line, William Beverley Randolph, some twenty years ago. The old mansion house was destroyed by fire, and the house now on the estate does not occupy the old site and is not visible from the river. Smythe, while in Virginia, made "several little excursions" from Richmond to the houses of the planters on James River. Among those from whom he received "particular attention and civilities" was Thomas Mann Randolph of Tuckahoe. This was the father of Martha Jefferson's husband. With his wife Anne Cary, his daughters Mary and Elizabeth, girls of seventeen and fourteen, and a

WILTON—HALLWAY

family of younger children about him, Thomas Mann Randolph, Sr., was living at beautiful Tuckahoe in 1779, when Aubury, one of the British officers who was a prisoner on parole in Virginia at this time, visited him, and described Tuckahoe in his "Travels in America." "Many gentlemen around Richmond," wrote Aubury, "though strongly attached to the American cause, have shown the liberality and hospitality so peculiar to this province, in their particular attention and civilities to our officers who are quartered here and in the adjacent country." He mentions Colonel Randolph of Tuckahoe as "among those who are most distinguished in this line." Others named were Colonel Archibald Cary, of Ampthill, Thomas Mann Randolph's father-in-law, and the latter's near neighbor, William Randolph, of Wilton. Then our traveler adds: "It may not be unnecessary to observe that the Randolphs are descended from one of the first settlers in the province of that name, and are so

numerous that they are obliged, like the clans of Scotland, to be distinguished by their places of residence." Aubury spent a few days at Tuckahoe, which he thus describes: "It is built on a rising ground, having a most beautiful and commanding prospect of James River; on one side is Tuckahoe, which being the Indian name of that creek, he (Colonel Randolph) named his plantation Tuckahoe after it; his house seems to be built solely to answer the purpose of hospitality, which being constructed in a different manner than in most other countries, I shall describe it to you. It is in the form of an H, and has the appearance of two houses, joined by a large saloon; each wing has two stories, and four large rooms on a floor; in one the family reside, and the other is reserved solely for visitors. The saloon that unites them is of considerable magnitude, and on each side are doors; the ceiling is lofty, and to these (the saloons) they principally retire in summer, being but little incommoded by the sun, and by the doors of each of the houses, and those of the saloon being open, there is a constant circulation of air. They are furnished with four sofas, two on each side, besides chairs, and in the center there is generally a chandelier; these saloons answer the twofold purpose of a cool retreat from the scorching and sultry heat of the climate and of an occasional ballroom. Colonel Randolph possesses that fondness for horses which I observed was peculiar to the Virginians of all stations, sparing no trouble, pains, or expense in importing the best stock and improving the breed, and it was with no little pleasure he showed us a fine one named Shakespeare, which he imported just as the war commenced. There was a stable built purposely for this horse, in which was a recess for a bed for the negro who looked after it, that he might be with it at night."

The Marquis de Chastelleux journeyed through Virginia in the last years of the Revolutionary War, and he also has something to say about the Randolphs. He gives an interesting account of General Bull, of South Carolina, who had been with Greene's army, and who had taken refuge later in Virginia. There he had carried his flocks and his herds and his negroes; and arriving at Tuckahoe, its hospitable owner, who was an old friend, had given him a piece of ground near his house, on which a temporary dwelling had been built by General Bull's negroes, where he dwelt in peace and security, surrounded by his servants and other belongings, until Virginia also was invaded. Going from Peters-

TUCKAHOE—SOUTH STAIRWAY

urg to Richmond, Chastelleux tells of his crossing "the small river of Randolph over a stone bridge." The party lost the way, but our traveler says: "We had no reason to regret our error, as it was only two miles about, and we skirted James River to a charming place called Warwick, where a group of handsome houses form a sort of village, and there are several superb ones in the neighborhood; among others that of Colonel Cary (Ampthill) on the right bank of the river, and Mr. Randolph's (Wilton) on the opposite shore." And the marquis goes on to add: "One must be fatigued with hearing the name of Randolph mentioned in traveling in Virginia (for it is one of the most ancient families in the country), a Randolph being among the first settlers, and is likewise one of the most numerous and rich. It is divided into seven or eight

WILTON—FRONT PARLOR

branches, and I am not afraid of exaggerating when I say that they possess an income of upwards of a million of livres."

Wilton, which was built by William Randolph, third, early in the eighteenth century, is six miles below Richmond, and is a large brick mansion on a high bluff overlooking the river, with a terraced lawn surrounded by fine old trees. It is a thoroughly colonial mansion, in a perfect state of preservation. The two tall chimneys at each gable end, the small, square window-panes of the embrasured windows in their arched recesses, quaint and picturesque features of the building, are interesting details of its architecture. A large, square front porch opens upon the lawn, and upon entering the front door one finds one's self in an immense superb hall, wainscoted from the floor to the ceiling of the upper story

WILTON—BACK PARLOR

which appears above a broad grand stairway, going up in the rear of the hall, a little to one side. The stairway seems meant for stately bridal processions and sumptuous social festivities, many of which, doubtless, the old hall has seen. Two large rooms open from each side of the hall, giving a pleasant sense of spaciousness. Opposite the front door, one equally large opens upon a broad porch, from which the river can be seen when the foliage of summer is not there to hide it. Here lived, in 1765, one of the reigning belles of the colony, charming Anne Randolph, called by Jefferson and his college chums "Nancy Wilton." Jefferson wrote a letter in this year to John Page, of Rosewell, telling him that Ben Harrison, of Brandon, had gone courting to Wilton, and wondering what would be his luck. His suit was successful, and "Nancy Wilton" became Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, of Brandon. Her portrait, painted in England by Sir Thomas Lawrence, hangs on the walls of

Brandon at the present day. Wilton was the home of Innes Randolph, and the estate remained in his father's family until the period of the war between the states.*

The two lines of the Randolphs, of Tuckahoe and those of Dungeness, are found united in the descendants of Thomas Mann Randolph, Jr., and Martha Jefferson. And their grandson, Mr. Jefferson Randolph Coolidge, Jr., of Boston, now owns historic old Tuckahoe. It had not belonged to any of the name or blood since 1830, when sold by Thomas Mann Randolph, until purchased by the Coolidges, in 1898. On the 19th of last April, Mr. Coolidge had a family reunion of the Tuckahoe Randolphs, principally his Virginia cousins, who were entertained on the grounds of this oldest of the homes of the Randolphs.

Tuckahoe, which has always been distinguished for its beautiful location, is situated on a lofty bluff, below which lies a broad stretch of low ground, and beyond this flows the James River. The mansion, which has been well described by Aubury, is of a type not unusual in Virginia during the colonial period, and is notable as the first frame house built west of the falls of the James River. Among the outbuildings which are still standing, the old schoolhouse is pointed out as of peculiar interest, because it was here that the boy Thomas Jefferson was taught, with his young Randolph cousins, the first rudiments of learning. On the old window-panes at Tuckahoe are scratched some of the names of those who once dwelt there. The earliest name found is that of "Thomas Randolph, 1688." Others are those of the several daughters of the first Thomas Mann Randolph; Mary, who was the young lady of the house when the British officers were there in 1780, Judith, Nancy, and Jeanny. In the old garden at Tuckahoe—a garden bordered with great box hedges like that of Westover, these two being the finest box gardens in Virginia—is the Randolph vault. Here lie buried Thomas Randolph, of 1688, with his wife and several later generations of the family.

*The editor wishes to express his indebtedness for several photographs to Mrs. Ellen Cornwall formerly of Rochester, New York, who now resides at Wilton.

A PAVED COURT, WITH VINE-COVERED LATTICE

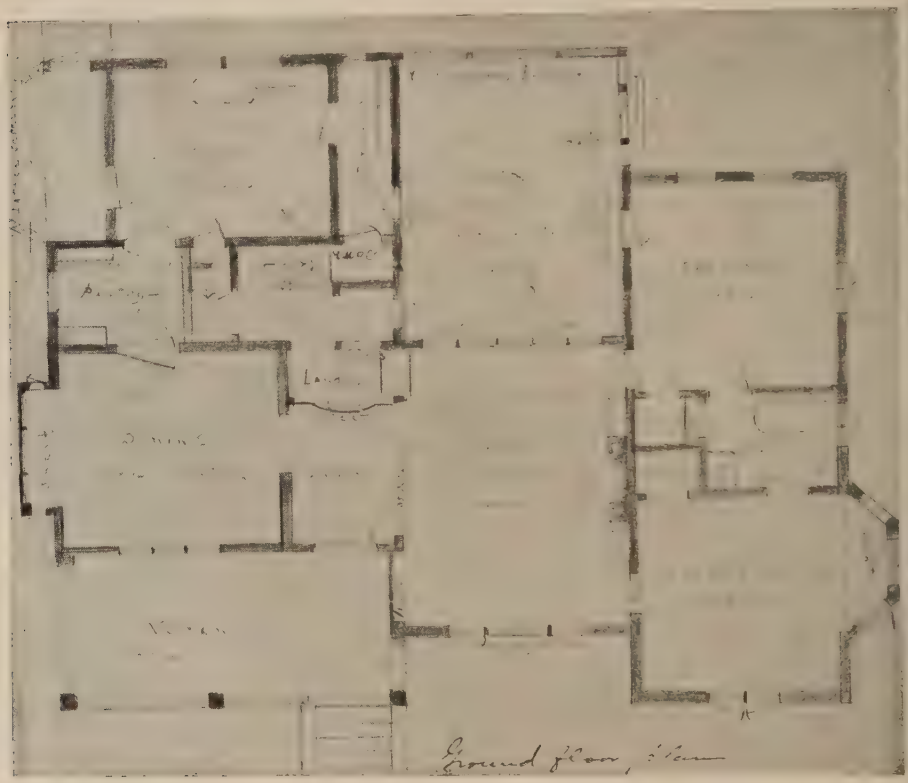
In Regard to Cottages

BY UNA NIXSON HOPKINS

"While I never to this day pass a lattice-windowed cottage without wishing to be its cottager, I never yet saw the castle I envied to its lord."

Ever since the time when the primitive savage began to imitate the nests of birds and lairs of beasts to provide himself a habitation, one of the chief ambitions of man has been the making of an attractive dwelling-place.

Vitruvius, the most ancient writer on architecture, lays down three principles as indispensable in the construction of a building, stability, utility, and beauty, indicating that beauty is the great climax for which



we have always been striving. The element of beauty usually receives its due amount of consideration from the prospective builder of a pretentious establishment, where the services of a competent architect and skilled workmen, together with rare woods and the products of rich quarries, are apt to bring forth this quality. But it is for the consideration of beauty in the construction of the small, inexpensive dwelling that I would make a plea. Simplicity of outline, adaptability to location, harmony of coloring, economy of space in interior arrangement are to be studied with zeal by the would-be cottager. Nor should the services of an architect be omitted in the building of a simple cottage; therein lies the chief difficulty. The prospective builder of a small house who looks at his pocketbook with discouragement is apt to have a common builder

"copy a house he has seen," and so secure a badly proportioned box. He would much better eliminate some contemplated small extravagance and employ an architect, or make the rooms a foot smaller each way. A contractor may construct a perfect foundation for a cottage without supervision, and ruin its beauty forever by giving the roof-lines the wrong slant.

And in regard to windows—a cottage depends principally on its win-

A SQUARE COTTAGE IN PASADENA

dows for picturesqueness. The latticed casements, so dear to the heart of Ruskin, give to the English country-house and thatched cottage their chief charm. Good windows are the exception in the American cottage, and their bad proportions make our cottages commonplace and uninviting.

In regard to color, perhaps the imagination may be allowed a little more latitude in the outside coloring of a small house than in that of a larger one, though in the matter of outside color schemes it is perhaps safer to follow well-established rules. The color scheme employed on

A FLOWERY CORNER OF THE SQUARE COTTAGE

the exterior of the cottage shown in the plan was an experiment which happened to prove successful. The roof is stained a bright green, the shingles and rough boarding on the sides are Indian-red, while the lattices of the casements are grass-green, this green and that of the roof agreeing as nearly as paint and stain can possibly agree. The whole is modified by a rich cream trim, which is also used on the rough plaster shown in the recess in front. Bright scarlet geraniums vie with each other in scaling the walls, and even the green grass of the lawn in front is a part of the color scheme, which is altogether satisfactory.

In this same cottage, economy of space is gained in the main room, which is hall, living-room, and library in one, and again in the combining of the front and back stairway, which also lessens the expense. The shelf which crowns the rail running along the front landing of the stairway is convenient for potted plants, flowers, or bric-à-brac, and helps to

make a unique corner in the room. The seat under this shelf is in reality a chest, and makes it possible for guests to sit on the best dress-suit of the host or the latest party gown of the hostess with impunity.

This cottage was designed for an all-the-year-round home. The living-room receives sunshine all the day in winter and the sea-breeze in summer through latticed casements on the south, which open into a paved court where plumbago, rose-vines, heliotrope, and jasmine run riot over

THE APPROACH TO THE SQUARE COTTAGE

the wings of the cottage and lattice-work which together form the inclosure.

The latticed window in the east of the dining-room is so deep that it affords a place for displaying many rare bits of china or cut-glass, and adds cheerfulness to the room by admitting the morning sunshine. A candle-rail running around the room and shelves over the windows and doors further display the fine wares of the dining-room.

In the little upper half-story are a guest's room, with bath, a servant's room, a linen-closet, and the greatest of conveniences, a well-lighted trunk-room. To be sure some of the corners, next the ceiling, of these rooms are missing, but that rather increases the comfort and charm of the rooms, so that a fair-sized family may be stowed away in

this apparently small house. And as much study and thought for detail were expended as if it had cost a mint of money.

The three pictures of another cottage in Pasadena explain sufficiently well the simplicity of its design and the economy of space which is secured. Yet these qualities are obtained with no sacrifice of comfort. And the cottage, with its drapery of vines, has the character which is the outgrowth of adaptation to individual needs.

THE STUDIO FIREPLACE

An Inexpensive Adirondack Cottage

BY ALICE TILLOTSON BOORAEM

There is a vast difference between an Adirondack camp and an Adirondack cottage, and a distinct difference between one class of cottages and another. David Harum's criticism of a Newport cottage would not apply to the subject of this sketch, nor would a collection of tents or log cabins suggest it. I trust it will be a long time before the Newport type of house is introduced in the woods. Indeed, it is to be deplored that so much luxury in building has, bit by bit, crept into the wilderness. One goes to the woods to lose care, and to gain peace of mind, quiet, and out-of-door life. If one builds a house there, it should be with the idea of promoting these desired effects. As we are not speaking of camps, I will not enlarge upon the advantage of entire freedom from conventionalities, of sleeping under the stars, and so on. True, this is

A BEDROOM

THE STUDIO

THE DINING-ROOM

SKETCHES, AND A PLATE-RACK

to many a not unmixed delight. It is of the rough-and-ready, withal not uncomfortable, cottage of which I wish to speak, one which the owner can leave at a moment's notice, turning the key in the door, without a particle of anxiety for the contents.

For these cottages, it is more convenient as well as more picturesque

FROM UNDER THE GALLERY

to build as much as possible on one floor, unless there is a fine view otherwise lost, or a greater number of rooms are required. The cottage here illustrated was designed some years ago by a New York artist and has since been added to from time to time.

On the ground floor are three bedrooms, a dining-room, kitchen, "den," a large studio or living-room, which extends up to the roof, covered in part by a gallery containing three bedrooms. The studio has a six by ten north window, and under the gallery, a long, low south

window, which gives a lovely glimpse of the outside green, and a number of doors. This room forms an L with the dining-room, which is connected with the kitchen by a small pantry. The kitchen is latticed on two sides from the height of a wainscot to the roof. Beyond it is a closet and an inclosure for wood, ironing-board, tubs, etc. All the inside walls are boards, innocent of plaster, or finish of any kind. Sketches or photographs may be tacked up, herbs or peppers hung from the rafters without fear of injuring the woodwork. This is an advantage which none but the experienced can appreciate. The floors of the studio and dining-room are painted dark green, the bedroom floors are stained and rugs used throughout.

The first illustration shows a divan and seat under the north window, and door into the "den"; the second and third show the fireplace which is painted green, and the doorway into a little hall; the fourth shows the studio as seen from the dining-room; the fifth shows a wall decorated with unframed sketches and photographs; the sixth, seventh, and eighth show the dining-room. The furniture, of the simplest, without paint or varnish, was made by a builder-guide. The hangings are chiefly denim, the curtains at the windows, white cheese-cloth with ball-fringe.

Among the things to be remembered in the building of a cottage like this, I should place first in the list the following: a piazza on at least two sides, a large open fireplace in the living-room, a partially open kitchen, and everywhere plenty of doors and windows. Small stoves in the bedrooms are comfortable if you stay late. In furnishing, a collection of simple jars and vases for flowers add greatly to one's pleasure, and a generous supply of books may be considered one of the necessities as well as one of the luxuries of the cottage. These are things which the roughest house need not be without, and their value cannot be overestimated. Hammocks are to the piazza what divans are to the living-room. Very comfortable hammocks are made by joining about twelve barrel-staves with rope, and hanging at such an angle that when reclining in it one's feet rest on the piazza floor. A padded cushion the length of the hammock is fastened on by tapes.

Many and odd contrivances, impossible in the formal cottage, are a source of much amusement in one of the class described. It is interesting to ingenious minds to replace some forgotten household necessity with one equally useful, although unusual in form or manufacture. For

example, a woman of resource, being much annoyed at the failure of her guests to make their summons heard when calling upon her, decided that something besides a knocker would be necessary. So she procured a cow-bell, bored a hole in the outside wall (which is not usually heavy in these houses), tied the bell to a string, which she passed through the hole, fastening a curtain ring on the end which hung outside. Over the ring she placed a card with the inscription, "This is a bell." She had no further trouble about that.

It is the unusual which charms us most. This may account for the

A CORNER OF THE DINING-ROOM

keen, almost childish pleasure that many of us, accustomed to a heavily upholstered existence in town houses, take in the changes and chances of Adirondack life. The fact that the table for the piazza has been forgotten does not disturb us. We at once set about making one ourselves. It may be of poplar or birch, it may be successful or rickety. No matter, we made it ourselves, and it is proudly shown to admiring friends. I remember some piazza stools which were made by the daughter of necessity. The west piazza boasted of several chairs and a large table. On the north piazza, besides two hammocks, was a long, blue bench, suggestive of "Little Kenwigs," but when guests appeared there were never

enough seats to go 'round. We sawed sections from a large wild cherry-tree which had been recently cut, then fastened three stout cherry sticks in holes cut partly through the sections, which were half a foot thick, and behold! very picturesque stools. These were such favorites with a certain guest that he might be seen carrying one in to the fire on cold evenings, or dragging it under the trees on hot afternoons. They were also used to hold vases of flowers.

In a tiny cottage which properly comes under the head of "camps," many a delightful invention for the comfort and pleasure of the inmates is to be found,—a rustic bookcase, tables of the same description, odd little corner cupboards, a bark-covered shelf of wood plants and ferns, and more things of like nature than could be enumerated in this paper. If one lacks the interest or knack required to undertake these things, there is always a guide or builder at hand who will make them after your description. Bark-covered scrap-baskets or wood-boxes may be had in this way, and beautiful little tables of yellow birch. In these days of department stores, artistic yet inexpensive china may be had. That made in imitation of the old English patterns is particularly satisfactory, and being strong, is well adapted to the Adirondack cottage. It need never be unsightly because cheap. What a delight to have nothing in the house which need cause a moment's regret if broken by a careless maid. Whatever you do, remember that, "All is fine that is fit." And the fitness of mountain cottage is not the fitness of costly manor or baronial hall.

Many very comfortable cottages have no dining-room, the living-room, kitchen, and bedrooms comprising everything. If you wish to save care and expense, this is the best way to build. Let the house be as small as your needs will permit, and the piazza as large as your purse will allow. Then you may safely look for comfort and peace of mind.

If you occupy your cottage during April or October, unless there be a fireplace in the dining-room, you will probably order the festive board to be laid in the living-room, at least for breakfast, as near the fire as may be. It is then that cottage and camp life become almost analogous. The coffee is on the hob to keep hot, the griddle-cakes are hurriedly disposed of, and every one has a hand in coaxing the fire into a more brilliant blaze. In the cool evenings, after perhaps a mountain climb or a day's hunting, you gather around the crackling fire, recklessly piling

on the big logs, and unless you have no sense, or what is more to the point, no circulation, you are glad to be there. The only thing wanting being right at hand, you take down from the bookcase some old friend, you seat yourself in the ingle-nook, prepared for a long, cozy evening. Then, perhaps, the cottage may go up in the mist of your imagination; but while you forget whether it be in city or country, the cottage has done its part in bringing about this happy mood, and seems to sing through the medium of the hissing, red-hot pine-knots:

"Where I maie read all at my ease,
Both of the newe and olde."

The Sheeling, a Seaside Playhouse

BY ELIZABETH N. PERKINS

In the very name of the Sheeling (Scotch for shelter), a wee cot just outside the town of Plymouth, is a fitting welcome to so delightful a little playhouse, and it explains at once the object for which the owner intended it—a sort of "bowerie," a place to promote sociability over a cup of tea; a view-point from which to enjoy the sunset across the rolling sand dunes to the west, and the afterglow on the Plymouth beach and bay to the east.

THE PLAYHOUSE

For the house stands on fairly high ground, and much of its charm is due to its position. Situated on a hill not far from the main road, the house is approached by a grassy path bordered with Japanese barberries, which leads to the Dutch door with its old brass knocker. From the doorstep the visitor at once begins to enjoy the beauty of the spot and its surroundings, for from here he looks inland over a gently rolling country of dales and hills, sprinkled with orchards and groups of

pines and cedars, between which here and there shows an old weather-beaten farmhouse. On entering, the plan of the simple interior is at once evident. From a central large living-room French windows, flanking the fireplace, open at one end into the "sun parlor," a glass-inclosed piazza, one chimney serving for the two rooms. At the other end are doors leading into two small rooms—one a bedroom for the owner's occasional

THE LIVING-ROOM

se (the Sheeling is not a dwelling-house proper, it must be remembered), he other a pantry, with conveniences for "light housekeeping." The alls, emplastered and sensibly left in the rough, show the construction, nd are tinted a light gray. The high, sloping roof and rafters give a pacious and studio-like air to the room.

In the furnishing of the apartment no one color predominates, the ffect being that of simple harmonizing contrasts. The rug is blue and hite, the divan is covered with green linen and stocked with parti-olored cushions. Each article of furniture is an old piece—Plymouth nd its neighboring towns on Cape Cod being at once the delight and the

despair of the seekers after "old pieces"—which gives the room an ai of homely comfort and of artistic completeness, two qualities not so ofte to be met with in conjunction as one could wish. The principal featur of the living-room is the fireplace and chimney-hood. From hearth-ston to shelf ordinary brick of good color is used. The shelf itself has th appearance of a heavy beam, in the front of which are inserted with goo effect a set of rare old tiles. Above the shelf the brick is corbelled back forming a mediæval hood. This is plastered, and utilized as the poin for the chief decorative feature of the room—an armorial emblazonmen rendered in soft crayons, which, with the gray plaster, makes a ver charming bit of color. From the piazza on the eastern side, facing th ocean, the old town of the Pilgrims fills in the northern outlook, with his toric Clark's Island far out in the harbor. To the south the woode Manomte Hills rise above the line of rocky coast, the genuine "rock bound" coast of our Pilgrim forefathers.

It is a long, long thought from that bleak day and time to this sunn summer "bowerie," and as the visitor's thoughts return from the visio of the storm-tossed ship and the landing on the rock to the delight an comfort of this playhouse of later generations, he wonders why mor "sheelings" are not teaching their lessons of beauty and simplicit throughout the land.

THE PIRSSON COTTAGE, WYOMING, NEW JERSEY

A Wyoming Cottage

BY JOY WHEELER DOW

Few houses built for rent have been as fortunate, in more ways than one, as the tiny affair at Wyoming, New Jersey, shown in the illustrations these notes are intended to accompany. Certainly few have received as much solicitude from all concerned—the owner, the architect, and the tenants. And it happened in this wise. Its owner had two unimproved but eligible village building-lots adjoining, and to be true to the lively commercial spirit that has built America and burlesqued art, that has encouraged rent-traps of all sorts, culminating in the sky-scraper and Waldorf-Astoria aberrations, she conceived the idea of erecting two inexpensive cottages, to be let or sold as might be, one upon each piece of property. But the still, small voice of art had gained some willing listeners by 1897—the approximate date of this building inception; and what

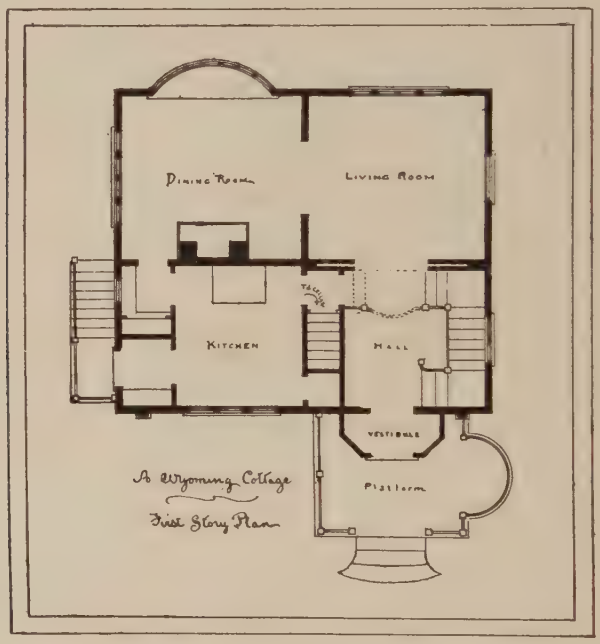
THE ENTRANCE TO A WYOMING COTTAGE

was rarer then than now, an architect was selected from no personal considerations, social or business influence. The idea was to favor him only as he exploited a school of design that appealed to those finer senses which liberal education and broadened charity were slowly but surely developing. Once this very same architect would have talked in vain about sacrificing the commercial side to the art principle; but curiously enough the art principle had begun to be considered a commercial advantage. And it was at last agreed that the two lots together were none too much setting for even a tiny country cottage; though, no doubt, to make such a decision for the sake of art and the love of one's fellow-beings will always entail a severe strain upon the self-discipline of any one in the position of either owner or architect, modern theory of its commercial value notwithstanding.

Next came the discussion of the plans for the cottage, which outraged the orthodox conception of things commercial to an unheard-of degree. There should be no veranda. The kitchen should be located in the front of the house, and the house itself should stand sideways to

THE DINING-ROOM OF A WYOMING COTTAGE

the street. Fancy! Available space for a single bedroom on the second floor was to be sacrificed to the staircase. There was to be an Old London shop-window—a puzzle how to make open—in the dining-room, and two Dutch hoods were to be carried across the front and rear elevations. Twenty years ago these specifications would have received the unqualified condemnation of almost any one intending to build a house for his own



occupancy, let alone a house for rent; but presto! we have changed all that, or as it was more tactfully expressed by Disraeli, "Other things have happened since then." The prospective builder in the case before us had seen Princessgate, Eastover, Lynn-Regis, and Canterbury Keys, four houses after the manner of the romantic school, and while these designs had provoked enough adverse criticism at first, the subsequent homage paid them by people who were supposed to know a thing or two decided the matter. Indeed, it was Princessgate that first drew the attention and interest of the prospective tenants to Wyoming, and incidentally

LOOKING INTO THE HALL

to the new cottage which was then making good progress toward completion.

The next favorable phase of the case was in the tenants themselves. They had no vanload of furniture out of the storehouse that would be sure to war with the architecture of the cottage, and as they could find none they deemed suitable to it in any of the great warehouses of New York, they simply had it all made to order; and this for a house they were merely to hire. I cannot tell you how grateful to the architect, used to struggling against enormous odds in art matters, was this new sign of the times. As the average tenant looking for a house in the country has not more knowledge of furniture in its relation to architecture than a child, here was an uncommon coincidence. By reason of certain building projects in the heads of the new tenants it shortly became necessary for many consultations between them and the architect upon the nicest points of historic atmosphere—the very essence of good architecture. It was then, after he had made a mental inventory of evidences

THE LIVING-ROOM—VISTA THROUGH A DOORWAY

of the unexampled thoroughness to which the whole subject of home-building and home-decoration had been treated by these astute amateurs, that the architect's first enthusiasm was nearly turned to alarm. The books and magazines to which they were subscribers! There was *The House Beautiful* of Chicago, that not every one in the Atlantic states knows about; there were all the various New York art periodicals, the Bates and Guild technical publications from Boston, which are usually confined to the profession, besides the best literature on home-building and furnishing to be found in bound books, not to mention the magazines on architecture and the home published in England, out of which had been selected the most excellent and advanced. Therefore, when the question was asked by his client, "Do my tenants come up to your expectations?" the architect could think of but one comprehensive adverb for reply, the same that our old friend Le Moyne used to make express so much when he played Cattermole in the Private Secretary, namely, "Beyond!"

WINDOW IN THE DINING-ROOM

Under such circumstances it is hardly singular that a dozen or more of Cramer's high-priced plates were spoiled in the endeavor to obtain negatives that would pass the examination of such competent critics. And while the photographer is conscious that they still might be improved upon, yet he believes they are the best work his photographic outfit, which includes a Dallmeyer lens, is capable of producing. Larger views would undoubtedly lend themselves better to reproduction by the half-tone process.

In regard to the interiors and mechanism of the cottage there is something to be said that may interest the reader more than the foregoing has possibly succeeded in doing. The two principal stories are eight feet six inches and eight feet respectively. The main staircase is extremely

THE LIVING-ROOM

easy and inviting—seven inches rise to the treads, which are nearly twelve inches wide over all. The second story contains three bedrooms, the necessary clothes-presses, and bathroom, etc. The third story admits of two more bedrooms, a closet for linen, and a storeroom for trunks.

A fortune awaits the individual who shall invent a perfect wall plaster, one that is sufficiently hard and durable without resonance, one of such agreeable texture and color that it may be left as worked by the mason or successfully treated with paint, distemper, or paper as desired without great trouble or expense. Nothing of the kind is now upon the market. The walls of this Wyoming cottage were originally finished in the old-fashioned two-coat work—the browning carefully floated to a surface. Afterward, at their own expense, the tenants had several of the rooms papered. The living-room is in a rich brown, with a quality in the tone that in the absence of a better term I shall call "depth," without meaning exactly "dark." Upon the walls of the dining-room there is a glazed tile design in blue which seems to harmonize very well with the china-ware used for decoration. All the pieces of furniture, or nearly all, were

made to occupy the various spaces in which you see them in the illustrations. The half-dull finish suits the possibilities of photographic delineation, I think, extremely well. The chairs and settles have rush seats, and the cabinets and tables dull silver knobs of oval shape. This sort of furniture seems eminently adapted to everyday comfort and use, and I do not believe there need be any fear of wearing it out very soon, nor of the unexpected arrival of a visitor of accumulated avoirdupois.

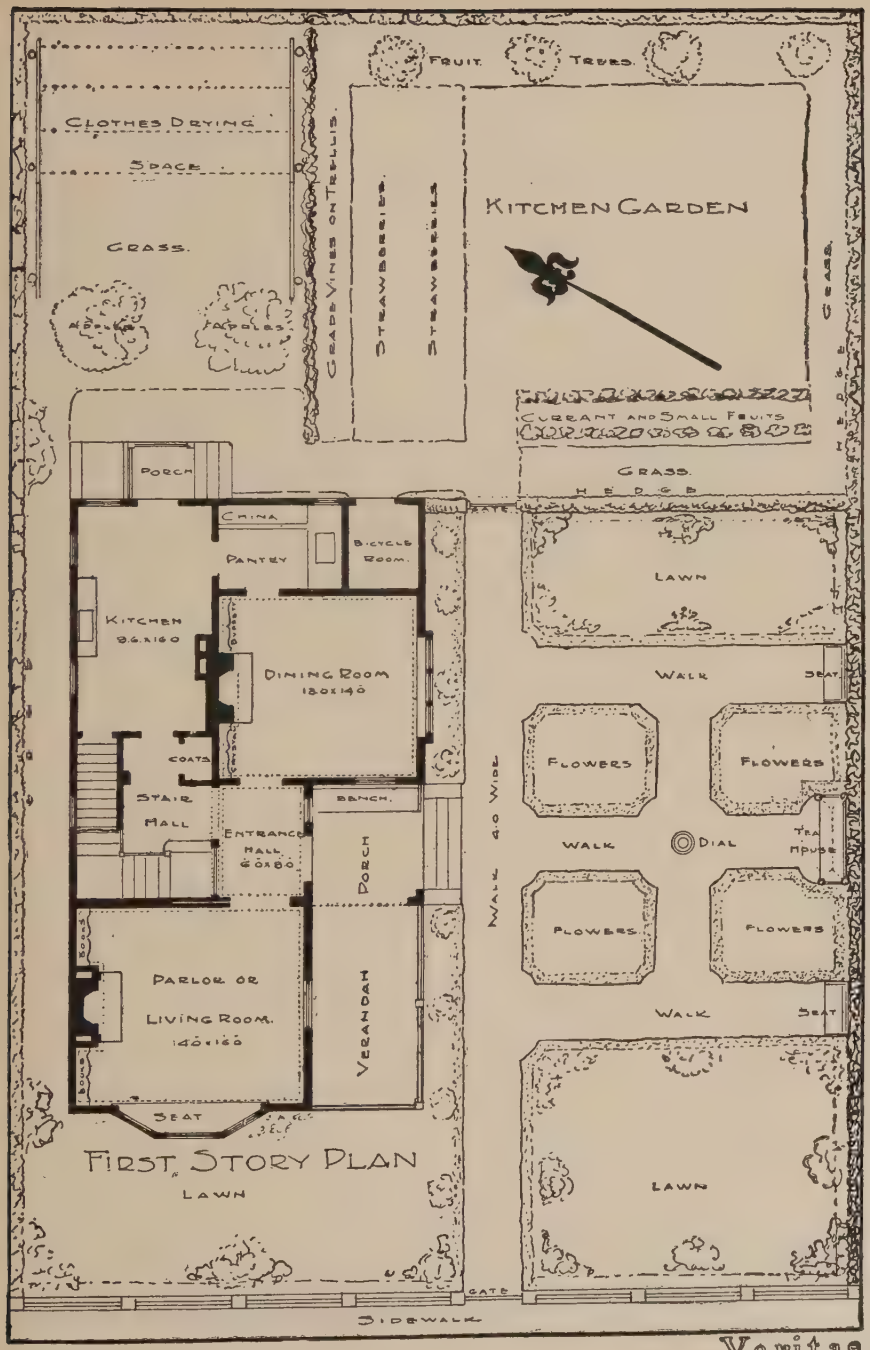
About casement-sashes, of which this cottage has a number, I may say that they are never so satisfactory in operation as the sliding ones, up and down; but in the words of these very introspective home people I may also ask you, "How else may we obtain that degree of sentiment without which is life worth the living?"

A THREE-THOUSAND-DOLLAR COTTAGE

A Three-Thousand-Dollar Cottage

A design for a cheap cottage by Mr. C. Herbert McClare, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, has many attractive features. He has perhaps given it an unfair advantage by framing his first-story plan in an admirably arranged formal garden. But such an advantage must be allowable when it is accompanied by such sensibly laid-out grounds. The careful seclusion of the clothes-drying space, and the concealment of the kitchen garden behind a hedge and currant bushes, on a small lot, is all that could be desired. Perhaps the best idea of Mr. McClare's own conception of his house can be had from the notes which came with his designs:

"The accompanying sketches are for a small house containing seven rooms, hall, bath, and pantry, at a cost, including heating, plumbing, and painting, not exceeding three thousand dollars.

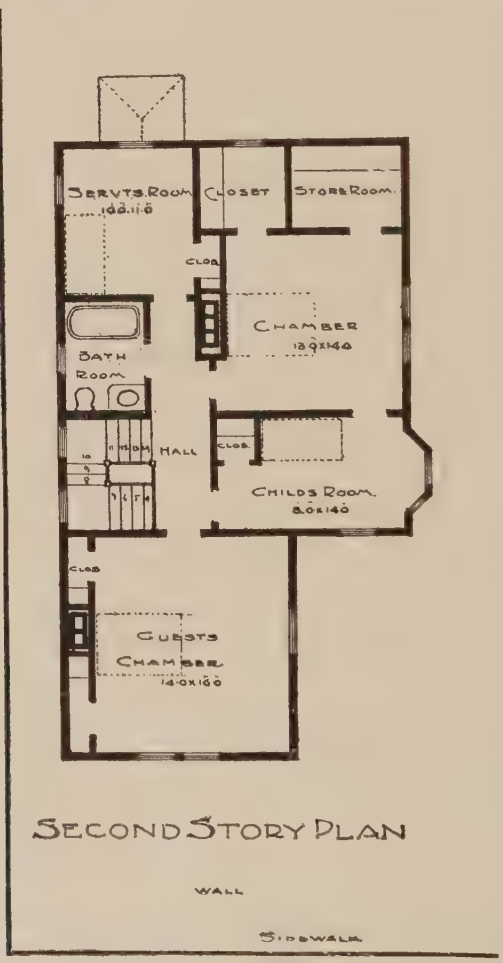


First Story Plan

Veritas

"This provides for a suitable stone foundation and brick or rubble-stone underpinning, spruce frame and covering boards, cedar shingles (first quality on roof and clear on walls), two gables with open timber work and rough cast, clear pine or cypress finish and gutters, and galvanized iron conductors.

"In some localities where good hand-made water-struck brick can be furnished and laid with good lime mortar at a cost of thirteen or fourteen dollars per thousand, the first-story walls could be built of brick eight inches thick, and the second story of shingles or rough-cast work, and the cost would not exceed three thousand dollars. If possible the bricks should be laid in Flemish or English bond, and the whole would be much more substantial than the usual frame cottage, and fully as desirable from an artistic point of view.



"The interior of the house is to be finished in pine or white wood for painting, and should receive at least three coats of good paint. The hall and parlor should have four coats to look well.

"The plumbing is to be open, with porcelain-lined cast-iron bath-tub, slate or soapstone sink, and two-part wash-tray in cellar.

"A neat red brick fireplace in dining-room, and a tile-faced one in parlor will add much to the comfort of these

rooms. In the dining-room there will be a small china or crystal closet on one side of the fireplace and a buffet on the other; in the parlor are low bookcases on either side of the fireplace. These attractive and convenient features will add but little to the expense.

"The stair hall is separated from the entrance hall by a screen of balusters or spindle work, so making the stairs less public, which is a desirable feature where only one staircase can be afforded.

"The house is designed for a small suburban lot, sixty by one hundred feet, a size quite common. A low brick wall and fence in front, and hedges on either side and rear, will inclose the place, giving that seclusion necessary for the proper enjoyment of a home. The somewhat formal garden, with dial, walks, seats, and tea-house, are features that will add much to the attractiveness of such a place, while the kitchen garden and yard are again secluded by hedges and grape-vines on trellises. The planting of the garden is only suggested and can be modified in several ways.

"The problem I have tried to solve, is to build an inexpensive house on a rather narrow lot so that the living-rooms could look to the south and on the garden, and the garden be seen from the street."

LAZYCROFT

A Cheap Summer Cottage

BY ELIZABETH WESTGATE

A great many persons whose continuous mental activity through ten months of the year has demanded a complete rest for two months have longed for a home in the mountains where they might find freedom from all mental strain. Many of these have felt that such a longing was a dream never to be realized, because the cost of the simplest country home seemed beyond the possibilities of even a comfortable income, when the future must be considered, and the acquaintance of savings banks cultivated. For the sake of those to whom the "resort" offers no attractions, and who have found the "private farmhouse" totally unsatis-

factory as a summer home, the following description of a cabin in the wilderness is written.

Lazycroft is the name by which it was christened. It was built for a busy woman musician, who occupied it last summer with her parents,

A CORNER OF THE PORCH

Ichabod, wisest of cats, and an occasional choice guest. It is in the Santa Cruz Mountains, only four hours' ride by rail from San Francisco.

A piece of ground on a steep and thickly wooded hillside, unavailable for agricultural purposes, and therefore for sale cheap, was secured. Such bits are to be found in many localities in the United States, and frequently for a much lower price than in California.

The house was built by "day's work" by a carpenter whose sturdy honesty, capable good sense, and lack of prejudice against the unconventional would canonize him in countries where saints are made! It is

of tongued and grooved redwood boards six inches wide, surfaced on the inside, rough on the outside. There is no ceiling, the rooms being open to the rafters and the roof. The living-room is twenty by sixteen feet, and its boast and pride is a good-sized fireplace, built of second-hand bricks, and which extends uncovered to the roof. Here often in the

AN EFFECT IN REDWOOD,—SHELVES AND RAFTERS

deliciously sharp mornings and evenings of last summer a fire blazed merrily. The hillside is prolific of "chips" and logs, and the fascinating task of bringing these to the house was one of the day's amusements.

Opening off the living-room are two bedrooms, each half the size of the living-room. A kitchen of convenient size connects with the living-room at the back.

The porch is a delightful feature, being twenty by twelve feet, and it as well as the house itself has an excellent shingled roof. The supports

of the porch-roof are young, and not too slender, redwood trees, their branches cut off to within a few inches of the trunk, leaving convenient pegs for hats and sun-bonnets.

On the porch all the meals were taken, and the zest which hitherto jaded appetites brought to the simple feasts flavored every viand.

A BIT OF THE LIVING-ROOM

The windows of the cabin are the ordinary six-paned sashes to be found in stock at the mills, and instead of being set in the usual manner, the sashes are placed side by side, and made to slide in the frankest way upon runners. Under one pair of windows a long bench with a hinged lid makes a capital place for storing extra bedding, and by the addition of plenty of pillows becomes a comfortable seat.

As to furnishings, few things except beds had to be bought for Lazy-croft. The attic and cellar in one's town home are sure to contain discarded furniture which can be made to present an amazingly elegant

appearance by means of sage-green paint and a brush borrowed from the good-humored painter. Print of pleasing color (it is all blue-and-white at Lazycroft) gives the needed touch of cheeriness to cushions and couches; and it is positively marvelous what an amount of blue-and-white china may be bought for five dollars, and how altogether attractive it is

THE FIREPLACE

set upon shelves in a corner of the living-room, near the chimney. Please to consider how impressive it is to eat off one's bric-à-brac! For there are those who believe that only the useful is ornamental, and that useless things have no place anywhere in the world.

Across the way from Lazycroft a beautiful granite-bordered creek sings and tumbles jovially, reflecting in all its path the tender, green things which grow so luxuriantly in the rich, black loam among the boulders. Nothing could be more satisfying to the artistic sense than the play of light and shade on the wooded upland at six o'clock in the

morning. At that hour the crickets, the birds, the trees, and the creek played many a pastoral, and sometimes it turned out to be a fugue, and sometimes a bewitching scherzo, for according to the mood of the entranced listener so was the music interpreted.

At that hour the butcher was wont to come, clanging a dissonant gong

A SIDE OF THE LIVING-ROOM

merrily, and selling juicy steaks at next to nothing a pound, likewise presenting nice bits to Ichabod, who received them with characteristic majesty and condescension.

Lest Lazycroft seem only the vision of a dream, after all, the actual cost is here given.

The little piece of land has fifty feet frontage, and extends up the hillside to its summit. Here, by climbing the easy, winding foot-trail, cut at an expense of four dollars for two days' labor, one obtains a

thrilling view. The cost of the land was seventy-five dollars, and would be less in many places.

The cost of the material and labor in building the cabin was two hundred and ninety dollars. The lumber was twenty-two dollars a thousand feet, shingles one dollar and fifty cents a thousand, bricks one dollar and fifty cents a hundred, carpenter thirty-one days at three dollars a day. These figures will give a basis for comparative estimates in different parts of the country.

Next year there will be no expense, except the small item of railroad fare, connected with the summer outing. And fancy, you tired people, what delight it will be to fit the key into the padlock on one's own matched-board door; to spread one's own rag-carpet and rugs upon one's own planed redwood floor; to hang one's own pongee and muslin curtains at one's own windows; to sling one's own hammocks from one's own trees; to make the acquaintance of one's own family and one's self through the halcyon days; to be lulled to sleep by the murmur of the creek; to be awakened by the linnet singing on the gable-end; to tramp the woods in the green, early morning; to do nothing throughout the long, warm day; to remember, and better still to forget! For one must live simply and sincerely, and therefore blessedly, in the country which God hath made.

EXTERIOR OF "THE OLD HOUSE"

The Rescue of an Old House

BY LEE PORTER

There are many persons who are endowed with a keen appreciation of the beautiful, and being dependent on a moderate income, look with envy at the handsome houses of their more wealthy friends while they themselves are obliged to board or be contented with a very small apartment. To those who have a fondness for things that are quaint, or appreciate the beauties of old things, might be suggested the rescue of an old house.

In many towns east of the Mississippi, one may find plain but well-proportioned old houses that were once inhabited by estimable citizens who, with increased wealth, have moved to more pretentious dwellings. New tenants have come in, and after a score or so of years the places have so run down that to the average person they look very unattrac-

MANTEL IN THE DINING-ROOM

tive. Generally they may be obtained for merely the cost of the land, or for a very small rent. Often they are not in the most fashionable part of the town, but they are liable to be near the markets and trains.

If sadly in need of repair, much can be done at little expense, nicety of carpentry work being out of place. Often a very undesirable class of tenants has to be evicted and the tone of the house to be raised; but such things should give zest to the undertaking. The little house here pictured represents a very old house that a young couple, possessing more artistic ability than money, has rescued from demolition, and transformed at little expense into a cozy dwelling. It was in a central location in a charming suburb of one of the large cities. The place was purchased for the value of the land alone, as the dwelling was so old and out of style that it was considered worthless.

The shabbiness of the exterior was soon concealed by planting a few rapid-growing vines and hardy trees. It was more difficult to make the interior attractive. Windows were broken, paper was falling off the

A CORNER IN THE LIVING-ROOM

walls, paint was soiled and defaced, fireplaces were sealed up to allow for stoves; in short, the place looked sadly dilapidated.

Old papers were removed and new ones, quaint in style, were substituted, and things were made fresh and clean by putting in good plumbing and using paint and whitewash freely. By putting in a furnace to take the place of the stoves, the fireplaces could be opened. Great was the delight in uncovering hooks for kettles in one fireplace and an old crane in the fireplace of the dining-room.

This in itself, as the picture shows, struck the keynote for the furnishing of this room. Old pewter, so useful for Welsh rarebits, and the simple and inexpensive but pretty Windsor chairs were called for, and a room was soon evolved that spoke of comfort.

Economy being an important factor in the enterprise, the much-desired old mahogany was, at least temporarily, out of the question for the furnishing of the dining-room. Here the popular green stain was made use of. By a few experiments, it was found that by mixing a little of the

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE EXTERIOR

stain with shellac it could be applied with charming results to oak or light furniture, even though it was already varnished. Cheap oak Morris chairs and small kitchen tables, bought for a mere song, were soon transformed, with little labor, into attractive furniture.

With a paper rich in color, a few good rugs, an improvised couch, and photographs from the old masters, a living-room was furnished at the price of a single chair or table in many less attractive rooms in other houses.

So with the other rooms in the old house. With good proportions and a fireplace and mantel of simple design, a room does not need expensive and elaborate furniture.

The result was that the place was put in repair and made attractive; and it soon paid for itself by saving house rent. The impossible was achieved, and scoffers heartily indorsed the idea of the rescue of an old place.

RESIDENCE FOR MR. FREDERICK R. BUELL

Some House Beautiful Designs in Practice

In a Prize Competition some months ago some designs for a three-thousand-dollar cottage were submitted by Mr. Elmer Grey, of Milwaukee. For various reasons, and largely on the score of probable expense, it was decided that he should have honorable mention rather than one of the three prizes. Since that time Mr. Grey has had the opportunity of putting his plans to the test, and the attitude of the judges has been justified. In the first place, the house as built—for Mr. Frederick R. Buell—although in truth somewhat larger than originally designed, has cost seven thousand five hundred dollars instead of the three thousand dollars placed as a limit in the competition. In the second place, the house bids fair to be as attractive and livable as the early plans seemed to promise. We publish side by side the first designs and the plans of the house as worked out.

Mr. Grey has reversed his plans, but with this exception they are substantially unchanged. The house forms an L facing south and east and stands on a terrace which gives beauty and a certain privacy as well. The first story is of red sand-mold brick, laid in Flemish bond, with darker headers. The second story is shingled.

The living-room, which is large and comfortable looking, is finished in stained whitewood, no varnish or application further than the one coat

COMPETITIVE DESIGN

of stain being used. The hall and dining-room are of short-board southern pine.

No leaded glass is used in the house, as small lights of plate and heavy dividing muntins are believed to give a simplicity and quaintness of effect which the other would destroy. Even the front entrance and vestibule doors are treated this way.

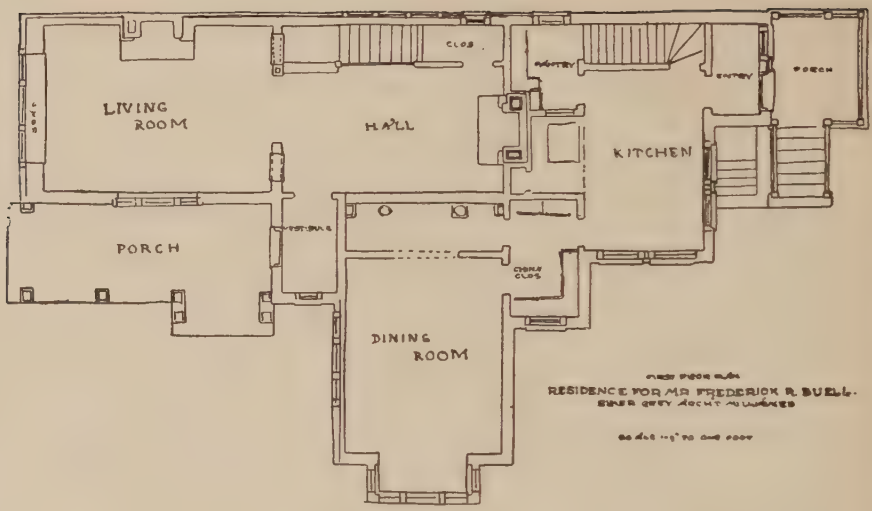
The entire first story has hardwood floors; the entire second floor is of quarter-sawed southern pine. The servants' quarters, with a large sewing-room, are in the third story. The servants' bath-room is in the basement.

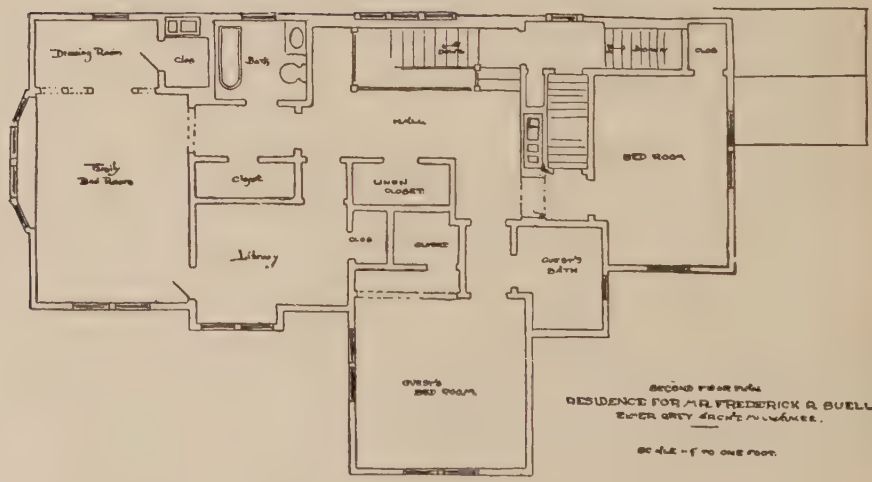
Altogether the house is admirably worked out and should be exceedingly attractive when completed. The garden will have walks of brick laid in herringbone pattern, with lawn steps of the same material combined with Portland cement.

VIEW FROM THE NORTHEAST

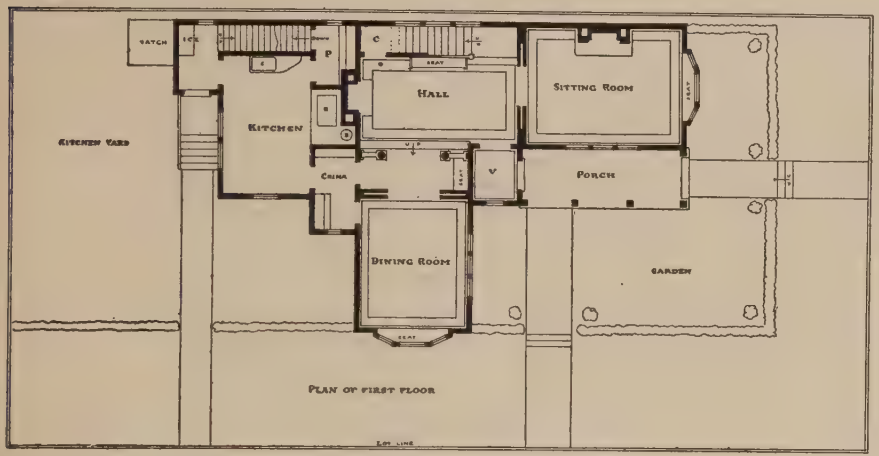
VIEW FROM THE NORTHWEST

VIEW FROM THE WEST


LIVING ROOM
HALL
KITCHEN
PORCH
PORCH
DINING ROOM
RESIDENCE FOR MR FREDERICK R. BUELL.


Dressing Room
Bath
Hall
Library
UNION CLOSET
BED ROOM
RESIDENCE FOR MR. FREDERICK R. BUELL

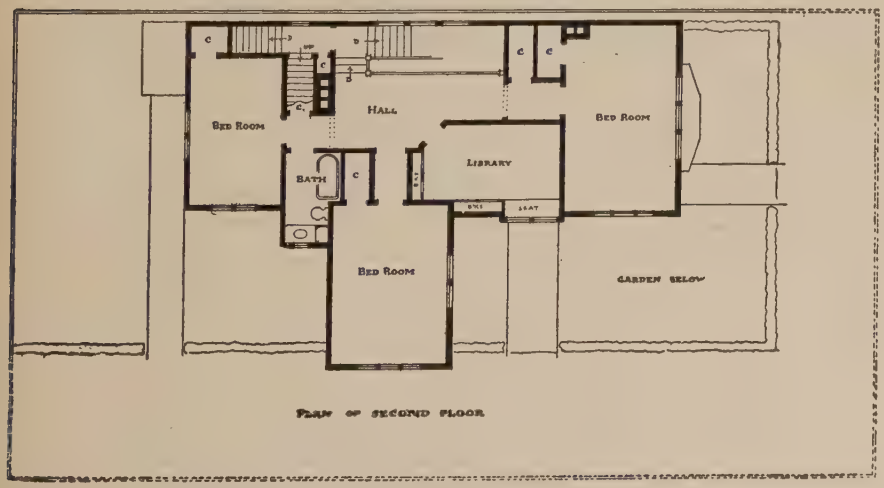
THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL COMPETITION FOR A THREE THOUSAND DOLLAR HOUSE. IT WILL BE SEEN THAT THIS PLAN IS DESIGNED FOR A FIFTY FOOT, CORNER, TOWN LOT. THE DINING ROOM HAS BEEN RAISED TWO STEPS ABOVE THE HALL AND SITTING ROOM; THE KITCHEN BEING ON A LEVEL WITH THE FORMER ALLOWS WHAT IS DONE FOR APPEARANCE IN THE ONE CASE TO BE TURNED TO ADVANTAGE IN THE OTHER BY AFFORDING BETTER LIGHTED LAUNDRY FACILITIES IN THE BASEMENT, AS WELL AS RENDERING THE LATTER EASIER OF ACCESS FROM THE YARD OUTSIDE. MENTION MIGHT ALSO BE MADE OF THE UTILITARIAN ADVANTAGE OF COMBINING A CENTRAL HALL FIREPLACE WITH RECESSED KITCHEN RANGE FLUES, THEREBY OBTAINING CONVENIENCE OF OPERATION AND CONTROL OF ODORS IN COOKING WHILE AT THE SAME



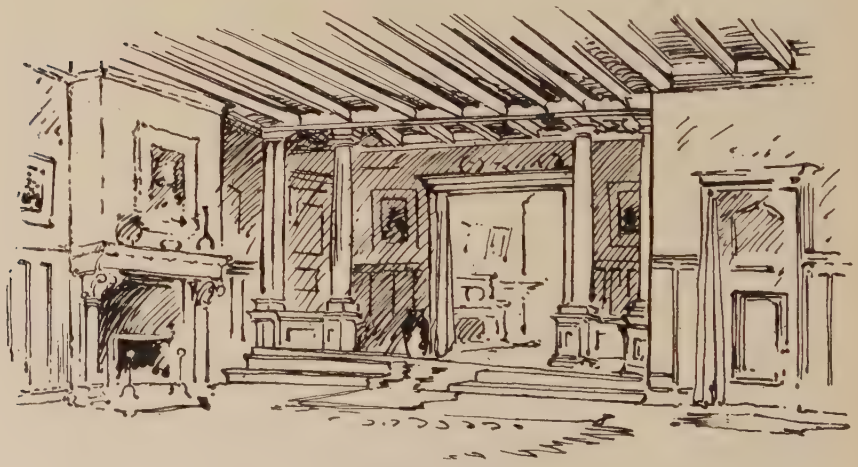
TIME AFFORDING DESIRABLE LOCATION OF FIREPLACE IN HALL. THE HOUSE IS PLANNED FOR A SOUTH AND EAST EXPOSURE, THE PRINCIPAL WINDOWS OF BOTH DINING AND SITTING ROOM FACING THE GARDEN.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL COMPETITION FOR A THREE THOUSAND DOLLAR HOUSE.

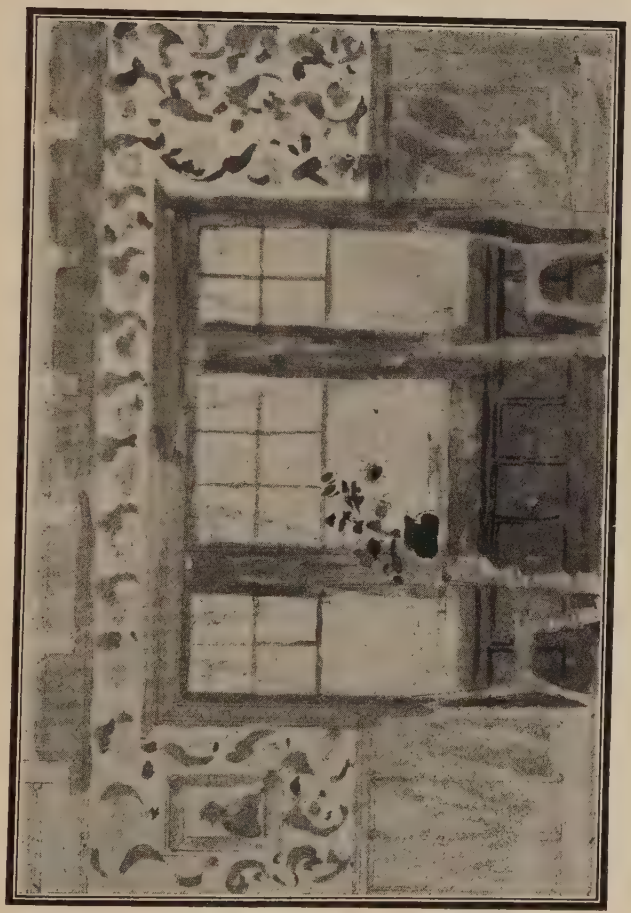
THE SERVANTS' QUARTERS ARE PLACED IN THE ATTIC, THE ARRANGEMENT OF STAIRCASES BEING SUCH THAT THEY MAY BE ENTIRELY CLOSED OFF FROM THE REST OF THE HOUSE IF SO DESIRED.



VIEW LOOKING FROM SITTING-ROOM TOWARD HALL



THE HALL



THE EAST END OF THE DINING-ROOM

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